SONGS OF THE WEST

FOLK SONGS OF DEVON & CORNWALL

COLLECTED FROM THE MOUTHS OF THE PEOPLE

BY

S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD, M.A.

AND

F. W. BUSSELL, MUS. DOC. D.D.

UNDER THE MUSICAL EDITORSHIP OF

CECIL J. SHARP

PRINCIPAL OF THE HAMPSTEAD CONSERVATOIRE

FIFTH EDITION IN ONE VOLUME

METHUEN & CO. LTD.
36 ESSEX STREET W.C.
LONDON

Originally issued in Four Parts in 1890
First Published in One Volume in 1892
New and Revised Edition October 1905
Reprinted . . . . . April 1913

TO

THE MEMORY OF

THE LATE

D. RADFORD, Esq., J.P.,

OF MOUNT TAVY,

AT WHOSE HOSPITABLE TABLE THE

MAKING OF THIS COLLECTION

WAS FIRST PLANNED

ALSO

TO THAT OF

THE REV. H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD, M.A.,

MY FELLOW WORKER IN THIS FIELD FOR TWELVE YEARS

CONTENTS

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF SONGS

PREFACE

IN this Edition of "SONGS OF THE WEST," some considerable changes have been made. When the first edition was issued, we had to catch the public taste, and to humour it. Accordingly the choruses were arranged in four parts, and some of the Songs were set as duets and quartettes. But now that real interest in Folk airs has been awakened, we have discarded this feature.

Moreover, a good many accompanists complained that the arrangements were too elaborate, except for very skilled pianoforte players. We have now simplified the settings.

Then, we have omitted twenty-two songs, and have supplied their places with others, either because the others are intrinsically better, or that they have earlier and more characteristic melodies, or again because the songs though sung by the people, did not seem to us to have been productions of the folk-muse.

Again, when our first edition was published, modal melodies were not appreciated, and we had regretfully to put many aside and introduce more of the airs of a modern character. Public taste is a little healthier now, and musicians have multiplied who can value these early melodies. Consequently we have not felt the same reserve now that we did in 1889.

INTRODUCTION

DOROTHY OSBORNE, in a letter to Sir William Temple, in 1653, thus describes her daily home life. "The heat of the day is spent in reading or working, and about six or seven o'clock I walk out into a common that lies hard by the house, where a great many young wenches keep sheep or cows, and sit in the shade singing ballads. I go to them and compare their voices and beauties to some ancient shepherdesses that I have read of, and find a vast difference there; but trust me these are as innocent as those could be. I talk to them, and find they want nothing to make them the happiest people in the world but the knowledge that they are so. Most commonly, when we are in the midst of our discourse, one looks about her, and spies her cows going into the corn, and then away they all run as if they had wings to their heels." ("Letters of Dorothy Osborne," London, 1888, p. 103.)

Before that Sir Thomas Overbury, in his "Character of a Milkmaid," had written: "She dares go alone and unfold her sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none: yet, to say truth, she is never alone, she is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones."

During the reign of Queen Mary, the Princess Elizabeth was kept under close guard and restraint, but was suffered to walk in the palace grounds. "In this situation," says Holinshedd, "no marvel if she, hearing upon a time, out of her garden at Woodstock, a certain milkmaid singing pleasantlie, wished herself to be a milkmaid as she was; saying that her case was better, and life merrier." So Viola, in Fletcher's play, "The Coxcombe," 1647:

"Would to God, my father
Had lived like one of these, and bred me up
To milk, and do as they do! Methinks 'tis
A life that I would chuse, if I were now
To tell my time again, above a prince's."

The milkmaid, and the girls guarding sheep and cows are things of the past, and with them have largely departed their old ballads and songs. Tusser, in his "Points on Huswifry," in 1570, recommends the country housewife to select her maids from those who sing at their work as being usually the most painstaking and the best.

"Such servants are oftenest painsfull and good,
That sing at their labours, like birds in a wood."

Nowadays, domestic servants sing nothing but hymns, and the use of ballads and folksongs has died out among farm girls, and these are to be recovered only where there are village industries as basket weaving, glove sewing, and the like.

But the old men sing their ancient ditties, or did so till within the last fifty years. Now they are no longer called on for them, but they remember them, and with a little persuasion can be induced to render them up. When I was a boy, I was wont to ride over and about Dartmoor, and to put up at little village taverns. There I was sure in the evening to hear one or two men sing, and should it be a pay day, sing hour after hour, one song following another with little intermission.

There was an institution at mines and quarries called a *fetching*. It occurred every fortnight. The men left work early, and went to the changing room; stone jars of ale were brought thither from the nearest public house. Each man filled his mug, and each in turn, before emptying it, was required to sing. On such occasions many a fine old ballad was to be picked up. There was also the farm-supper after harvest, at which the workmen sang. Now the suppers have been discontinued. Ringer's feasts, happily, still remain, and at them a good old ditty may be heard. But most of the old singers with their traditional ballads set to ancient modal melodies have passed away.

In "Poems, etc.," by Henry Incledon Johns, published by subscription, Devonport, 1832, is the following interesting passage. He is describing a night spent in an inn on the borders of Dartmoor; he met farmers and labourers. "One of the party I observed never took any share in the conversation, but appeared to have been invited there for the sole purpose of singing to them. He sang a great number of ballads, making up in loudness for what he lacked in melody. I thought it betrayed rather a want of courtesy that his auditors continued to talk while he sang, and no less remarkable, that they never expressed either applause or disapprobation of his strains. Now and then, one or two of them would join in a line of chorus, but it seemed to be done in a sort of parenthesis, and the thread of the conversation was immediately resumed as vehemently as ever. . . . I gleaned the following scraps of the border minstrelsy of Dartmoor:

"There was an old man as blind as blind could be,
He swore he saw the fox go up a great tree."

"There was one among them all
That's slender, fair and tall,
With a black and rolling eye,
And a skin of lily dye."

"A bonny lass I courted full many a long day,
And dearly I loved to be in her sweet company."
(The lover then describes the progress of his suit, which proves unsuccessful, and concludes thus :—)
"Go, dig me a pit, that is long, large, and deep,
And I'll lay myself down, and take a long sleep.
And that's the way to forget her."

The air to the latter was rather plaintive, and from the lips of some siren might have been entitled to an *encore*, but the voice which now gave it utterance only added another to many previous proofs that the English are not a musical people. The minstrel was in appearance one of the most athletic men I have ever seen, and although seventy-five years of age, would still, as I subsequently learnt, perform a day's work better than most of the young men of the parish. He was a pauper, but in great respect among the neighbouring rustics for his vocal powers. His auditory were moor-farmers with countenances as rugged and weather-beaten as the rocks among which they live."

It is not a little interesting to know that some seventy years after this recorded evening we were able to recover two of the songs which Mr. Johns gives somewhat inaccurately; and both are included in this collection. The first is "The Three Jovial Welshmen," No. 75; and the last is "The False Bride," No. 97.

One of my old singers, James Olver, was the son of very strict Wesleyans. When he was a boy, he was allowed to hear no music save psalm and hymn tunes. But he was wont to creep out of his window at night, and start away to the tavern where the miners congregated, and listen to and heap up in his memory the songs he there heard. As these were forbidden fruit they were all the more dearly prized and surely remembered, and when he was a white-haired old man, he poured them out to us.

Some forty or fifty years ago, it was customary when the corn was cut, for the young men of a parish to agree together, and without telling the farmer of their intention, to invade his harvest field, work all night and stack his corn, whilst he slept. It was allowed to leak out who had done him this favour, and in return, he invited them with their lasses to sup and dance and make merry in a lighted barn. Then famous old songs were sung. But all that good feeling is at an end, and in its place exists a rankling hostility between the tiller of the soil and his employer. Blame assuredly attaches to the farmer for this condition of affairs, in that he has done away with the farmhouse festivities in which workmen and employer took part.

One evening in 1888, I was dining with the late Mr. Daniel Radford, of Mount Tavy, when the conversation turned to old Devonshire songs. Some of those present knew "Widdecombe Fair," others remembered "Arscott of Tetcott"; and all had heard many and various songs sung at Hunt-suppers, at harvest and sheep-shearing feasts. My host turned to me and said: "It is a sad thing that our folk-music should perish. I wish you would set to work and collect it—gather up the fragments that remain before all is lost!"

I undertook the task. I found that it was of little use going to most farmers and yeoman. They sang the compositions of Hooke, Hudson, and Dibden. But I learned that there were two notable old singing men at South Brent, and I was aware that there was one moorland singing farmer at Belstone, I was informed of this by J. D. Prickman, Esq., of Okehampton. This man, Harry Westaway, knew many old songs. Moreover, in my own neighbourhood was a totally illiterate hedger, in fact, he could neither read nor write. He enjoyed no little local celebrity as a song-man. His name was James Parsons, aged seventy-four, and a son of a still more famous singer called "The Singing-machine," and grandson of another of the same fame. In fact, the profession of song-man was hereditary in the family. At every country entertainment, in olden times, at the public-house almost nightly, for more than a century, one of these men of the Parsons' family had not failed to attend, to sing as required for the entertainment of the company. The *repertoire* of the grandfather had descended to old James. For how many generations before him the profession had been followed I could not learn. James Parsons' ballad tunes were of an early and archaic character. In fact, with few exceptions his melodies were in the Gregorian modes. At one time Parsons and a man named Voysey were working on the fringe of Dartmoor, and met in the evening at the moorland tavern.

Parsons boasted of the number of songs he knew, and Voysey promised to give him a glass of ale for every fresh one he sang. Parsons started with "The Outlandish Knight," one song streamed forth after another, one glass after another was emptied, and these men sat up the whole night, till the sun rose, and the song-man's store was not then exhausted, but Voysey's pocket was. I could hardly credit this tale when told me, so I questioned Voysey, who had worked for my father and was working for me. He laughed and confirmed the tale. "I ought to remember it," he said, "for he cleared me clean out."

Many a pleasant evening have I spent with old Parsons, he in the settle, sitting over the hall fire, I taking down the words of his ballads, Mr. Sheppard or Mr. Bussell noting down his melodies.

But one day I heard that an accident had befallen Parsons. In cutting "spears," *i.e.*, pegs for thatching, on his knee he had cut into the joint; and the village doctor told me he feared Parsons at his age would never get over it. I sent for Mr. Bussell, and said to him: "We shall lose our old singer, before we have quite drained him. Come with me, and we will visit his cottage, and see what more we can get from him." We went, and very pleased he was to sing to us from his bed. "Old Wichet," No. 30, was one of the songs we then acquired from him. Happily, the sturdy constitution of the man caused his recovery, and he lived on for three years after this accident.

One day in November, I got a letter from the Vicar of South Brent, in which he informed me that Robert Hard, a crippled stone-breaker there, and one of my song-men, was growing very feeble. Without delay I took the train, and arrived at South Brent Vicarage, just as the party had finished breakfast. "Now," said I to the Vicar, "Lend me your drawing room and the piano, and send for old Hard."

The stone breaker arrived, and I spent almost the whole day, that is, till the dusk of evening fell, taking down his songs and melodies. From him then, I had "The Cuckoo," that I have published in my "Garland of Country Songs." A month later, poor old Hard was found dead in a snowdrift by the roadside.

I had enlisted the services of such excellent musicians as the late Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard, of Thurnscoe, Yorkshire, and Mr., now the Rev. Doctor Bussell, Mus. Doc., and Vice-principal of Brazennose College, Oxford, and we worked at collecting, at South Brent, where besides Robert Hard, was John Helmore, a miller, who died in the Ivy Bridge Workhouse in 1900; also at Belstone, and we worked through the length and breadth of Dartmoor. James Coaker,* a blind man of 89, in the heart of the moor, very infirm, and able to leave his bed for a few hours of the day only, was unable to sing, but could recite the words of ballads; but Mr. J. Webb, captain of a mine hard by, knew his tunes, and could very sweetly pipe them. On Blackdown, Mary Tavy, lived a mason, Samuel Fone, he died in 1898. He had an almost inexhaustible supply. Further songs were yielded by a singing blacksmith, John Woodrich, of Woolacott Moor, Thrushleton, commonly known as "Ginger Jack"; also by Roger Luxton, of Halwell, by James Olver, Tanner, Launceston, a native of S. Kewe, Cornwall; by John Masters, of Bradstone, aged 83; by William Rice and John Rickards, both of Lamerton; by William Friend, labourer, Lydford; Edmund Fry, thatcher, a native of Lezant, Cornwall; Roger Hannaford, Widdecombe; Will and Roger Huggins, Lydford; W. Bickle, Bridestowe; Matthew Baker, a poor cripple, Lew Down; John Dingle, Coryton; J. Peake, tanner, Liskeard; and Mr. S. Gilbert, the aged innkeeper of the "Falcon," Mawgan, in Pyder. More were obtained from old singers at Two Bridges and Post Bridge on Dartmoor, from others at Chagford, at Holne, and at South Brent. From others again at Menhenniot, Cornwall, and at Fowey. Some songs taken down from moor men on Dartmoor, in or about 1868, were sent me by W. Crossing, Esq., who knows Dartmoor better than any man living; others by T. S. Cayzer, Esq., taken down in 1849. Miss Bidder, of Stoke Flemming, most kindly searched her neighbourhood for old women who knew ancient songs, and sent me what she obtained. We had several rare old melodies from Sally Satterley,† now dead, of Huccaby Bridge, Dartmoor. She had acquired them from her father, a crippled fiddler.

Of the vast quantities of tunes that we have collected, perhaps a third are very good, a third are good, and the remainder indifferent. The singers are almost invariably illiterate and aged, and when they die the tradition will be lost, for the present generation will have nothing to do with these songs, especially such as are modal, and supplant them with the vulgarest music hall compositions. The melodies are far more precious than the words, and we have been more concerned to rescue these than the words, which are often common-place, and may frequently be found on broadside ballad sheets. The words

* I have given a memoir of this old man in my "Dartmoor Idylls." (Methuen & Co., 1896).

† I have told the romantic story of the building of her house in one day. "Jolly Lane Cott" in my "Dartmoor Idylls." The old house has recently been pulled down and replaced by an ugly modern cottage

are less frequently of home growth than the airs, and over and over again we came upon ballads already in print, but not to the tunes to which they are sung elsewhere. There are, in fact, only a few, such as "Cupid's Garden," "Bold General Wolf," "Lord Thomas and the Fair Eleanor," "Barbara Allen," "Outward Bound," "The Mermaid," that retain the melodies to which sung in other parts of England. But, "Tobacco is an Indian Weed," "Joans' Ale is New," "The Fox," and many others have tunes to which sung in Devon and Cornwall that are quite different and local. A remarkable instance is that of "Sweet Nightingale." This appeared in 1761 with music by Dr. Arne. The words travelled down to Cornwall, not so Arne's tune, and they were there set to an entirely independent melody. Then again, when a tune did travel West, and was heard by some of the peasant singers, if it did not commend itself to their taste, they altered it, perhaps quite unconsciously into a form more satisfactory to their minds. I have given a very curious example of this, "Upon a Sunday Morning."

Our folk music is a veritable moraine of rolled and ground fragments from musical strata far away. It contains melodies of all centuries from the days of the minstrels down to the present time, all thrown together in one heap. It must be borne well in mind that to the rustic singer, melody is everything. It was so in the days before Elizabeth. The people then did not want harmony; to them harmony is quite a modern invention and need.

At the present day, we are so accustomed to choral and concerted music that we have come to care little for formal melody, and Wagner has taught us to be content with musical phrases alone. Melody is a musical idea worked out in successive notes of our scale. Modern music is constructed in but two of the seven diatonic modes, in which melodies may be cast, the major and the minor; with the result that the modern ear entertains no appreciation of an air that is not in the Ionian scale, the "tonus lascivus" of the ancients.

The jongleur or minstrel had but the rudest of instruments; the peasant singer had none at all. What interest he can create, what effect he can produce, must be through melody alone. Now, I venture to assert that the folk music of the English peasantry has been surpassingly rich in melodiousness, and that no tune has had a chance of living and being transmitted from generation to generation, unless it have a distinct individuality in it, in a word, contains a melodious idea. Moreover, not having been framed only in the common major or minor key, it is abundantly varied. It has been a well-spring from which hitherto we have not drawn.

In former times, that strongly defined dividing line which separates the cultured from the uncultured did not exist. The music of the peasant was also the music of the court; the ballad was the delight of the cottager and of the noble lady in her bower. But the separation began, in music, in the Elizabethan days; in ballads, in those of James I., when nearly every old ballad was re-written to fresh metres, unsingable to the traditional airs. The skilled musician scorned folk melodies, and revelled in counter-point.

It is a mistake to suppose that all mediæval music was in the Gregorian modes other than our major and minor. Even in the 13th century, the modern major mode was used, so that some of our traditional airs, which seem to be modern may really be old.

M. Tiersot notes that among the melodies extant of three trouvères of the Thirteenth century, a certain number are modern in character. Of twenty-two airs by the Chatelain de Coucy, three are frankly in the major; five others in the 7th or the 8th tone, give the impression of the major. Of nine melodies by the King of Navarre, four are in the major, a fifth in the 7th tone, is of the same nature as those of De Coucy. Of thirty-four *chansons* by Adam de la Hall, twenty-one are in the major.

The folk airs that we give in our collection may not please at first, certainly will not please all; but when once a relish for them has been acquired, then hearers will turn with weariness from the ordinary concert hall feebleness, as we turn from the twaddle of a vacuous female. We have found it necessary to take down all the variants of the same air that we have come across.

M. Bourgault Ducoudray, in his introduction to "Mélodies populaires de Basse Bretagne," Paris, 1885, says: "When a song has been transmitted from mouth to mouth, without having been fixed by notation, it is exposed to alterations. One is sometimes obliged to collect as many as twenty variants of the same air, before finding one that is good. This is the greatest difficulty to the seeker; it is as hard to lay the hand on the veritable typal form of a melody as it is to meet with an intact specimen among the shells that have been rolled on the sea shore." When a party of singers is assembled, or when one man sings a succession of ballads, the memory becomes troubled; the first few melodies are given correctly, but

after that, the airs become deflected and influenced by the airs last sung. At Two Bridges one old singer, G. Kerswell, after giving us "The Bell-ringers," sang us half-a-dozen ballads but the melody of the bells went through them all, and vitiated them all so as to render them worthless. On another occasion, we took down four or five airs all beginning alike, because one singer had impressed this beginning on the minds of the others. At another time, when this impression was worn off, they would sing correctly, and then the beginnings would be different. Experience taught us never to take down too much at one sitting.

In a very few years all this heritage of traditional folk music will be gone; and this is the supreme moment at which such a collection can be made. Already, nearly every one of my old singers from whom these melodies were gathered, is dead. They are passing away everywhere. Few counties of England have been worked. Sussex has been well explored by the late Rev. John Broadwood, and then by Miss Lucy Broadwood*; Yorkshire, by Mr. Frank Kidson; Northumberland, by Dr. Collingwood Bruce and Mr. John Stokoe. Mr. Cecil Sharp is now engaged on Somersetshire, and Dr. Vaughan Williams on Essex. Who will undertake Lincolnshire, Dorset, Hampshire, and other counties? The purely agricultural districts are most auriferous. In manufacturing counties modern music has driven out the traditional folk melodies.

With regard to the approximate dates of the airs we give, all that we can say is that such as are in the ancient modes are not later than the reign of James I. How much more ancient they may be, it is impossible to determine. The melodies of the Handel and Arne, and then those of the Hooke and Dibden periods can be at once detected. Some few of the melodies we have taken down were certainly originally in one or other of the ancient modes, but in process of time have been subjected to alteration, to accommodate them to the modern ear.

Although some seventy per cent. of the airs noted from the very old singers are modal, we have not given too many of these, as the popular taste is not sufficiently educated to relish them. But such as can not perceive the beauty of the tunes that go, for instance, to "The Trees they are so high," in the rarely used Phygian mode, "Flora, the Flower of the West," in F, "Henry Martyn," "On a May morning so early," etc., are indeed to be pitied. We have not been able to give those lengthy ballads, such as, "The Outlandish Knight," "The Brown Girl," "By the Banks of Green Willow," "The Baffled Knight," "William and the Shepherd's Daughter," "Captain Ward," "The Golden Glove," "The Maid and the Box," "The Death of Queen Jane," etc., which are too long to be sung and listened to with patience now-a-days.

In some instances we have set other words to a ballad tune, as XXXVI. One of my old singers said to me concerning this ballad, "When my little sister, now dead, these twenty years, was a child, and went up from Exeter to London with me in a carrier's van, Lor bless'y, afore railways was invented, I mind that she sang this here ballet in the waggon all the way up. We was three days about it. She was then about six years old." The ballet, by the way, is not particularly choice and suitable for a child or a grown-up girl to sing, according to our ideas.

In giving these songs to the public, we have been scrupulous to publish the airs precisely as noted down, choosing among the variants those which commended themselves to us as the soundest. But we have not been so careful with regard to the *words*. These are sometimes in a fragmentary condition, or are coarse, contain *double entendres*, or else are mere doggerel. Accordingly, we have re-written the songs wherever it was not possible to present them in their original form. This was done by the Scotch. Many an old ballad is gross, and many a broadside is common-place. Songs that were thought witty in the Caroline and early Georgian epochs, are no longer sufferable; and broadside ballads are in many cases vulgarised versions of earlier ballads that have been lost in their original forms.

What a change has taken place in public feeling with regard to decency may be judged by the way in which Addison speaks of D'Urfey in "The Guardian," 1713, No. 29. "A *judicious* author, some years since, published a collection of sonnets, which he very successfully called "Laugh and be Fat; or, Pills to purge Melancholy." I can not sufficiently admire the facetious title of these volumes, and must censure the world of ingratitude, while they are so negligent in rewarding the jocose labours of my friend, Mr. D'Urfey, who was so large a contributor to this treatise, and to whose numerous productions so many rural squires in the remotest parts of the island are obliged for the dignity and state which corpulency gives them." And again, in No. 67, "I must heartily

* The Rev. J. Broadwood, of Lyne, Sussex, printed his collection "for Private Circulation only," in 1843. It was reprinted later, with additions, by Miss L. Broadwood, under the title of "Sussex Songs." (Leonard & Co., Oxford Street.)

recommend to all young ladies, my disciples, the case of my old friend, who has often made their grand-mothers merry, and whose sonnets have perhaps lulled to sleep many a present toast, when she lay in her cradle." Why—D'Urfey's Pills must now-a-days be kept under lock and key. The fun so commended by the pious and grave Addison is filth of the most revolting description. And yet the grand-mothers of the ladies of his day, according to him, were wont to sing them over the cradles of their grand-children!

So when a "Collection of Old Ballads" was published 1723-5, the Editor, after giving a series of historical and serious pieces, in a later volume apologises to the ladies for their gravity, and for their special delectation furnishes an appendix of songs that are simply dirty.

A good many of the ditties in favour with our rural song-men, are, it must be admitted, of the D'Urfey type; and what is more some of the very worst are sung to the daintiest early melodies. Two courses lay open to us. One that adopted Dr. Barrett and Mr. Kidson to print the words exactly as given on the broadsides, with asterisks for the undesirable stanzas. But this would simply have killed the songs. No one would care to warble what was fragmentary. On the other hand, there is that adopted by the Scotch and Irish collectors, which consists in re-writing or modifying where objectionable or common-place. This has been the course we have pursued. It seemed a pity to consign the lovely old melodies to the antiquary's library, by publishing them with words which were fatal to the success of the songs in the drawing room or the concert hall. We resolved where the old words were good, or tolerable, to retain them. Where bad, to re-write, adherring as closely as possible to the original. Where the songs were mere broadside ballads, we have had no scruple in doing this, for we give reference to the press-mark in the British Museum, where the original text may be found. But the broadside itself is often a debased form of a fine early ballad. The broadside publishers were wont to pay a shilling to any ballad mongers who could furnish them with a new ditty. These men were destitute of the poetic faculty and illiterate, and they contented hemselves with taking old ballads and recomposing them, so as to give to them a semblance of novelty, sufficient to qualify their authors to claim the usual fee. Here are some lines by one of the fraternity:

'I'm Billy Nuts wot always cuts
A dash through all the town, sir,
With lit'rary men, my clever pen
In grammar gains renown, sir,
In song, and catch, and ditty.
And then to each, with dying speech
I do excite their pity.
So all agree to welcome me,
With drum and fife and whiols, (*sic* for viols)
A cause my name stands fast in fame,
The Bard of Seven Dials."
(B.M., 11621, K. 4)

Our object was not to furnish a volume for consultation by the musical antiquary alone, but to resuscitate, and to popularise the traditional music of the English people. As, however, to the antiquary everything is important, exactly as obtained, uncleansed from rust and unpolished, I have deposited a copy of the songs and ballads with their music exactly as taken down, for reference, in the Municipal Free Library, Plymouth.

The Rev. H. F. Sheppard, who worked with me for twelve years in rescuing these old songs, and in bringing them before the public, is now no more. A new edition has been called for, and in this some exclusions and some additions have been made. We do not think that the pieces we have removed are not good, but that we are able to supply their places with others that are better. Mr. Sheppard entertained a very strong objection to arranging any song he had not himself "pricked down" from the lips of the singers, and as Mr. Bussell had noted down hundreds as well, these, for the most part, had to be laid on one side. Mr. Sheppard was, doubtless, right in his assertion, that unless he had himself heard the song sung, he could not catch its special character, and so render it justly.

Acting on the advice of Mr. Cecil Sharp, of the Conservatoire, Hampstead, who has kindly undertaken the musical editorship of this edition, I have introduced several interesting ballads and songs that, for the reason above given, were excluded from the first. Mr. F. Kidson has kindly afforded us information relative to such songs as he has come across in Yorkshire.

In conclusion I give a few particulars relative to the Rev. H. F. Sheppard, my

fellow-worker, and Mr. D. Radford, the instigator of the collection, both of whom have passed away.

Henry Fleetwood Sheppard was a graduate of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and had been appointed Travelling Batchelor to the University. Through the whole of his clerical career he was closely associated with sacred music, especially with Plain-song, of which he was an enthusiastic admirer. As precentor of the Doncaster Choral Union from 1864 to 1884, he became the pioneer of improved church music in that part of Yorkshire. In the year 1868 he was presented to the Rectory of Thurnscoe, which at that time was an agricultural village numbering about 180 inhabitants, where he remained until 1898, when he resigned his living on account of his advancing years which precluded his coping satisfactorily with the population swelling to 3,366 souls, owing to the opening of coal mines in the parish. In 1888, as already intimated, he was associated along with myself in the collection of Devon and Cornish folk songs.

When he resigned the incumbency of Thurnscoe, he retired to Oxford, where, in his declining years, he might, at his leisure, dip into those store houses of classical and musical literature in which his soul delighted.

Three days before Christmas, 1901, a slight stroke of paralysis gave warning of possibly serious mischief. A sudden and fatal collapse ensued on S. John's Day, without further warning. He was laid to rest at Oxford on New Year's Eve. An inscription in the Vestry wall at Thurnscoe, was cut by one who was in Mr. Sheppard's choir for nearly forty years before his death. "Pray for the peace of Henry Fleetwood Sheppard, Rector of this Parish Church, 1868-1898, who went to rest, December 27th, 1901, aged 77 years."

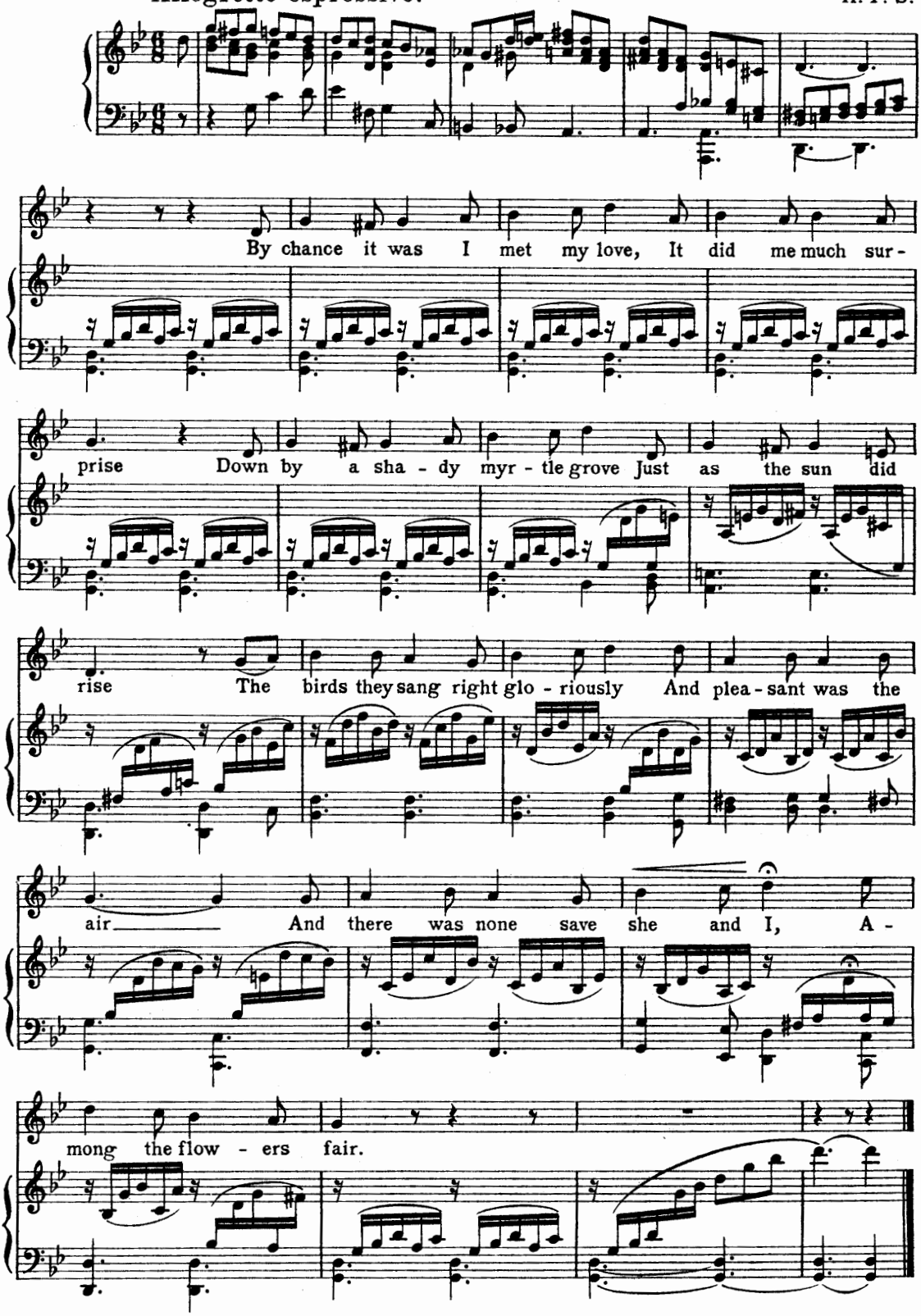
Mr. Daniel Radford, of Mount Tavy, was an enthusiastic lover of all that pertained to his county. He knew that a number of traditional songs and ballads still floated about, and he saw clearly that unless these were at once collected, they would be lost irretrievably, and he pressed on me the advisability of making a collection, and of setting about it at once. I began to do so in 1888, and continued at it, working hard for twelve years, assisted by Mr. Sheppard and Mr. Bussell. Mr. Radford was one for whom I entertained the deepest affection, inspired by his high character; and I knew that what he judged to be advisable should be undertaken in no perfunctory way.

Mr. Radford died January 3rd, 1900, at the age of seventy-two, and was buried in Lydford churchyard. The beautiful rood-screen in the church has been erected by his sons to his memory.

In the collection, the music initiated H. F. S. has the accompaniment arranged for the piano by Mr. Sheppard, that intialed C. J. S. by Mr. C. J. Sharp; that F.W.B. by Dr. Bussell.

№ 1 BY CHANCE IT WAS

Allegretto espressivo. H. F. S.



№ 1 BY CHANCE IT WAS

1

By chance it was I met my love,
It did me much surprise,
Down by a shady myrtle grove,
Just as the sun did rise.
The birds they sang right gloriously,
And pleasant was the air;
And there was none, save she and I,
Among the flowers fair.

2

In dewy grass and green we walk'd,
She timid was and coy;
"How can'st thou choose but pity me,
My pretty pearl, my joy?
How comes it that thou stroll'st this way?
Sweet maiden, tell me true,
Before bright Phœbus' glittering ray
Has supped the morning dew?"

3

"I go to tend the flocks I love
The ewes and tender lambs,
That pasture by the myrtle grove,
That gambol by their dams;
There I enjoy a pure content
At dawning of the day,"
Then, hand in hand, we lovers went
To see the flock at play.

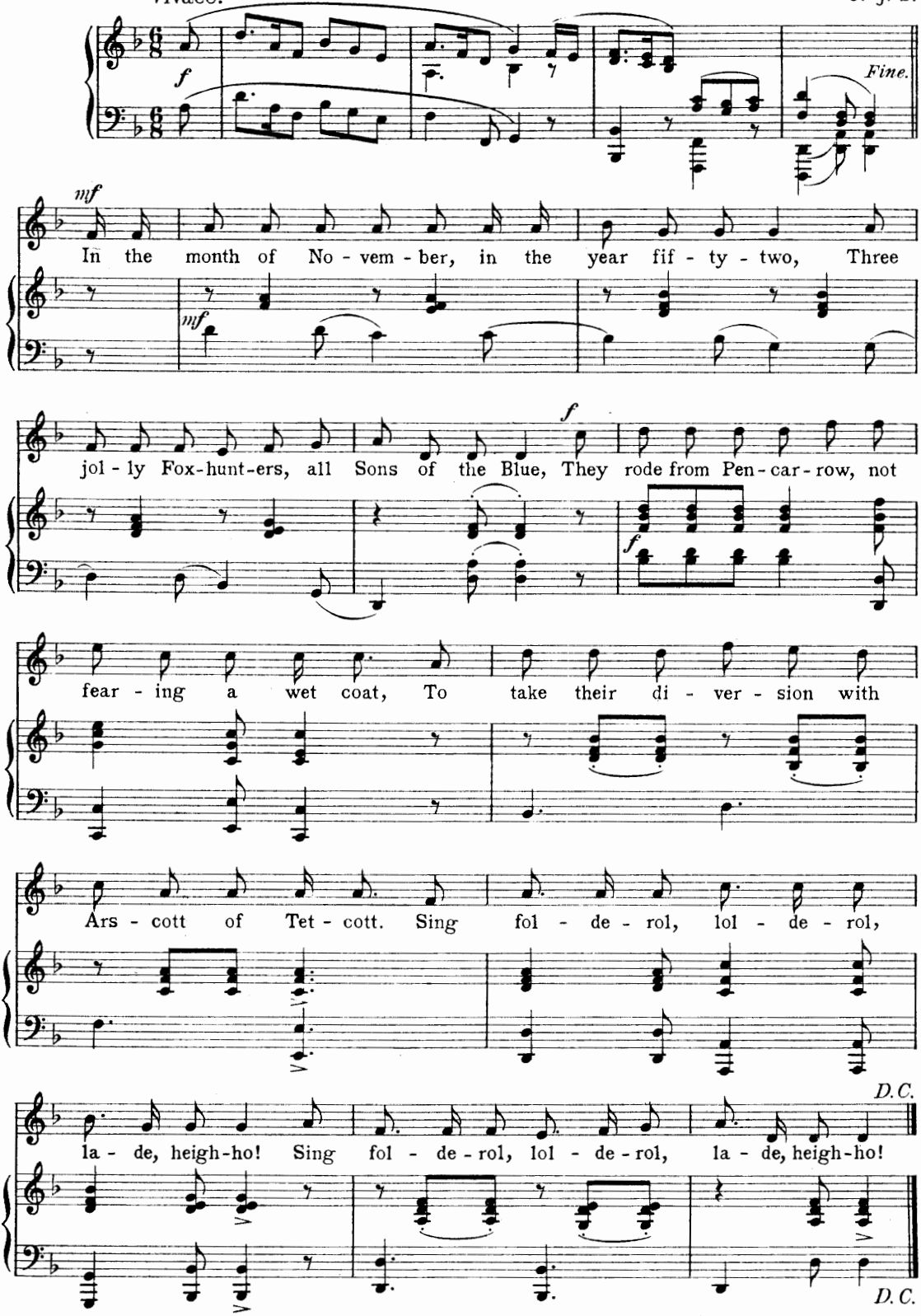
4

And as we wended down the road,
I said to her, "Sweet Maid,
Three years I in my place abode
And three more must be stayed.
The three that I am bound so fast,
O fairest wait for me.
And when the weary years are past
Then married we will be".

5

"Three years are long, three times too long,
Too lengthy the delay".
O then I answered in my song,
"Hope wastes them quick away.
Where love is fervent, fain and fast,
And knoweth not decay.
There nimbly fleet the seasons past
Accounted as one day".

№ 2 THE HUNTING OF ARSCOTT OF TETCOTT



№ 2 THE HUNTING OF ARSCOTT OF TETCOTT

1

In the month of November, in the year fifty-two,
Three jolly Fox-hunters, all Sons of the Blue,
They rode from Pencarrow, not fearing a wet coat,
To take their diversion with Arscott of Tetcott.
Sing fol-de-rol, lol-de-rol, la-de, heigh-ho!
Sing fol-de-rol, lol-de-rol, la-de, heigh-ho!

2

The day-light was dawning, right radiant the morn,
When Arscott of Tetcott he winded his horn;
He blew such a flourish, so loud in the hall,
The rafters re-sounded, and danced to the call.
Sing fol-de-rol, &c:

3

In the kitchen the servants, in kennel the hounds,
In the stable the horses were roused by the sounds,
On Black-Bird in saddle sat Arscott, "To day
I will show you good sport, lads, Hark! follow, away!"
Sing fol-de-rol, &c:

4

They tried in the coppice, from Becket to Thorn,
There were Ringwood and Rally, and Princess and Scorn;
Then out bounded Reynard, away they all went,
With the wind in their tails, on a beautiful scent.
Sing fol-de-rol, &c:

5

"Hark, Vulcan!" said Arscott, "The best of good hounds!
Heigh Venus!" he shouted, "How nimbly she bounds!
And nothing re-echoes so sweet in the valley,
As the music of Rattler, of Fill-pot, and Rally."
Sing fol-de-rol, &c:

6

They hunted o'er fallow, o'er field and on moor,
And never a hound, man or horse would give o'er.
Sly Reynard kept distance for many a mile,
And no one dismounted for gate or for stile.
Sing fol-de-rol, &c:

7

"How far do you make it?" said Simon, the Son,
"The day that's declining will shortly be done."
"We'll follow till Doom's day," quoth Arscott. Before
They hear the Atlantic with menacing roar.
Sing fol-de-rol, &c:

8

Thro' Whitstone and Poundstock, St. Gennys they run,
As a fireball, red, in the sea set the sun.
Then out on Penkenner— a leap, and they go,
Full five hundred feet to the ocean be-low.
Sing fol-de-rol, &c:

9

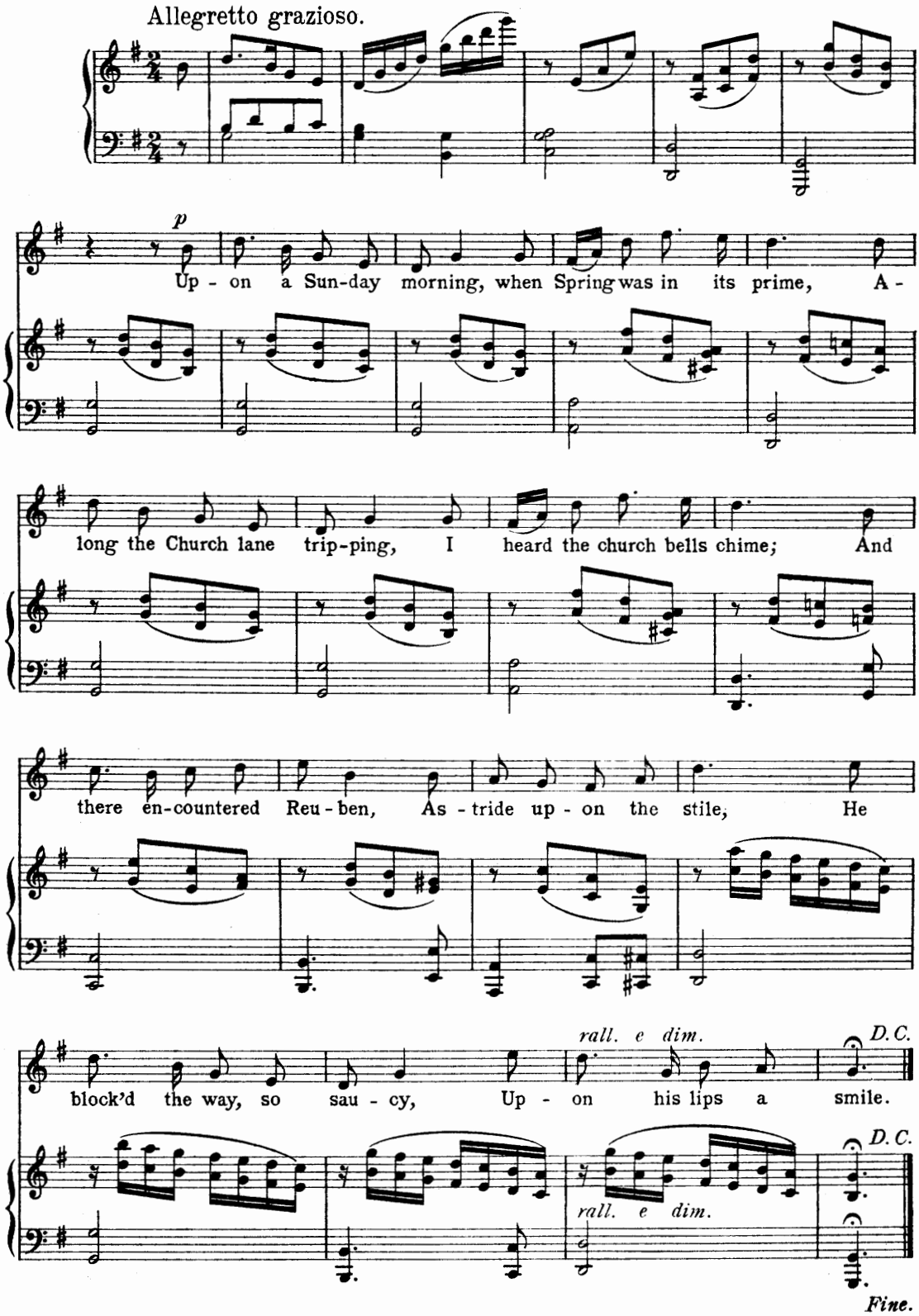
When the full moon is shining as clear as the day,
John Arscott still hunteth the country, they say;
You may see him on Black-Bird, and hear, in full cry
The pack from Pencarrow to Dazard go by.
Sing fol-de-rol, &c:

10

When the tempest is howling, his horn you may hear,
And the bay of his hounds in their headlong career;
For Arscott of Tetcott loves hunting so well,
That he breaks for the pastime from Heaven— or Hell.
Sing fol-de-rol, &c:

Nº 3 UPON A SUNDAY MORNING.

H. F. S.



№ 3 UPON A SUNDAY MORNING

1

Upon a Sunday morning, when Spring was in its prime,
Along the Church-lane tripping, I heard the Church-bells chime,
And there encountered Reuben, astride upon the stile,
He blocked the way, so saucy, upon his lips a smile.

2

Upon a Sunday morning, there came a rush of bells,
The wind was music-laden, in changeful fall and swells;
He would not let me over, he held, he made me stay,
And promise I would meet him again at close of day.

3

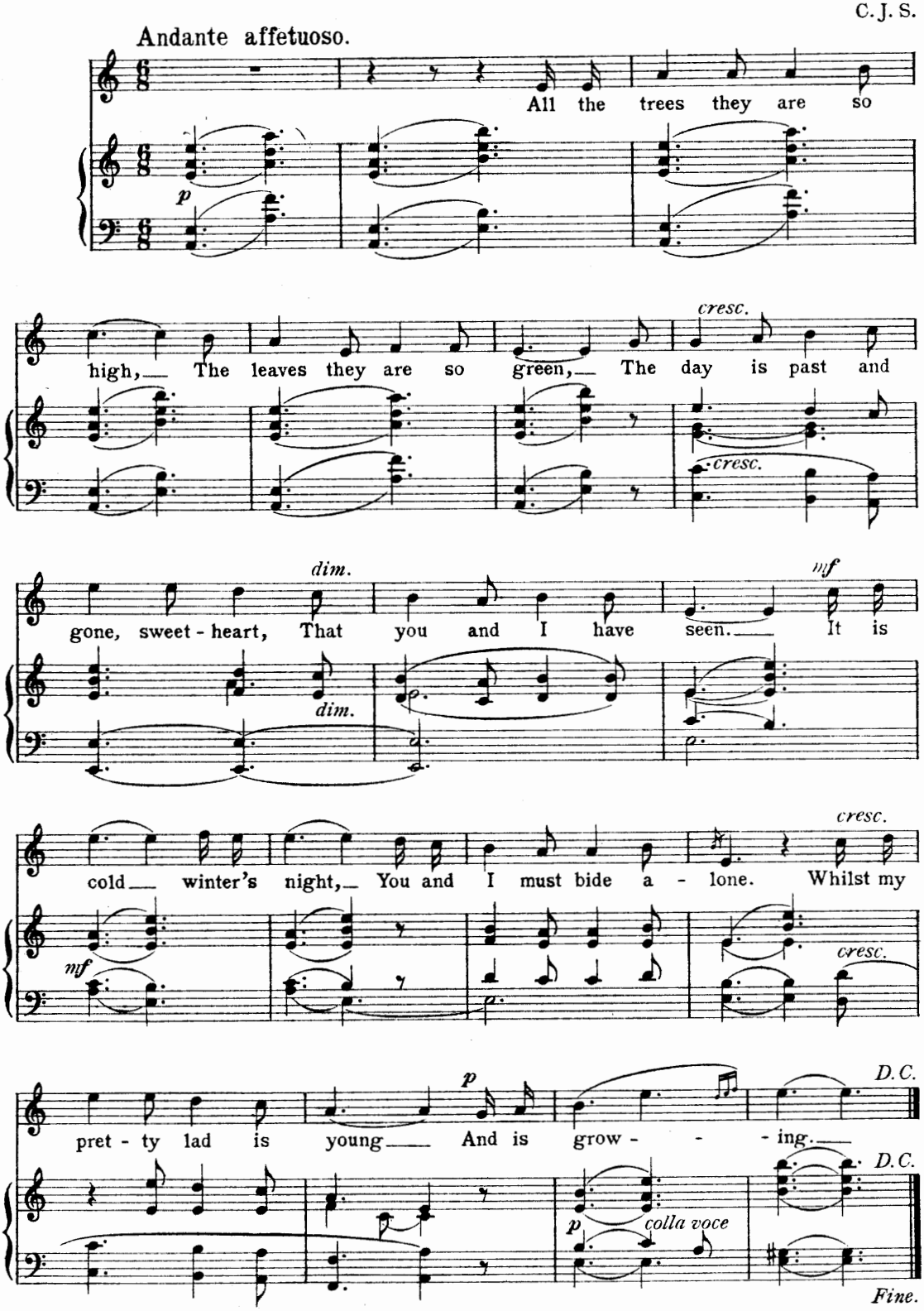
Upon a Sunday evening, the ringers in the tower,
Were practising their changes, they rang for full an hour;
And Reuben by me walking, would never let me go,
Until a Yes I answered, he would not take a No.

4

Again a Sunday morning, and Reuben stands by me,
Not now in lane, but chancel, where all the folks may see.
A golden ring he offers, as to his side I cling,
O happy Sunday morning, for us the Church-bells ring.

Nº 4 THE TREES THEY ARE SO HIGH

C. J. S.



No 4 THE TREES THEY ARE SO HIGH.

1

All the trees they are so high,
The leaves they are so green,
The day is past and gone, sweet-heart,
That you and I have seen.
It is cold winter's night,
You and I must bide alone:
Whilst my pretty lad is young
And is growing.

2

In a garden as I walked,
I heard them laugh and call;
There were four and twenty playing there,
They played with bat and ball.
O the rain on the roof,
Here and I must make my moan:
Whilst my pretty lad is young
And is growing.

3

I listened in the garden,
I looked o'er the wall;
Amidst five and twenty gallants there
My love exceeded all.
O the wind on the thatch,
Here and I alone must weep:
Whilst my pretty lad is young
And is growing.

4

O father, father dear,
Great wrong to me is done,
That I should married be this day,
Before the set of sun.
At the huffle of the gale,
Here I toss and cannot sleep:
Whilst my pretty lad is young
And is growing.

5

* My daughter, daughter dear,
If better be, more fit,
I'll send him to the court awhile,
To point his pretty wit.
But the snow, snowflakes fall,
O and I 'am chill as dead:
Whilst my pretty lad is young
And is growing.

6

* To let the lovely ladies know
They may not touch and taste,
I'll bind a bunch of ribbons red
About his little waist.
But the raven hoarsely croaks,
And I shiver in my bed;
Whilst my pretty lad is young
And is growing.

7

I married was, alas,
A lady high to be,
In court and stall and stately hall,
And bower of tapestry,
But the bell did only knell,
And I shuddered as one cold:
When I wed the pretty lad
Not done growing.

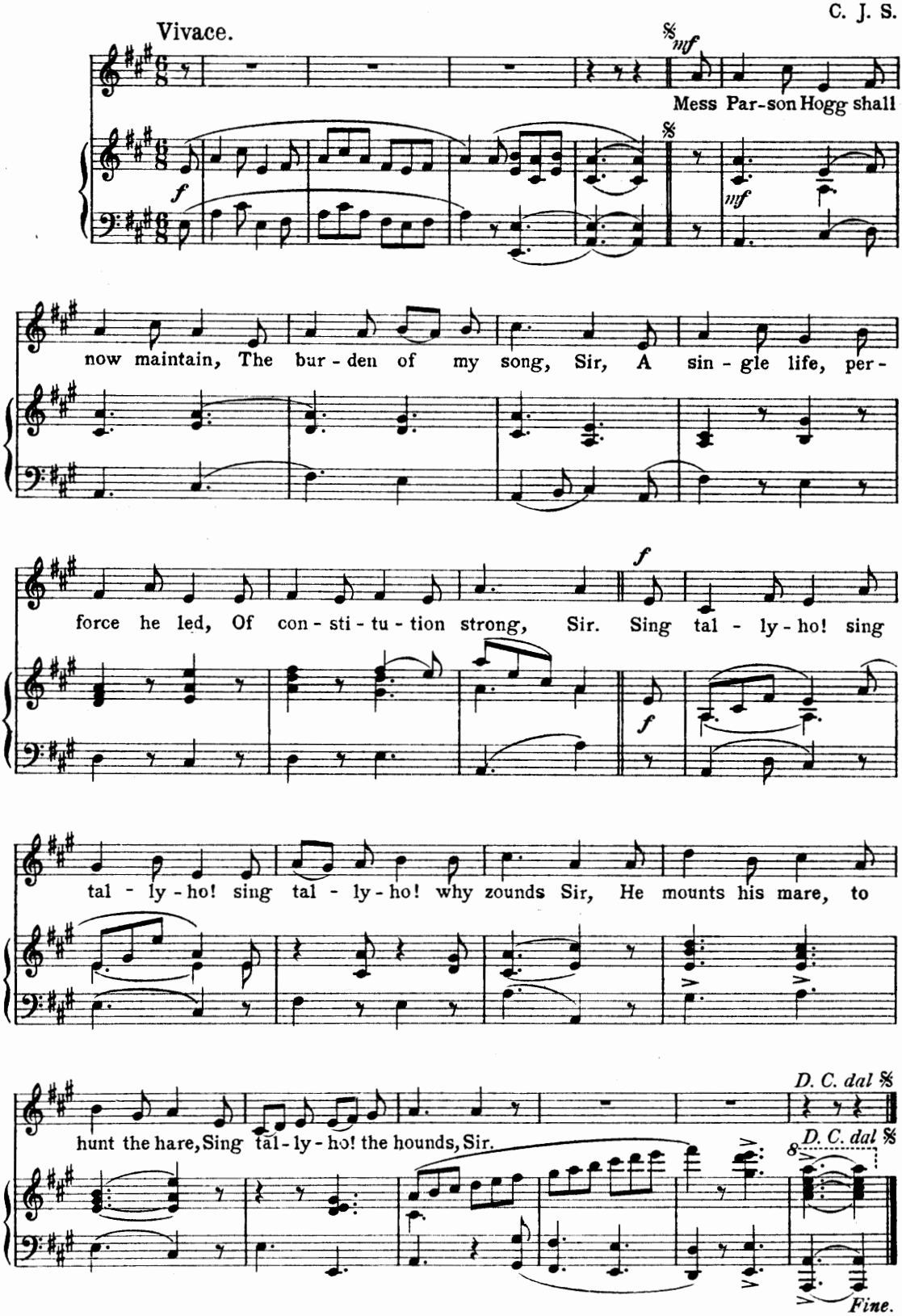
8

At seventeen he wedded was,
A father at eighteen,
At nineteen his face was white as milk,
And then his grave was green;
And the daisies were outspread,
And buttercups of gold,
O'er my pretty lad so young
Now ceased growing.

* may be omitted in singing.

№ 5 PARSON HOGG

C. J. S.



№ 5 PARSON HOGG

1

Mess Parson Hogg shall now maintain,
The burden of my song, Sir,
A single life, perforce he led,
Of constitution strong, Sir.
Sing, tally-ho! sing, tally-ho!
Sing, tally-ho! why zounds, Sir,
He mounts his mare, to hunt the hare,
Sing tally-ho! the hounds, Sir.

2

And every day he goes to Mass,
He first draws on the boot, Sir,
That should the beagles chance to pass,
He might join in pursuit, Sir!
Sing tally-ho! &c.

3

That Parson little loveth prayer,
And Pater, night and morn, Sir,
For bell and book, hath little care
But dearly loves the horn, Sir.
Sing tally-ho! &c.

4

S. Stephen's Day, this holy man
He went a pair to wed, Sir,
When as the Service he began
Puss by the Church-yard sped, Sir.
Sing tally-ho! &c.

5

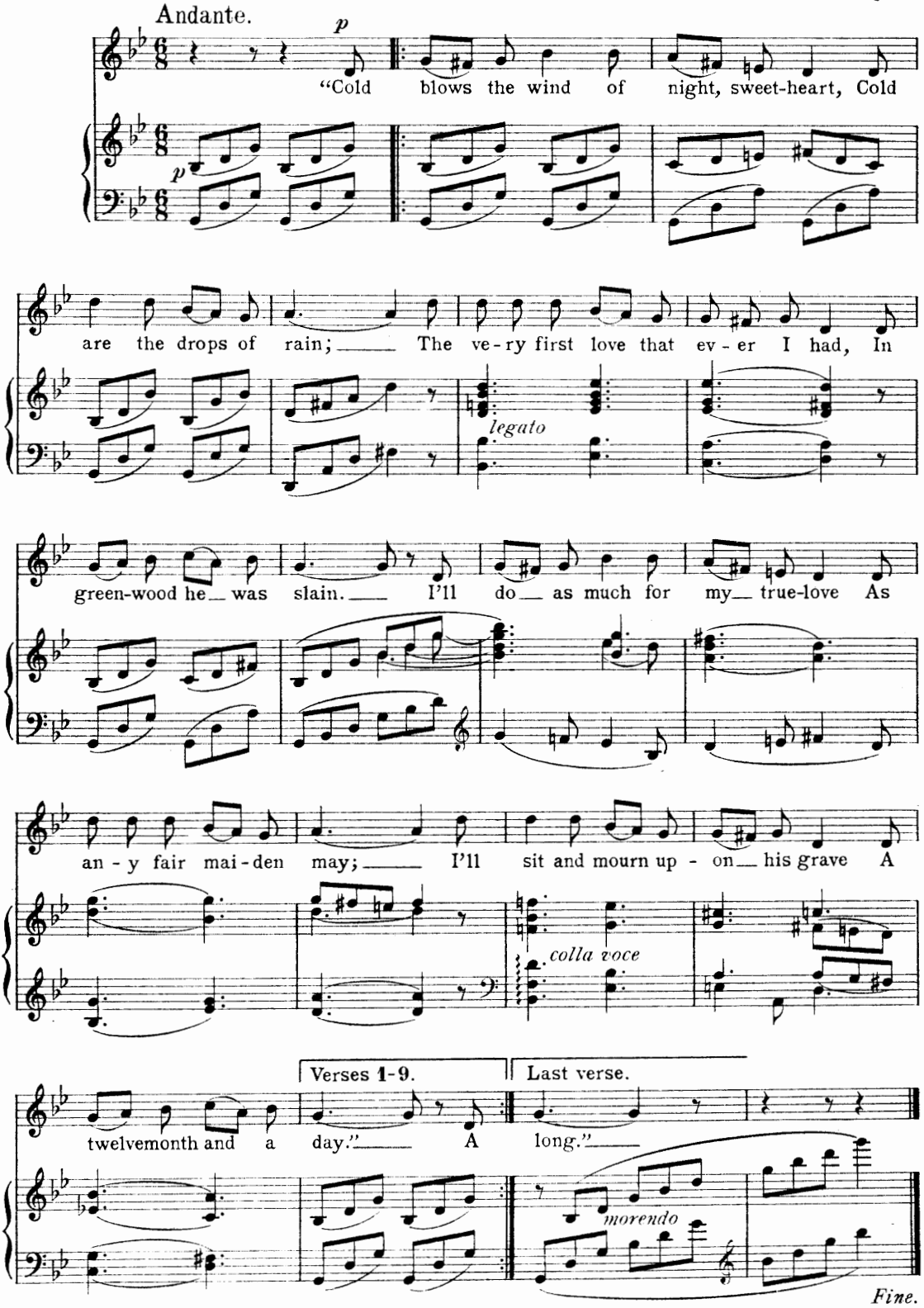
He shut his book, Come on, he said,
I'll pray and bless no more, Sir,
He drew his surplice o'er his head
And started for the door, Sir
Sing tally-ho! &c.

6

In pulpit Parson Hogg was strong,
He preached without a book, Sir,
And to the point, and never long,
And this the text he took, Sir,
"O tally-ho! O tally-ho!
Dearly beloved— zounds, Sir
I mount my mare to hunt the hare,
Singing tally-ho! the hounds, Sir!"

№ 6 "COLD BLOWS THE WIND, SWEET-HEART"

C. J. S.



№ 6 "COLD BLOWS THE WIND, SWEET-HEART"

1

"Cold blows the wind of night, sweet-heart,
Cold are the drops of rain;
The very first love that ever I had,
In green-wood he was slain.

2

I'll do as much for my true-love
As any fair maiden may;
I'll sit and mourn upon his grave
A twelvemonth and a day."

3

A twelvemonth and a day being up,
The ghost began to speak;
"Why sit you here by my grave-side
From dusk till dawning break?"

4

"O think upon the garden, love,
Where you and I did walk.
The fairest flower that blossomed there
Is withered on its stalk."

5

"What is it that you want of me,
And will not let me sleep?
Your salten tears they trickle down
My winding sheet to steep."

6

"Oh I will now redeem the pledge
The pledge that once I gave;
A kiss from off thy lily white lips
Is all of you I crave."

7

"Cold are my lips in death, sweet-heart,
My breath is earthy strong.
If you do touch my clay-cold lips,
Your time will not be long."

8

Then through the mould he heaved his head,
And through the herbage green.
There fell a frosted bramble leaf,
It came their lips between.

9

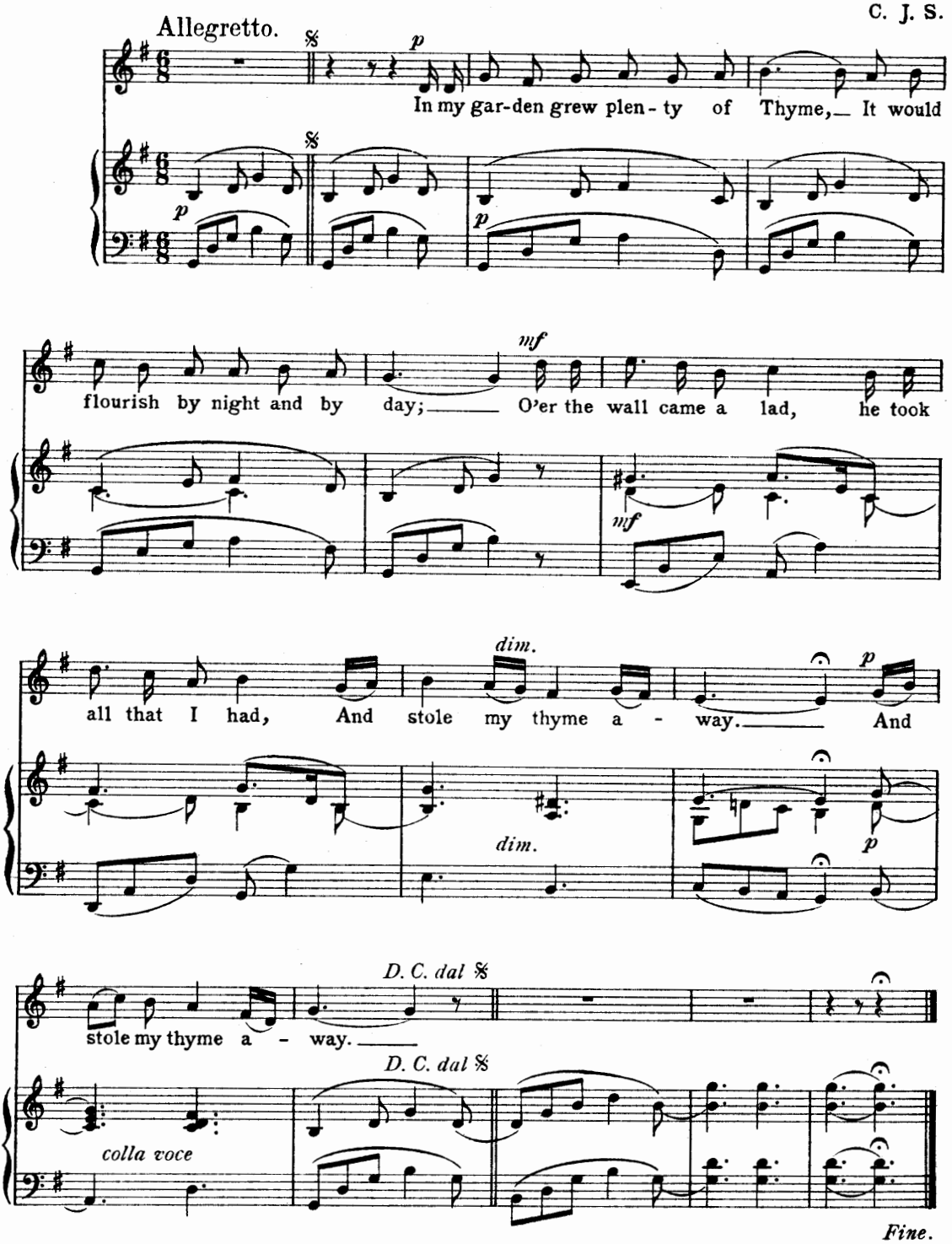
"Now if you were not true in word,
As now I know you be,
I'd tear you as the withered leaves,
Are torn from off the tree.

10

"And well for you that bramble-leaf
Betwixt our lips was flung.
The living to the living hold,
Dead to the dead belong."

№ 7 THE SPRIG OF THYME

C. J. S.



№ 7 THE SPRIG OF THYME

1

In my garden grew plenty of Thyme,
It would flourish by night and by day;
O'er the wall came a lad, he took all that I had,
And stole my thyme away.

2

My garden with heartsease was bright,
The pansy so pied and so gay;
One slipped through the gate, and alas! cruel fate,
My heartsease took away.

3

My garden grew self-heal and balm,
And speedwell that's blue for an hour,
Then blossoms again, O grievous my pain!
I'm plundered of each flower.

4

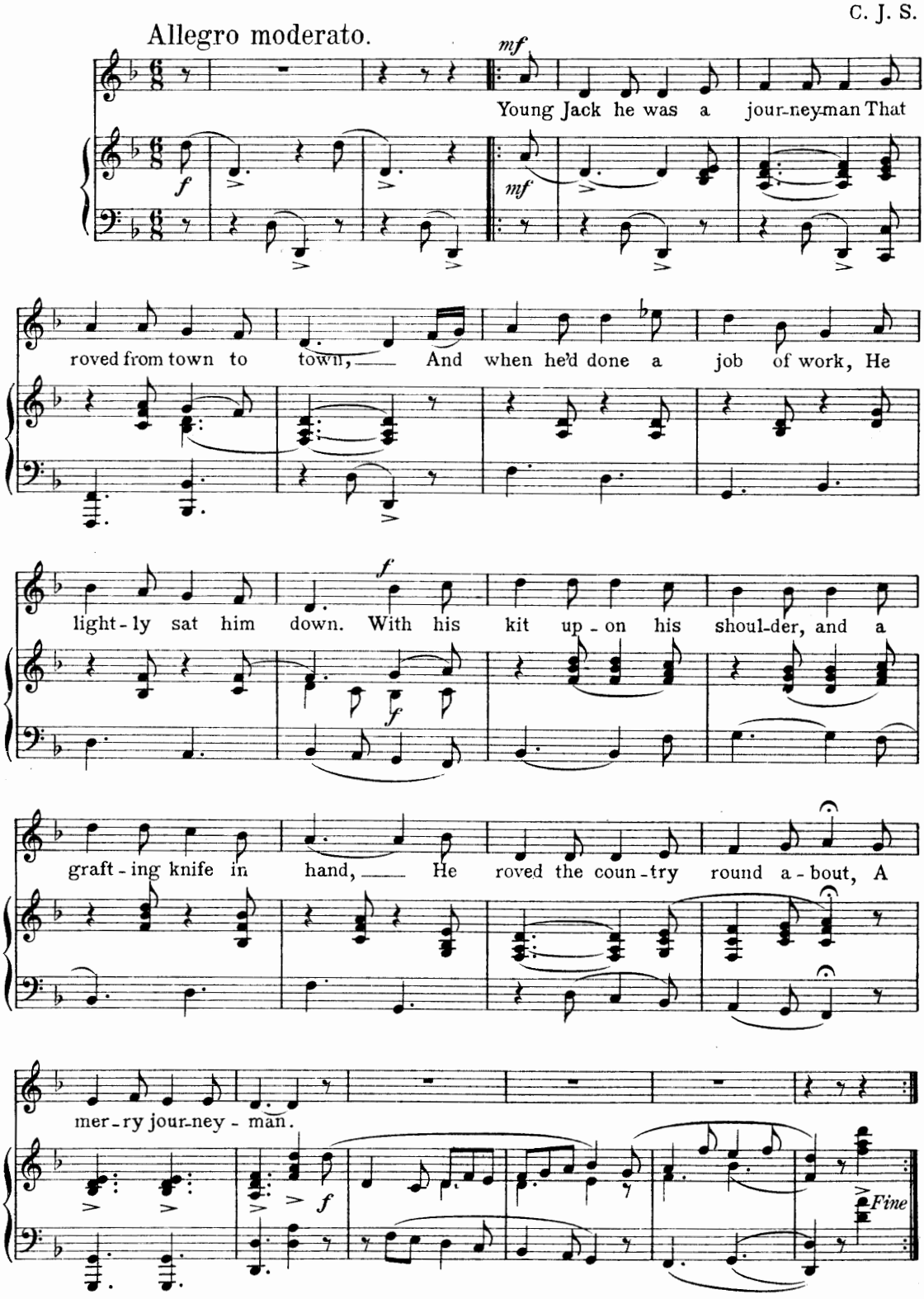
There grows in my garden the rue,
And Love-lies-a-bleeding droops there,
The hyssop and myrrh, the teazle and burr,
In place of blossoms fair.

5

The willow with branches that weep,
The thorn and the cypress tree,
O why were the seeds of such dolorous weeds,
Thus scattered there by thee?

Nº 8 ROVING JACK

C. J. S.



№ 8 ROVING JACK

1

Young Jack he was a journeyman
That roved from town to town,
And when he'd done a job of work,
He lightly sat him down.
With his kit upon his shoulder, and
A grafting knife in hand,
He roved the country round about,
A merry journey-man.

2

And when he came to Exeter,
The maidens leaped for joy;
Said one and all, both short and tall,
Here comes a gallant boy.
The lady dropt her needle, and
The maid her frying-pan,
Each plainly told her mother, that
She loved the journey-man.

3

He had not been in Exeter,
The days were barely three,
Before the Mayor, his sweet daughter.
She loved him desperately;
She bid him to her mother's house,
She took him by the hand,
Said she, "My dearest mother, see
I love the journey-man!"

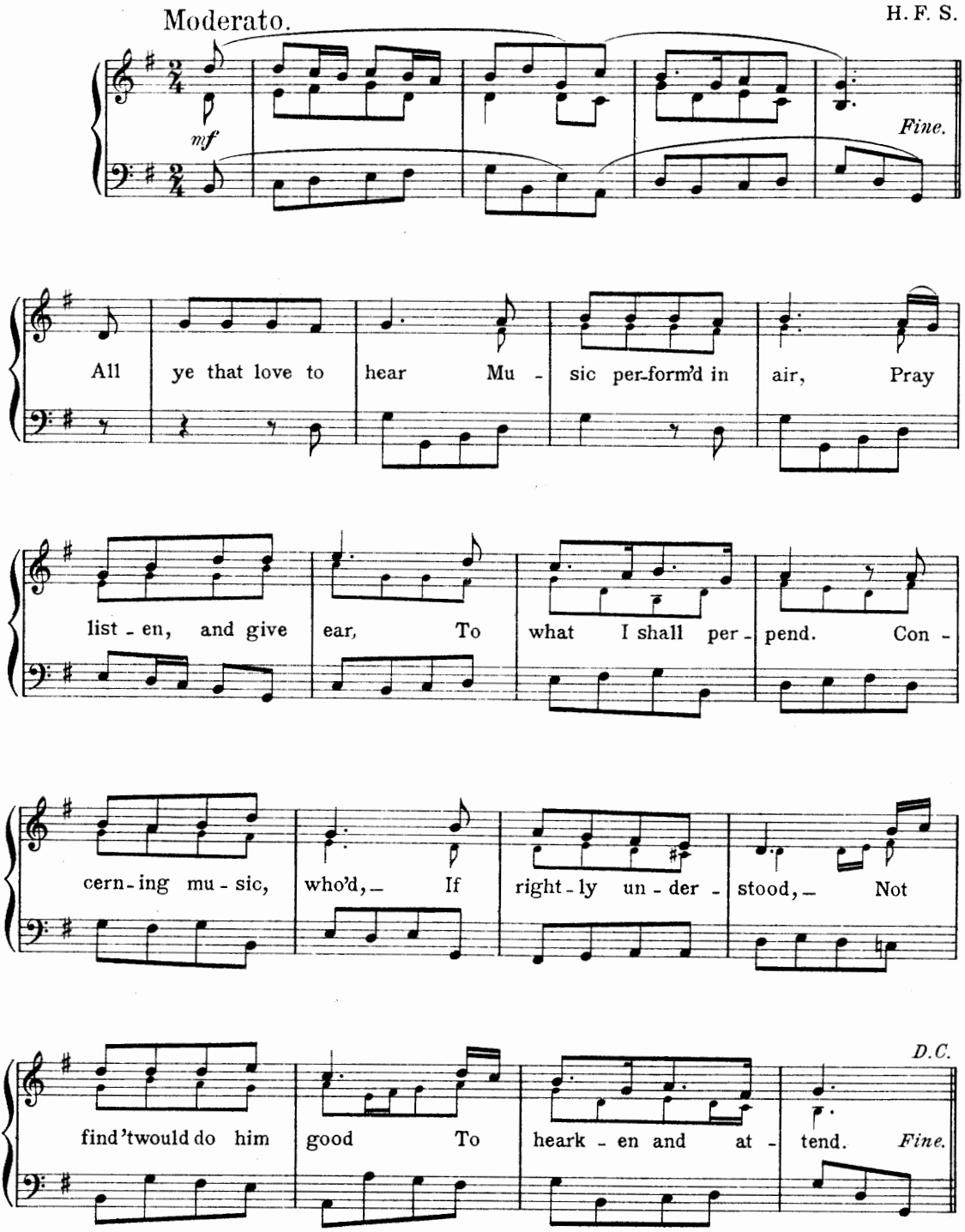
4

Now out on thee, thou silly maid!
Such folly speak no more:
How can'st thou love a roving man,
Thou ne'er hast seen before?
"O mother sweet, I do entreat,
I love him all I can;
Around the country glad I'll rove
With this young journey-man.

5

"He need no more to trudge afoot,
He'll travel coach and pair;
My wealth with me — or poverty
With him, content I'll share."
Now fill the horn with barleycorn,
And flowing fill the can:
Here let us toast the Mayor's daughter
And the roving journey-man.

Nº 9 BRIXHAM TOWN



Nº 9 BRIXHAM TOWN

1

All ye that love to hear
Music performed in air,
Pray listen, and give ear,
To what I shall perpend.
Concerning music, who'd,—
—If rightly understood—
—Not find 'twould do him good
To hearken and attend.

2

In Brixham town so rare
For singing sweet and fair,
Few can with us compare,
We bear away the bell.
Extolled up and down
By men of high renown,
We go from town to town;
And none can us excell.

3

There's a man in Brixham town
Of office, and in gown,
Strove to put singing down,
Which most of men adore.
For House of God unmeet,
The voice and organ sweet!
When pious men do meet,
To praise their God before.

4

Go question Holy writ,
And you will find in it,
That seemly 'tis and fit,
To praise and hymn the Lord
On cymbal and on lute,
On organ and on flute,
With voices sweet, that suit;
All in a fair concord.

5

In Samuel you may read
How one was troubled,
Was troubled indeed,
Who crown and sceptre bore;
An evil spirit lay
On his mind both night and day,
That would not go away,
And vexed him very sore.

6

Then up and uttered one,
Said, "Jesse hath a son,
Of singers next to none;
David his name they say"
"So send for David, fleet,
To make me music sweet,
That the spirit may retreat,
And go from me away."

7

Now when that David, he
King Saul had come to see,
And playéd merrily.
Upon his stringéd harp,
The Devil in all speed,
With music ill agreed,
From Saul the King, he fleed,
Impatient to depart.

8

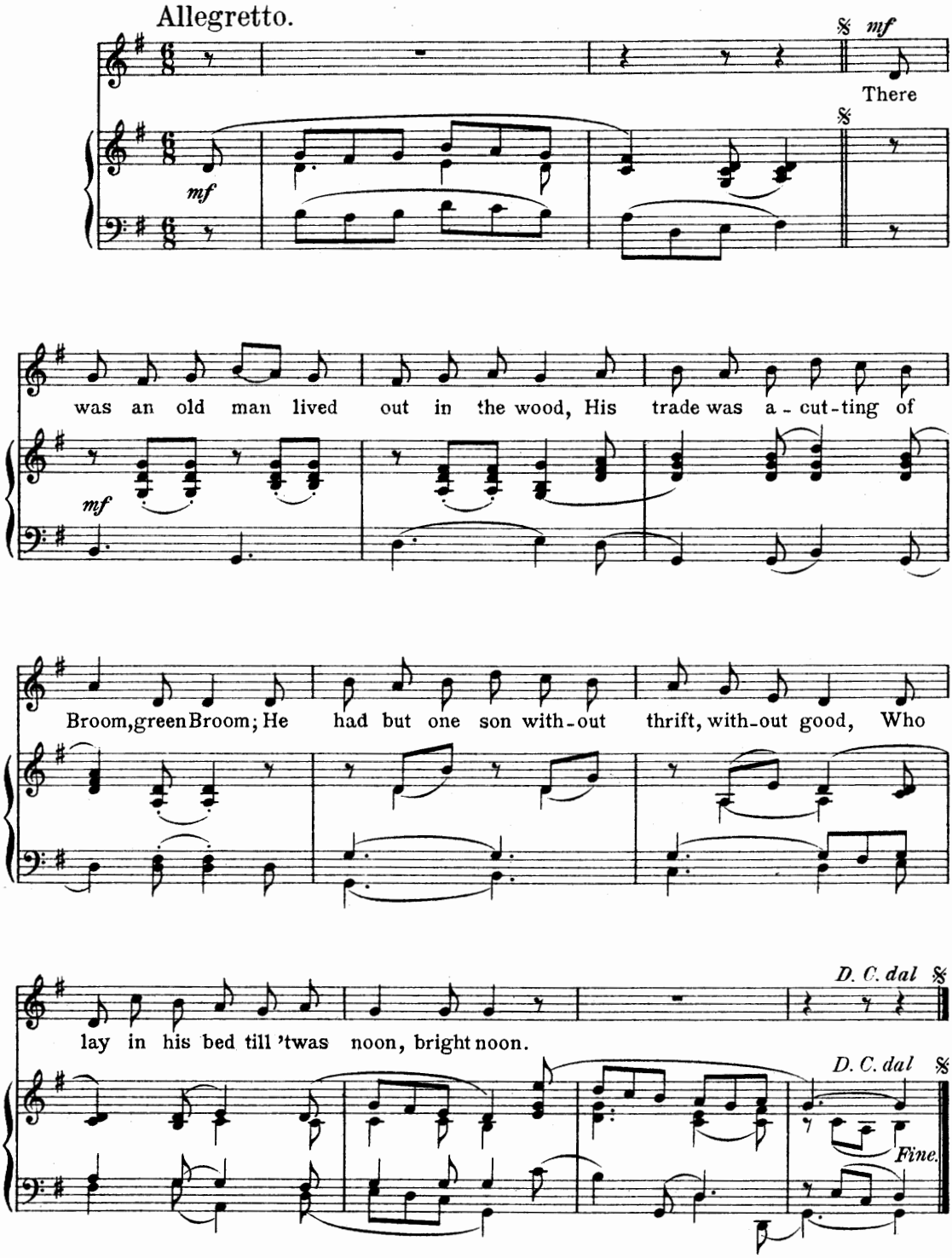
Now there be creatures three
As you may plainly see
With music can't agree
Upon this very earth
The swine, the fool, the ass,
And so we let it pass
And sing, O Lord, thy praise
Whilst we have breath.

9

So now, my friends, adieu!
I hope that all of you
Will pull most strong and true,
In strain to serve the Lord.
God prosper us, that we
Like angels may agree,
In singing merrily
In tune and in accord.

№ 10 GREEN BROOM

C. J. S.



№ 10 GREEN BROOM

1

There was an old man lived out in the wood,
His trade was a-cutting of Broom, green Broom;
He had but one son without thrift, without good,
Who lay in his bed till 'twas noon, bright noon.

2

The old man awoke, one morning and spoke,
He swore he would fire the room, that room,
If his John would not rise and open his eyes,
And away to the wood to cut Broom, green Broom.

3

So Johnny arose, and he slipped on his clothes,
And away to the wood to cut Broom, green Broom,
He sharpened his knives, for once he contrives
To cut a great bundle of Broom, green Broom.

4

When Johnny passed under a lady's fine house,
Passed under a lady's fine room, fine room,
She called to her maid, "Go fetch me," she said,
"Go fetch me the boy that sells Broom, green Broom."

5

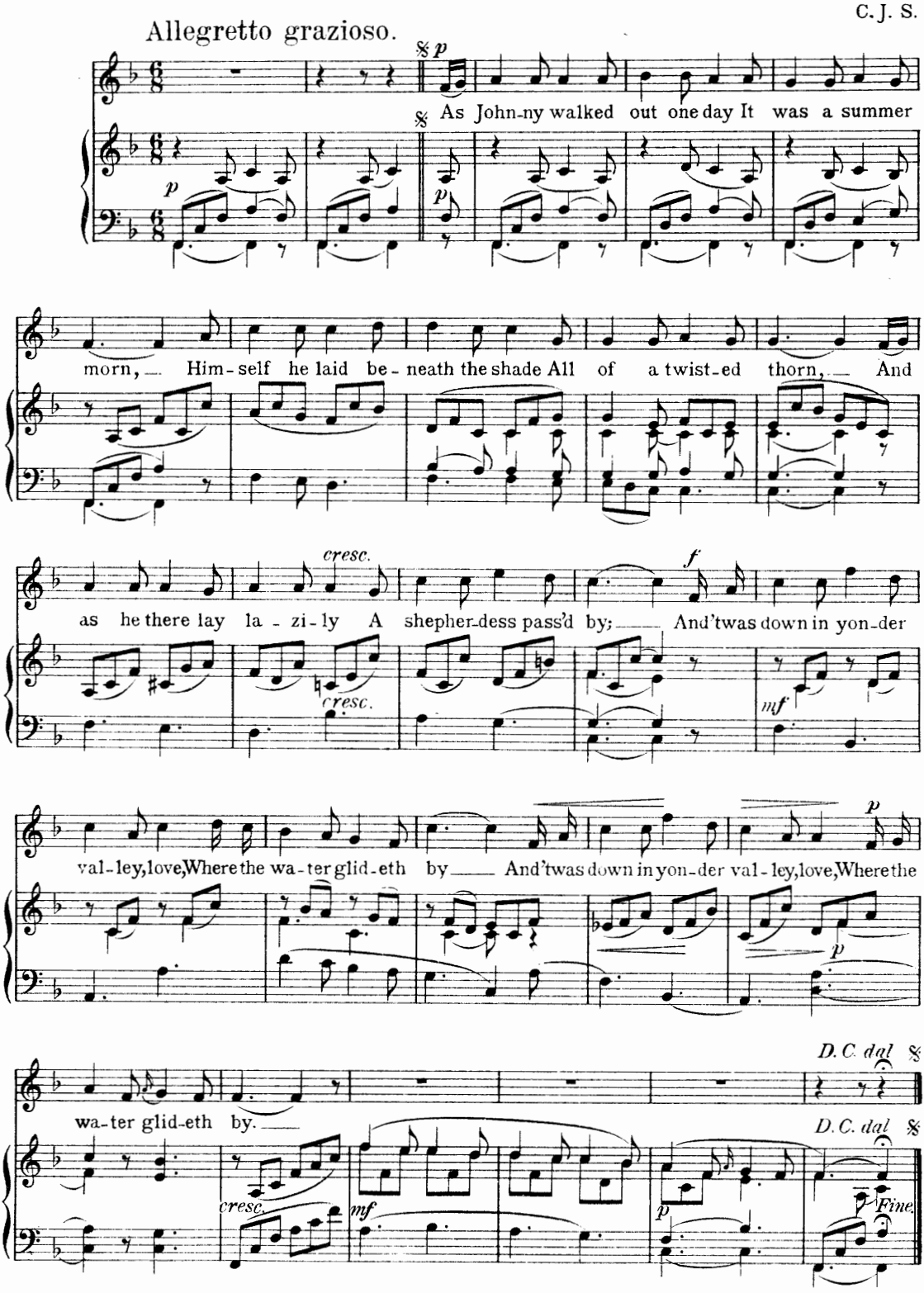
When Johnny came into the lady's fine house,
And stood in the lady's fine room, fine room,
"Young Johnny," she said, "Will you give up your trade,
And marry a lady in bloom, full bloom?"

6

Johnny gave his consent, and to church they both went,
And he wedded the lady in bloom, full bloom.
At market and fair, all folks do declare,
There is none like the Boy that sold Broom, green Broom.

№ 11 AS JOHNNY WALKED OUT

C. J. S.



№ 11 AS JOHNNY WALKED OUT

1

As Johnny walked out one day
It was a summer morn,
Himself he laid beneath the shade
All of a twisted thorn,
And as he there lay lazily
A shepherdess pass'd by;
And 'twas down in yonder valley, love,
Where the water glideth by.

2

"O have you seen a pretty ewe
That hath a tender lamb,
A strayed from the orchard glade
That little one and dam?"
"O pretty maid" he answered,
"They passed as here I lie!"
And 'twas down in yonder valley, love,
Where the water glideth by.

*3

She wandered o'er the country wide
The sheep she could not find;
And many times she did upbraid
Young Johnny in her mind
She sought in leafy forest green
She sought them low and high,
And 'twas down in yonder valley, love,
Where the water glideth by.

4

"Oh silly maid," young Johnny said
"Alone why did you seek?"
Her heart was full of anger, and
The flush was in her cheek
"Where one alone availeth not,
There two your sheep may spie,
And 'tis down in yonder valley, love,
Where the water glideth by."

5

Then lo! they both forgot their quest
They found what neither sought,
Two loving hearts long kept apart
Together now were brought.
He found the words he long had lacked,
He found and held her eye;
And 'twas down in yonder valley, love,
Where the water glideth by.

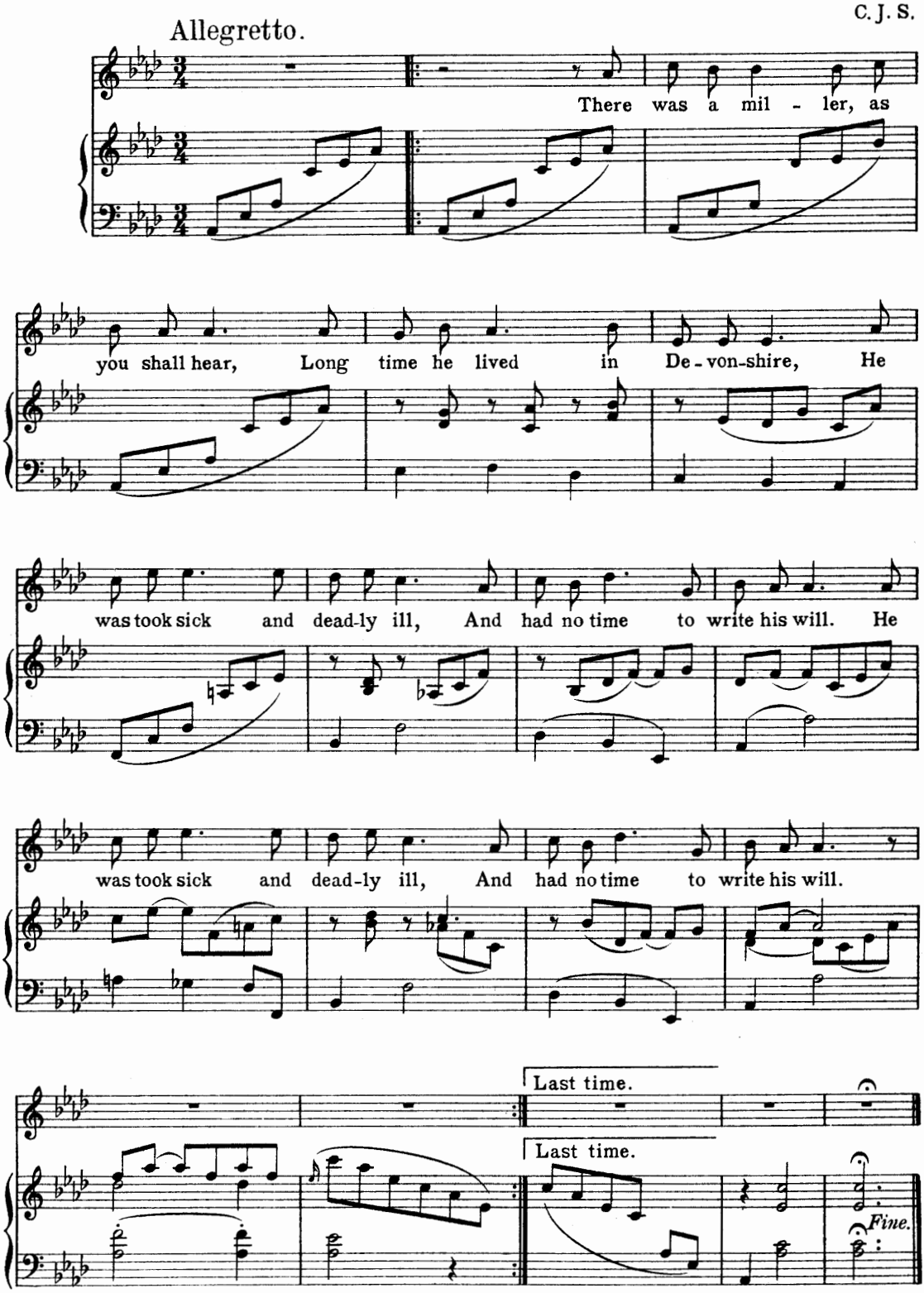
*6

Now married were this loving pair,
And joined in holy band,
No more they go a seeking sheep,
Together hand in hand.
Around her feet play children sweet,
Beneath the summer sky,
And 'tis down in yonder valley, love,
Where the water glideth by.

* These verses may be omitted in singing.

№ 12 THE MILLER AND HIS SONS

C. J. S.



Nº 12 THE MILLER AND HIS SONS

1

There was a miller, as you shall hear,
Long time he lived in Devonshire,
He was took sick and deadly ill,
And had no time to write his will!
He was took sick and deadly ill,
And had no time to write his will.

2

So he call'd up his eldest son,
Said he,"My glass is almost run.
If I to thee my mill shall give,
Tell me what toll thou'lt take to live?"

3

"Father," said he, "My name is Jack,
From every bushel I'll take a peck.
From every grist that I do grind,
That I may thus good living find."

4

"Thou art a fool," the old man said,
"Thou hast not half acquired thy trade.
My mill to thee I ne'er will give
For by such toll no man can live."

5

Then he call'd up his second son,
Said he, "My glass is almost run.
If I to thee my mill shall make,
Tell me what toll to live thou'lt take?"

6

"Father you know my name is Ralph,
From every bushel I'll take a half
From every grist that I do grind,
That I may thus a living find."

7

"Thou art a fool," the old man said;
"Thou hast not half acquired thy trade.
My mill to thee I will not give,
For by such toll no man may live"

8

Then he call'd up his youngest son,
Says he, "My glass is almost run.
If I to thee my mill shall make
Tell me what toll, to live, thou'lt take?"

9

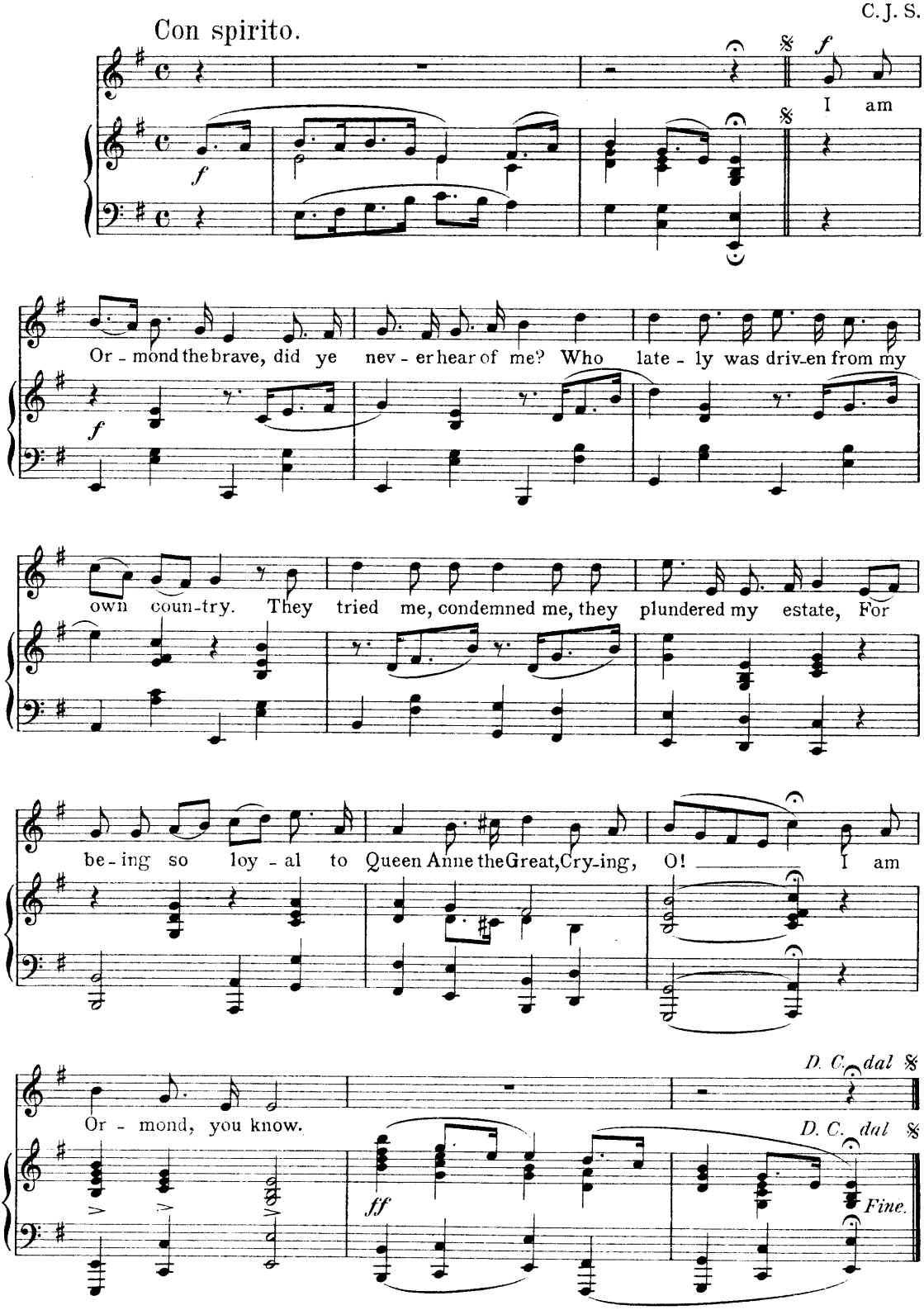
"Father I am your youngest boy.
In taking toll is all my joy.
Before I would good living lack,
I'd take the whole – forswear the sack."

10

"Thou art the boy," the old man said,
"For thou hast full acquired the trade.
The mill is thine," the old man cried,
He laugh'd, gave up the ghost, and died.

№ 13 ORMOND THE BRAVE

C. J. S.



Nº 13 ORMOND THE BRAVE

1

I am Ormond the brave, did ye never hear of me?
Who lately was driven from my own country.
They tried me, condemned me, they plundered my estate,
For being so loyal to Queen Anne the Great,
Crying, O! I am Ormond, you know.

2

O to vict'ry I led, and I vanquished every foe,
Some do call me James Butler, I'm Ormond, you know,
I am Queen Anne's darling, and old England's delight,
A friend to the Church, in Fanatic's despite,
Crying, O! I am Ormond, you know.

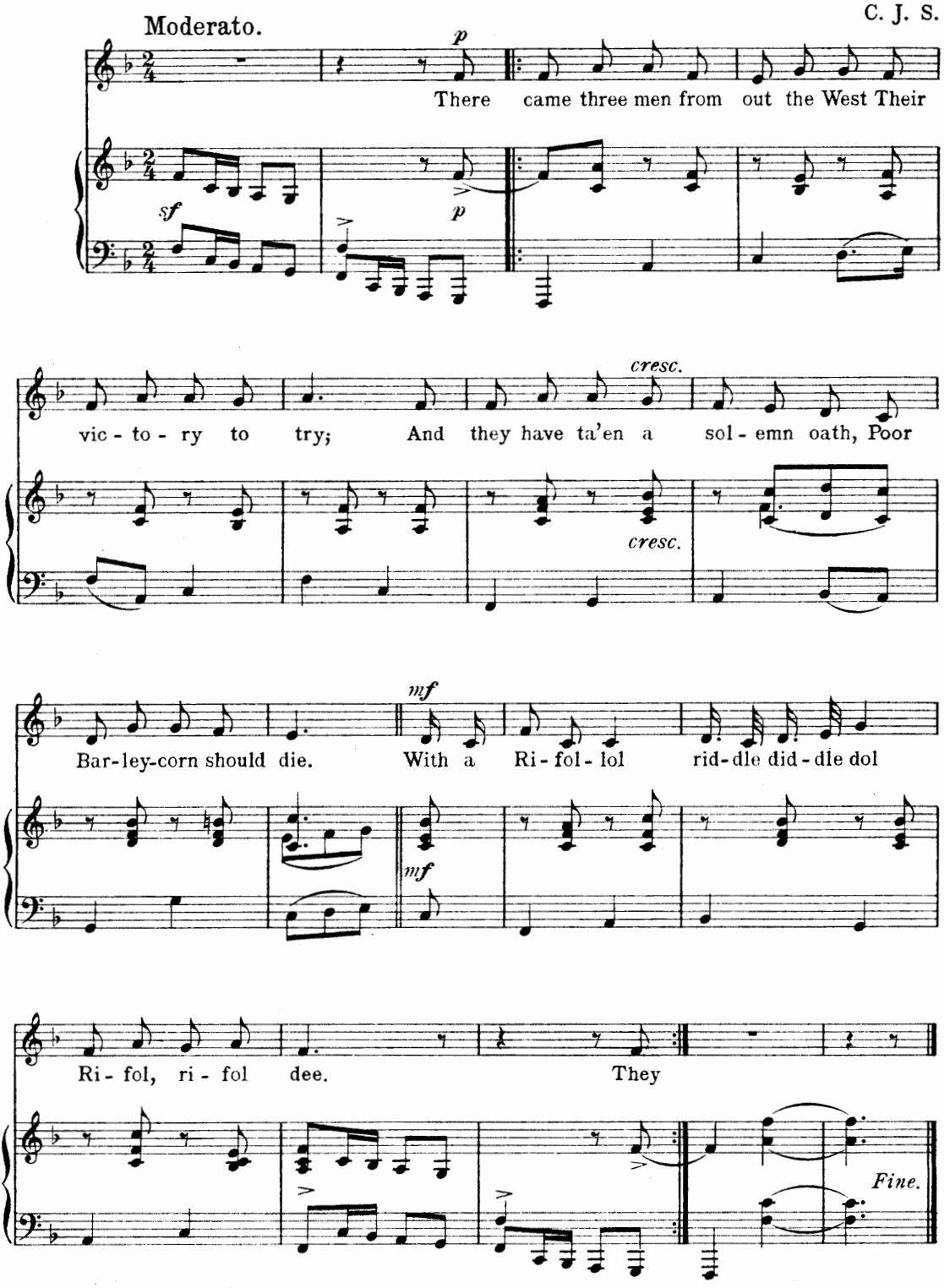
3

Then awake Devon dogs, and arise you Cornish cats,
And follow me a chasing the Hanoverian rats,
They shall fly from the country, we'll guard the British throne,
Have no German electors with a king, sirs, of our own.
Crying, O! I am Ormond, you know.

4

O I wronged not my country as Scottish peers do,
Nor my soldiers defrauded, of that which is their due.
All such deeds I do abhor, by the powers that are above,
I've bequeath'd all my fortune to the country I love.
Crying, O! I am Ormond, you know.

№ 14 SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN



Nº 14 SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN

1

There came three men from out the West
Their victory to try;
And they have ta'en a solemn oath,
Poor Barleycorn should die.
With a Ri-fol-lol-riddle-diddle-dol
Ri fol, ri fol dee.

2

They took a plough and ploughed him in,
Clods harrowed on his head;
And then they took a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.
With a Ri-fol &c.

3

There he lay sleeping in the ground
Till rain did on him fall;
Then Barleycorn sprung up his head,
And so amazed them all.
With a Ri-fol &c.

4

There he remained till Midsummer
And look'd both pale and wan;
Then Barleycorn he got a beard
And so became a man.
With a Ri-fol &c.

5

Then they sent men with scythes so sharp
To cut him off at knee;
And then poor Johnny Barleycorn
They served most barbarouslie.
With a Ri-fol &c.

6

Then they sent men with pitch forks strong
To pierce him through the heart;
And like a doleful Tragedy
They bound him in a cart.
With a Ri-fol &c.

7

And then they brought him to a barn
A prisoner to endure;
And so they fetched him out again,
And laid him on the floor.
With a Ri-fol &c.

8

Then they set men with holly clubs,
To beat the flesh from th' bones;
But the miller served him worse than that
He ground him 'twixt two stones.
With a Ri-fol &c.

9

O! Barleycorn is the choisest grain
That 'ere was sown on land
It will do more than any grain,
By the turning of your hand.
With a Ri-fol &c.

10

It will make a boy into a man,
A man into an ass;
To silver it will change your gold,
Your silver into brass.
With a Ri-fol &c.

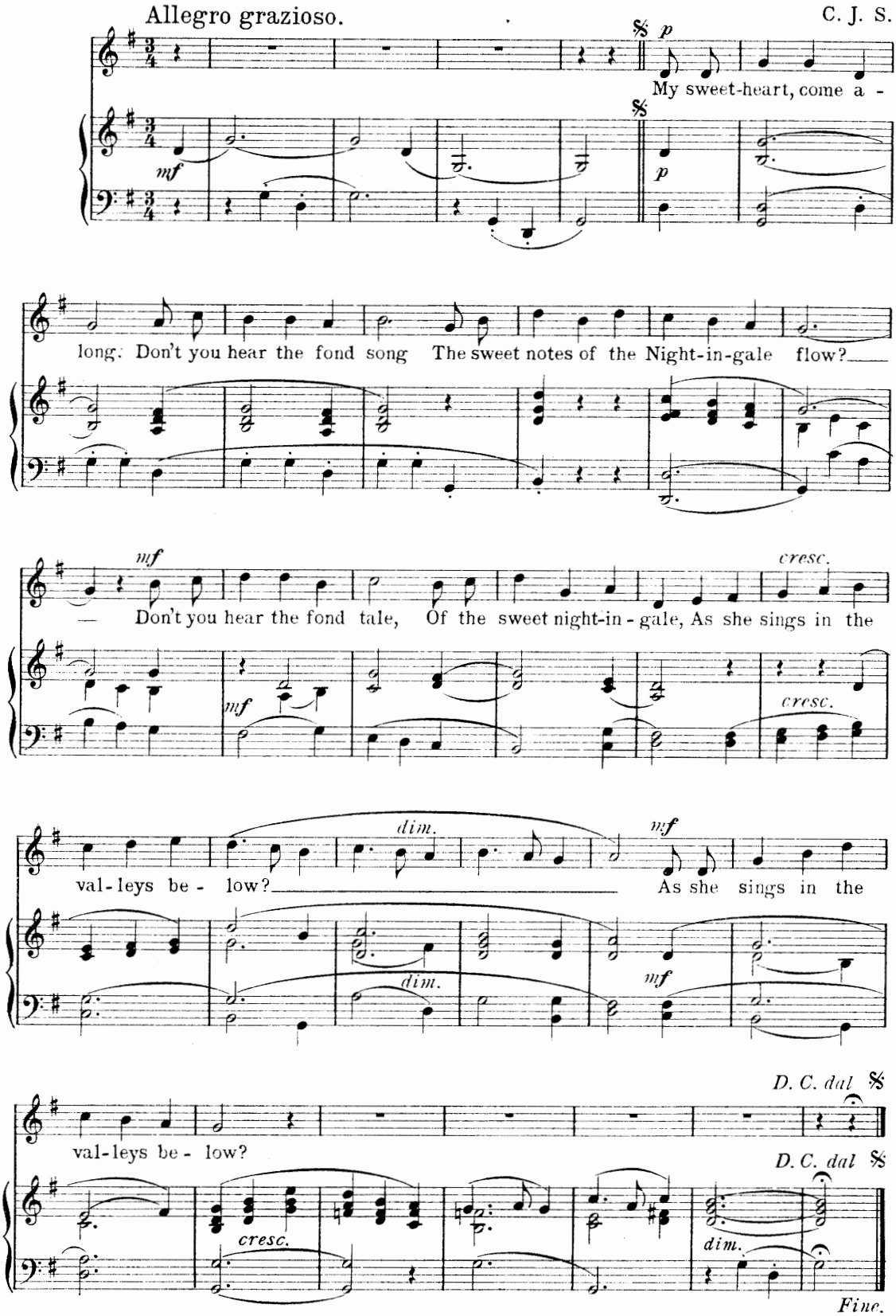
11

It will make the huntsman hunt the fox,
That never wound a horn;
It will bring the tinker to the stocks
That people may him scorn.
With a Ri-fol &c.

12

O! Barleycorn is th' choicest grain,
That e'er was sown on land.
And it will cause a man to drink
Till he neither can go nor stand.
With a Ri-fol &c.

№ 15 SWEET NIGHTINGALE



Nº 15 SWEET NIGHTINGALE

1

My sweet-heart, come along.
Don't you hear the fond song
The sweet notes of the Nightingale flow?
Don't you hear the fond tale,
Of the sweet nightingale,
As she sings in the valleys below?

2

Pretty Betty, don't fail,
For I'll carry your pail
Safe home to your cot as we go;
You shall hear the fond tale
Of the sweet nightingale,
As she sings in the valleys below.

3

Pray let me alone,
I have hands of my own,
Along with you Sir, I'll not go,
To hear the fond tale
Of the sweet nightingale,
As she sings in the valleys below.

4

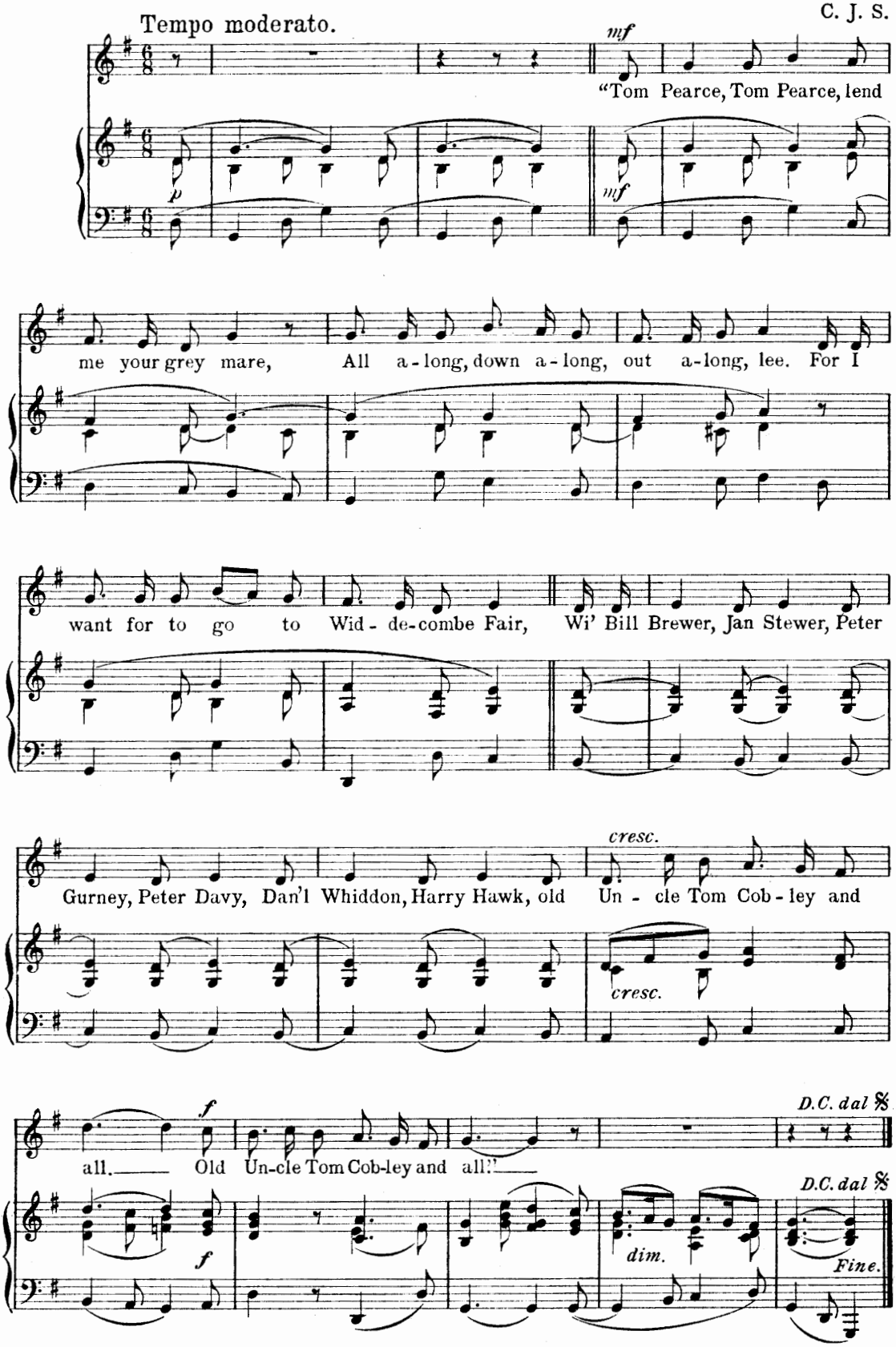
Pray sit yourself down
With me on the ground,
On this bank where the primroses grow,
You shall hear the fond tale
Of the sweet nightingale,
As she sings in the valleys below.

5

The couple agreed,
And were married with speed,
And soon to the church they did go;
No more is she afraid
For to walk in the shade,
Nor sit in those valleys below.

№ 16 WIDDECOMBE FAIR

C. J. S.



№ 16 WIDDECOMBE FAIR

1

"Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your grey mare,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
For I want for to go to Widdecombe Fair,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon,
Harry Hawk, old Uncle Tom Cobbley and all,"
CHORUS: Old Uncle Tom Cobbley and all.

2

"And when shall I see again my grey mare?"
All along, &c.
"By Friday soon, or Saturday noon,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, &c.

3

Then Friday came, and Saturday noon,
All along, &c.
But Tom Pearce's old mare hath not trotted home,
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

4

So Tom Pearce he got up to the top o' the hill
All along, &c.
And he seed his old mare down a making her will
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

5

So Tom Pearce's old mare, her took sick and died.
All along, &c.
And Tom he sat down on a stone, and he cried
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

6

But this isn't the end o' this shocking affair,
All along, &c.
Nor, though they be dead, of the horrid career
Of Bill Brewer, &c.

7

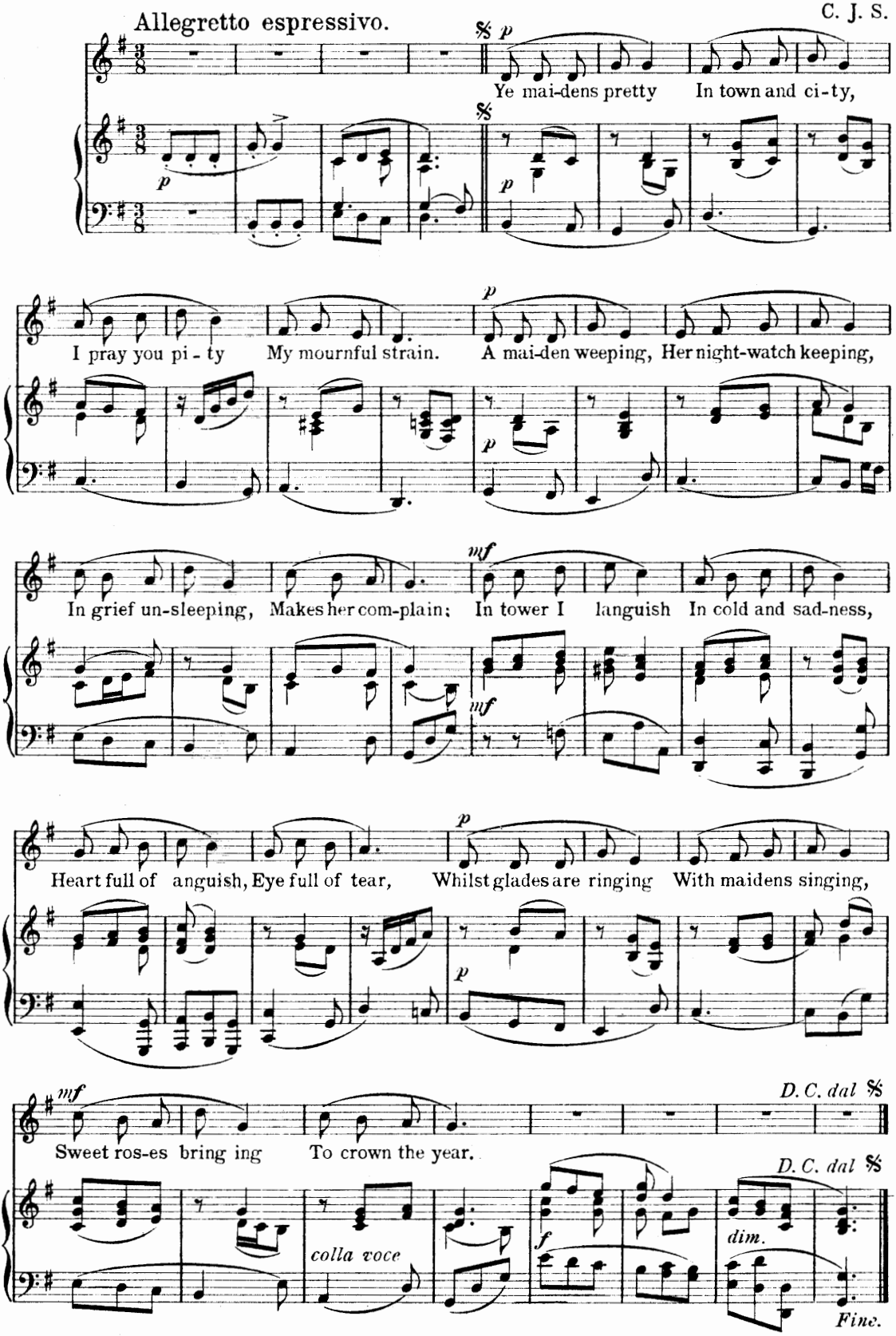
When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night
All along, &c.
Tom Pearce's old mare doth appear, gashly white,
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

8

And all the long night be heard skirling and groans,
All along, &c.
From Tom Pearce's old mare in her rattling bones,
And from Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon,
Harry Hawk, old Uncle Tom Cobbley and all.
CHORUS: Old Uncle Tom Cobbley and all.

№ 17 YE MAIDENS PRETTY

C. J. S.



Nº 17 YE MAIDENS PRETTY

1

Ye maidens pretty
In town and city,
I pray you pity
My mournful strain.
A maiden weeping,
Her night-watch keeping,
In grief unsleeping
Makes her complain:
In tower I languish
In cold and sadness,
Heart full of anguish,
Eye full of tear.
Whilst glades are ringing
With maidens singing,
Sweet roses bringing
To crown the year.

2

Thro' hills and vallies
Thro' shaded alleys,
And pleached palis—
Ading of grove;
Among fair bowers,
Midst fragrant flowers,
Pass sunny hours,
And sing of love.
In tower I languish, &c.

3

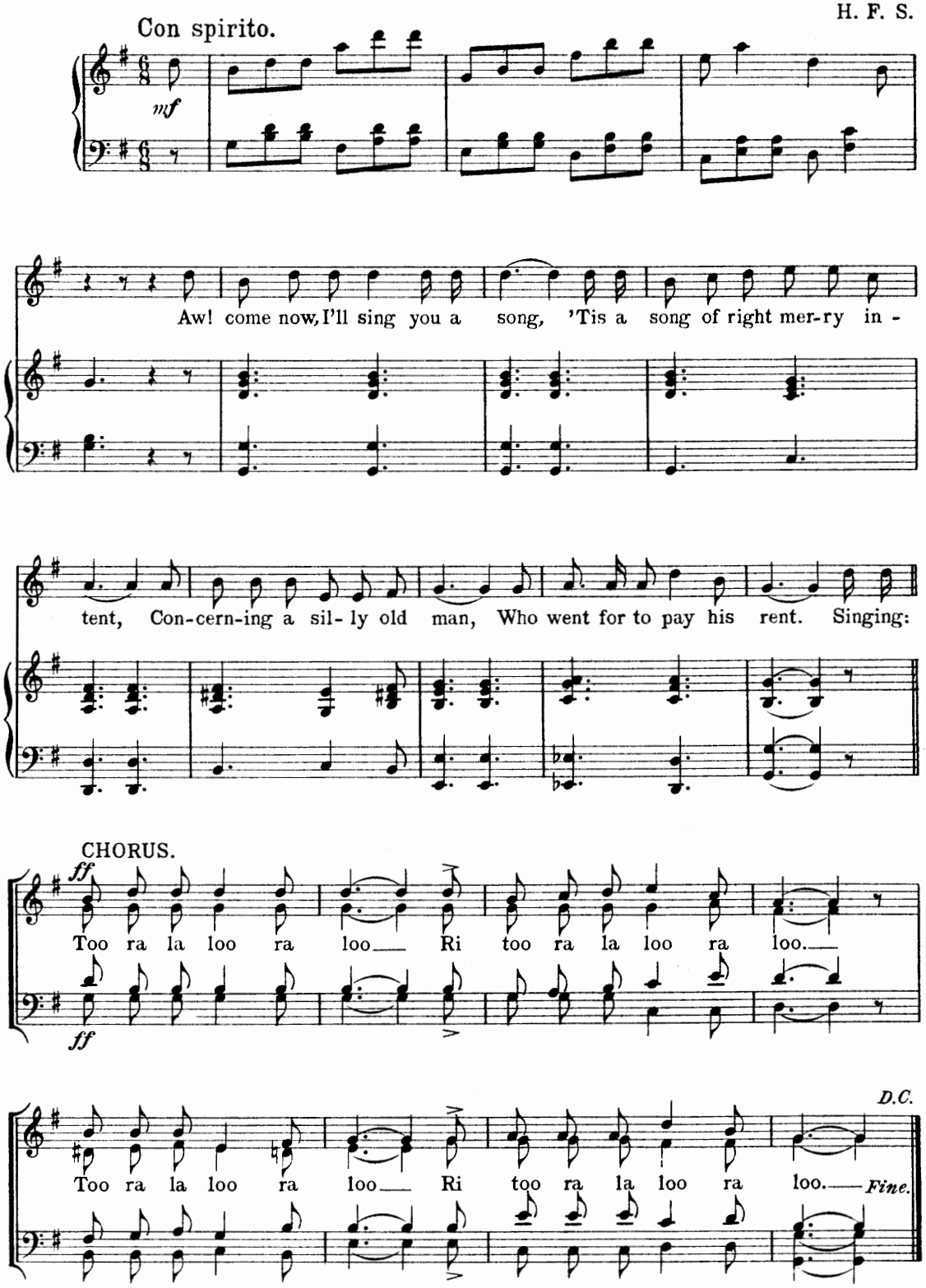
My cruel father
Gave straitest order,
By watch and warder,
I barr'd should be.
All in my chamber,
High out of danger,
From eye of ranger,
In misery.
In tower I languish, &c.

4

Enclosed in mortar,
By wall and water,
A luckless daughter
All white and wan;
Till day is breaking
My bed forsaking,
I all night waking
Sing like the swan.
In tower I languish,
In cold and sadness,
Heart full of anguish,
Eye full of tear,
Whilst glades are ringing
With maidens singing
Sweet roses bringing,
To crown the year.

№ 18 THE SILLY OLD MAN

H. F. S.



Nº 18 THE SILLY OLD MAN

1
Aw! Come now, I'll sing you a song,
'Tis a song of right merry intent,
Concerning a silly old man,
Who went for to pay his rent,
Singing, Too-ra-la-loo-ra-loo.

2
And as this here silly old man,
Was riding along the lane,
A Gentleman thief overtook him,
Saying "Well over-taken old man!"

3
"What! well over-taken, do'y say?"
"Yes, well over taken," quoth he.
"No, no," said the silly old man.
"I don't want thy company.

4
"I am only a silly old man,
I farm but a parcel of ground.
And I am going to the landlord to pay,
My rent which is just forty pound."

5
"But supposing a highway-man stopped you?
For the rascals are many, men say,
And take all the money from off you
As you ride on the king's highway?"

6
"What! supposing some fellow should stop me?
Why badly the thief would be sped.
For the money I carry about me
In the quilt o'my saddle is hid!"

7
And as they were riding along,
Along and along the green lane,
The Gentleman thief rode afore him
And summoned the old man to stand.

8
But the old man was crafty and cunning,
As, I wot, in the world there be many,
Pitched his saddle clean over the hedge,
Saying, "Fetch'n if thou woulds't have any"
Singing, Too-ra-la-loo-ra-loo.

9
Then the thief being thirsty for gold,
And eager to get at his bags,
He dra'ed out his rusty old sword,
And chopped up the saddle to rags.

10
The old man slipped off his old mare,
And mounted the thief's horse astride,
Clapp'd spur, and put him in a gallop,
Saying "I, without teaching, can ride."

11
When he to his landlord's had come,
That old man was almost a-spent,
Says he, "Landlord, provide me a room.
I be come for to pay up my rent!"

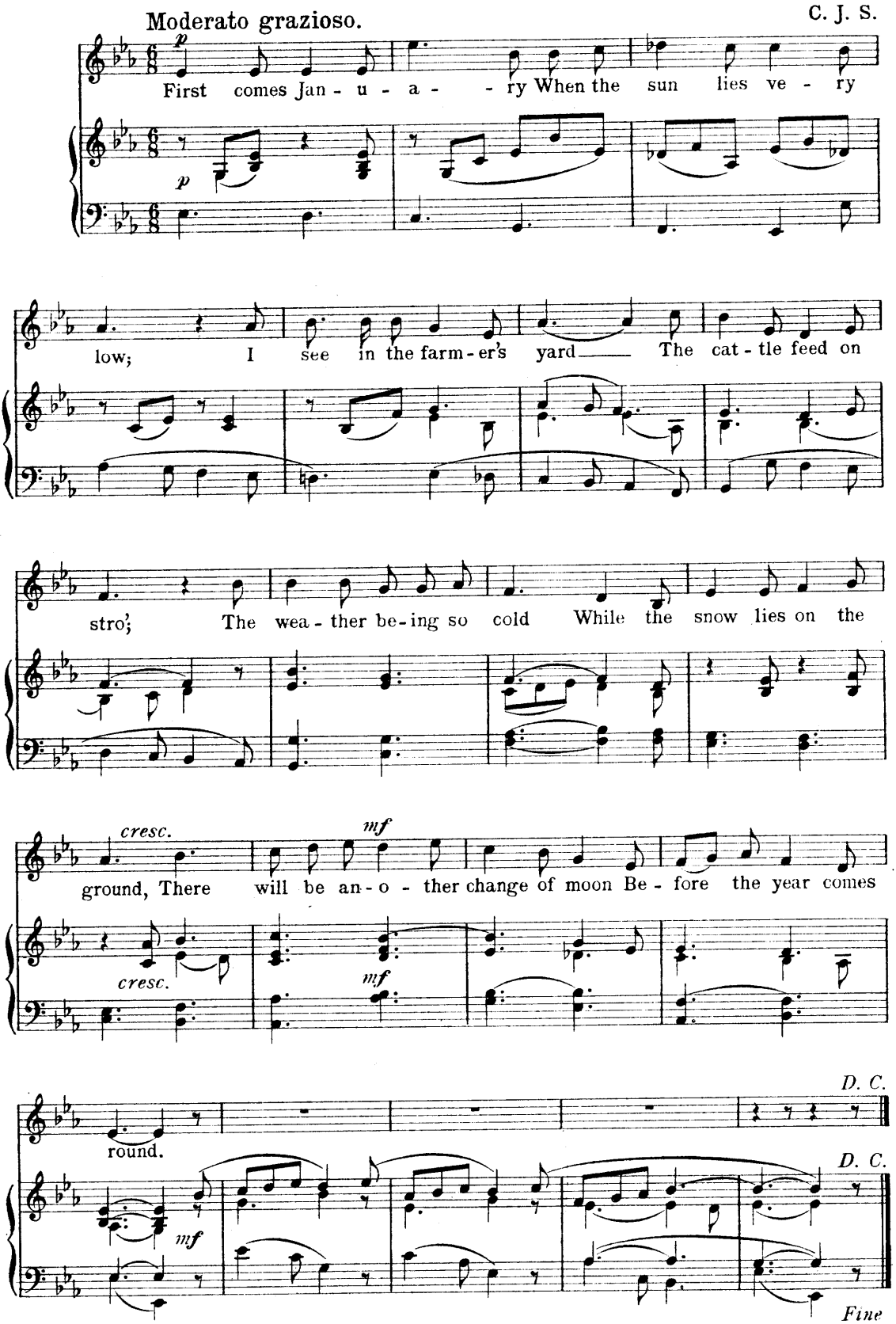
12
He opened the thief, his portmantle
And there was a sight to behold,
There were five hundred pounds in silver,
And five hundred pounds in gold.

13
And as he was on his way home,
And riding along the same lane,
He seed his silly old mare,
Tied up to the hedge by the mane.

14
He loosed his old mare from the hedge,
As she of the grass there did crib,
He gi'ed her a whack o' the broad o' the back.
Saying "Follow me home, old Tib!"

15
Aw! When to his home he were come
His daughter he dress'd like a duchess,
And his ol' woman kicked and she capered for joy,
And at Christmas danced jigs on her crutches.
Singing, Too-ra-la-loo-ra-loo.

№ 19 THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR



Nº 19 THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR

1

First comes January
When the sun lies very low;
I see in the farmer's yard
The cattle feed on stro;
The weather being so cold
While the snow lies on the ground,
There will be another change of moon
Before the year comes round.

2

Next is February,
So early in the spring;
The Farmer ploughs the fallows
The rooks their nests begin.
The little lambs appearing
Now frisk in pretty play.
I think upon the increase,
And thank my God, to-day.

3

March it is the next month.
So cold and hard and drear.
Prepare we now for harvest,
By brewing of strong beer.
God grant that we who labour,
May see the reaping come,
And drink and dance and welcome
The happy Harvest Home.

4

Next of Months is April,
When early in the morn
The cheery farmer soweth
To right and left the corn.
The gallant team come after,
A-smoothing of the land.
May Heaven the Farmer prosper
Whate'er he takes in hand.

5

In May I go a walking
To hear the linnets sing.
The blackbird and the throstle
A-praising God the King.
It cheers the heart to hear them
To see the leaves unfold,
The meadows scattered over
With buttercups of gold.

6

Full early in the morning
Awakes the summer sun,
The month of June arriving,
The cold and night are done,
The Cuckoo is a fine bird
She whistles as she flies,
And as she whistles, Cuckoo,
The bluer grow the skies.

7

Six months I now have named,
The seventh is July.
Come lads and lasses gather
The scented hay to dry,
All full of mirth and gladness
To turn it in the sun,
And never cease till daylight sets
And all the work is done.

8

August brings the harvest,
The reapers now advance,
Against their shining sickles
The field stands little chance.
Well done! exclaims the farmer.
This day is all men's friend.
We'll drink and feast in plenty
When we the harvest end.

9

By middle of September.
The rake is laid aside.
The horses wear the breeching
Rich dressing to provide,
All things to do in season,
Me-thinks is just and right.
Now summer season's over
The frosts begin at night.

10

October leads in winter.
The leaves begin to fall.
The trees will soon be naked
No flowers left at all.
The frosts will bite them sharply
The Elm alone is green.
In orchard piles of apples red
For cyder press are seen.

11

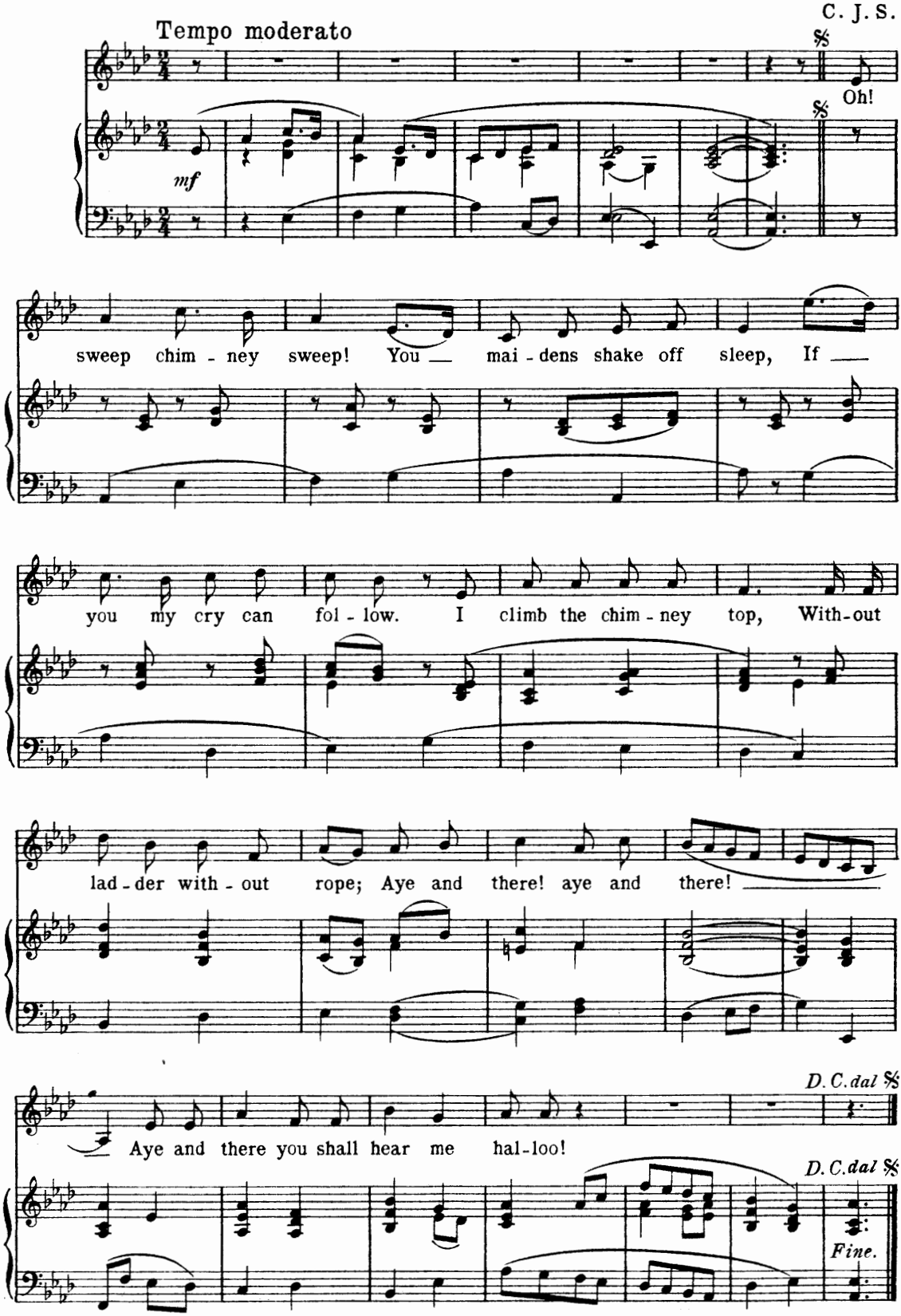
The eleventh month, November,
The nights are cold and long,
By day we're felling timber,
And spend the night in song.
In cozy chimney corner
We take our toast and ale,
And kiss and tease the maidens,
Or tell a merry tale.

12

Then comes dark December,
The last of months in turn.
With holly, box, and laurel,
We house and Church adorn.
So now, to end my story,
I wish you all good cheer.
A merry, happy Christmas,
A prosperous New Year.

Nº 20 THE CHIMNEY SWEEP

C. J. S.



Nº 20 THE CHIMNEY SWEEP

1

Oh! sweep chimney, sweep!
You maidens shake off sleep
If you my cry can follow.
I climb the chimney top,
Without ladder without rope;
Aye and there! aye and there! aye and there you shall hear me halloo!

2

Arise! maids, arise!
Unseal and rub your eyes.
Arise and do your duty.
I summon yet again
And do not me disdain,
That my call-that my call-that my calling's poor and sooty.

3

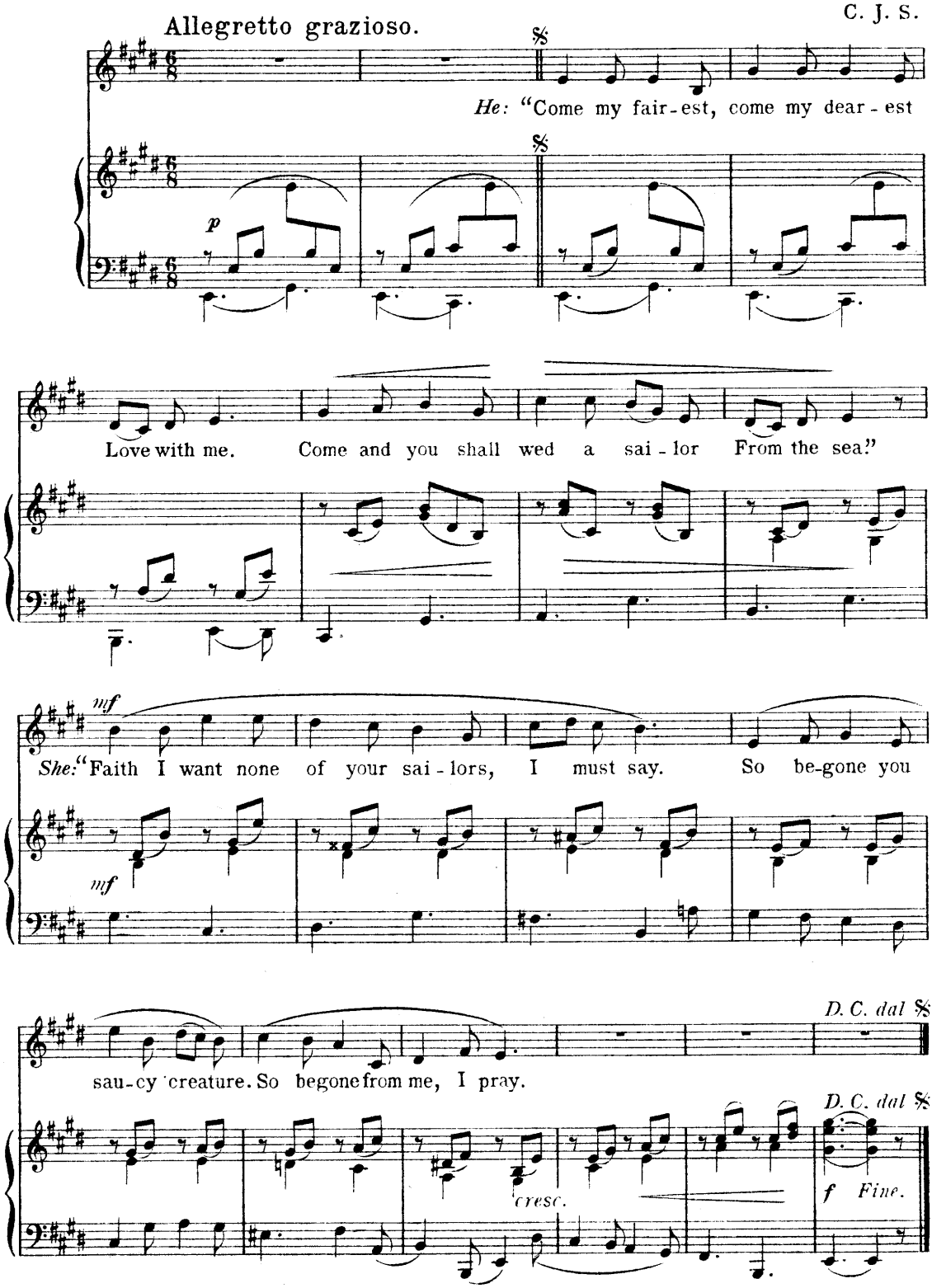
Behold! here I stand!
With brush and scrape in hand.
As a soldier that stands on his sentry.
I work for the better sort,
And well they pay me for't.
O I work, O I work, O I work for the best of gentry.

4

Oh! sweep chimney, sweep!
The hours onward creep.
As the lark I am alert, I
Clear away, and take
The smut that others make.
O I clean, O I clean, O I clean what others dirty.

№ 21 THE SAUCY SAILOR

(For two Voices)



Nº 21 THE SAUCY SAILOR

1

He: "Come my fairest, come my dearest
Love with me.
Come and you shall wed a sailor
From the sea?"
She: "Faith I want none of your sailors,
I must say.
So begone you saucy creature.
So begone from me, I pray.

2

"You are ragged, you are dirty,
Smell of tar.
Get you gone to foreign countries,
Hence afar."
He: "If I'm ragged, if I'm dirty,
Of tar I smell,
Yet there's silver in my pockets,
And of gold, a store as well."

3

She: "Now I see the shining silver,
See the gold;
Down I kneel, and very humbly
Hands will fold;
Saying O forgive the folly
From me fell,
Tarry, dirty, ragged sailors,
I love more than words can tell."

4

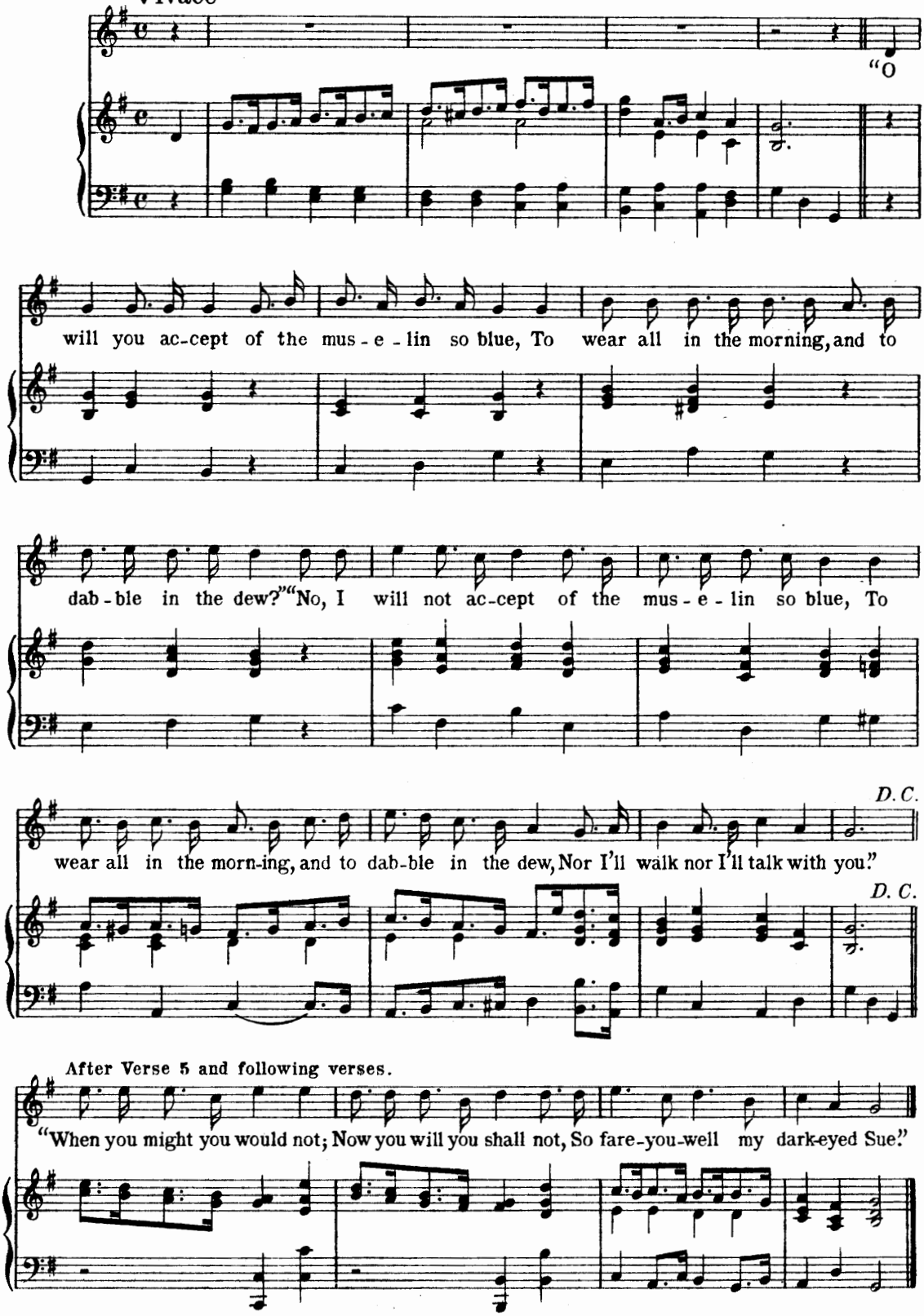
He: "Do not think, you changeful maiden,
I am mad.
That I'll take you, when there's others
To be had.
Not the outside coat and waistcoat
Make the man.
You have lost the chance that offered.
Maidens snap — when e'er you can."

Nº 22 BLUE MUSLIN

(For two Voices)

Vivace

H. F. S.



Nº 22 BLUE MUSLIN

1

"O will you accept of the mus-e-lin so blue,
To wear all in the morning, and to dabble in the dew?"
"No, I will not accept of the mus-e-lin so blue,
To wear all in the morning, and to dabble in the dew,
Nor I'll walk, nor I'll talk with you."

2

"O will you accept of the pretty silver pin,
To pin your golden hair with the fine mus-e-lin?"
"No, I will not accept of the pretty silver pin,
To pin my golden hair with the fine mus-e-lin.
Nor I'll walk, nor I'll talk with you."

3

"O will you accept of a pair of shoes of cork,
The one is made in London, the other's made in York?"
"No, I will not accept of a pair of shoes of cork,
The one that's made in London, the other's made in York,
Nor I'll walk, nor I'll talk with you."

4

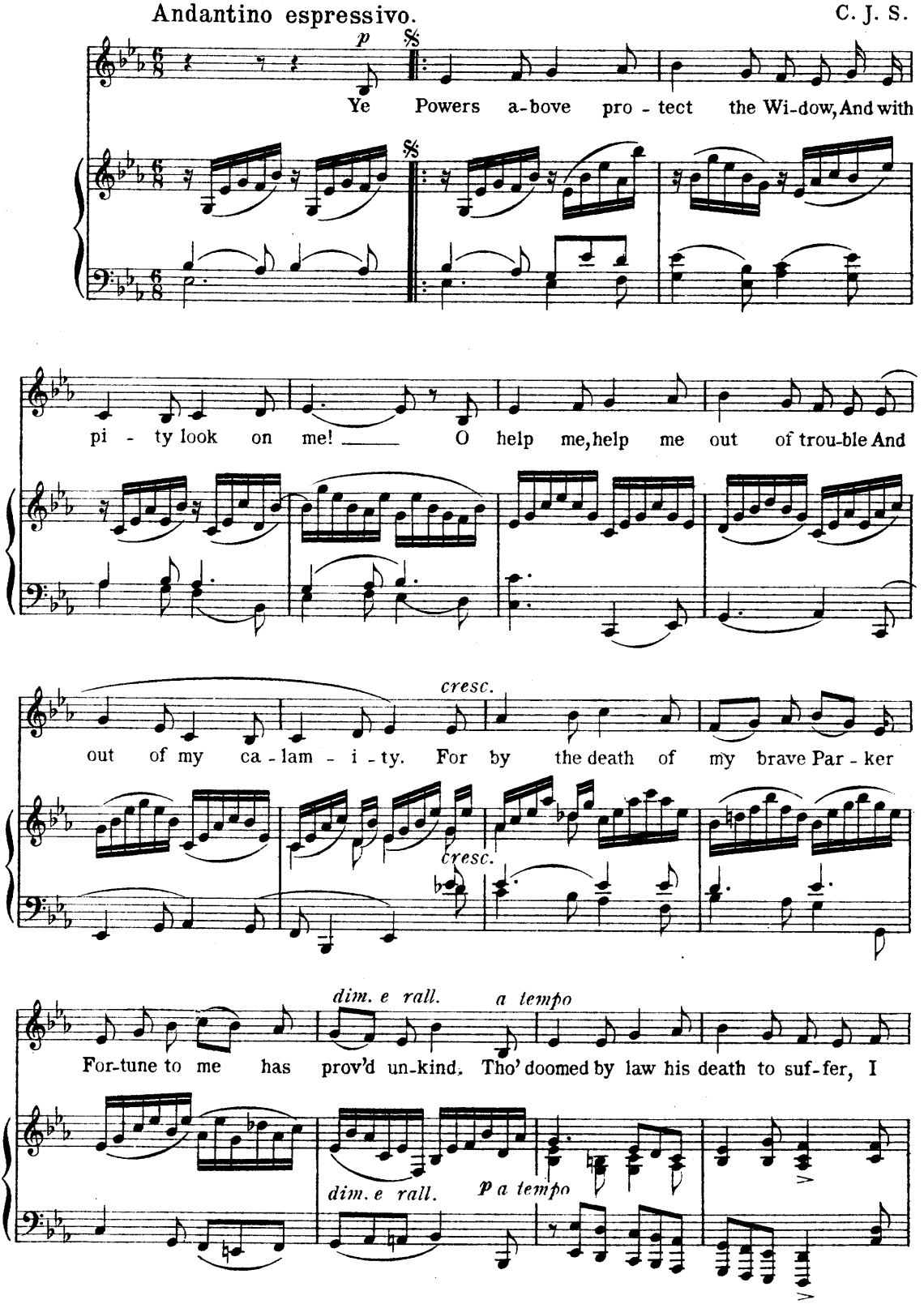
"O will you accept of the keys of Canterbury,
That all the bells of England may ring, and make us merry?"
"No, I will not accept of the keys of Canterbury,
That all the bells of England may ring, and make us merry,
Nor I'll walk, nor I'll talk with you."

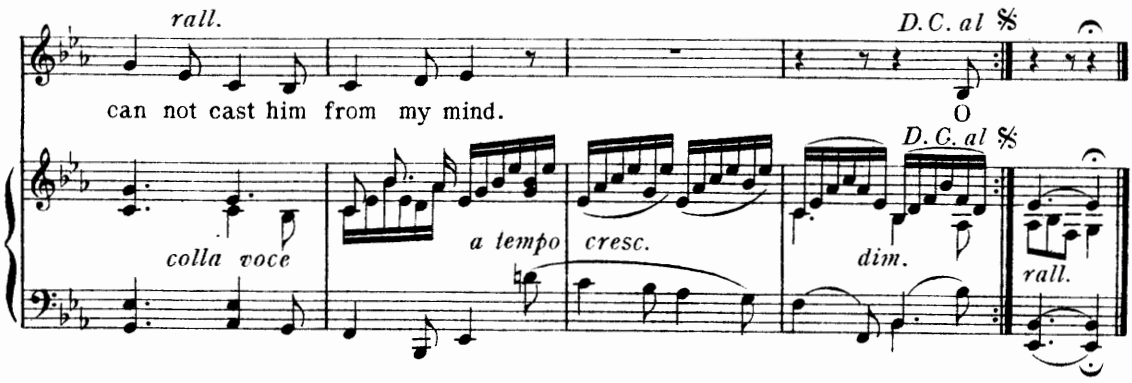
5

"O will you accept of a kiss from loving heart;
That we may join together and never more may part?"
"Yes, I will accept of a kiss from loving heart,
That we may join together and never more may part,
And I'll walk, and I'll talk with you."
"When you might you would not;
Now you will you shall not,
So fare you well, my dark eyed Sue."

The song then turns back in reverse order, with the "shoes of cork" the "Silver pin" and the "blue muslin," always with to each "When you could you would not. &c.

Nº 23 THE DEATH OF PARKER





Nº 23 THE DEATH OF PARKER

1

Ye Powers above protect the Widow,
And with pity look on me!
O help me, help me out of trouble
And out of my calamity.
For by the death of my brave Parker
Fortune to me has prov'd unkind.
Tho' doomed by law his death to suffer,
I can not cast him from my mind.

2

O Parker was the truest husband,
Best of friends, whom I love dear.
Yet when he was a-called to suffer,
To him I might not then draw near.
Again I ask'd, again I pleaded,
Three times entreating, all in vain,
They ever that request refused me,
And ordered me ashore again.

3

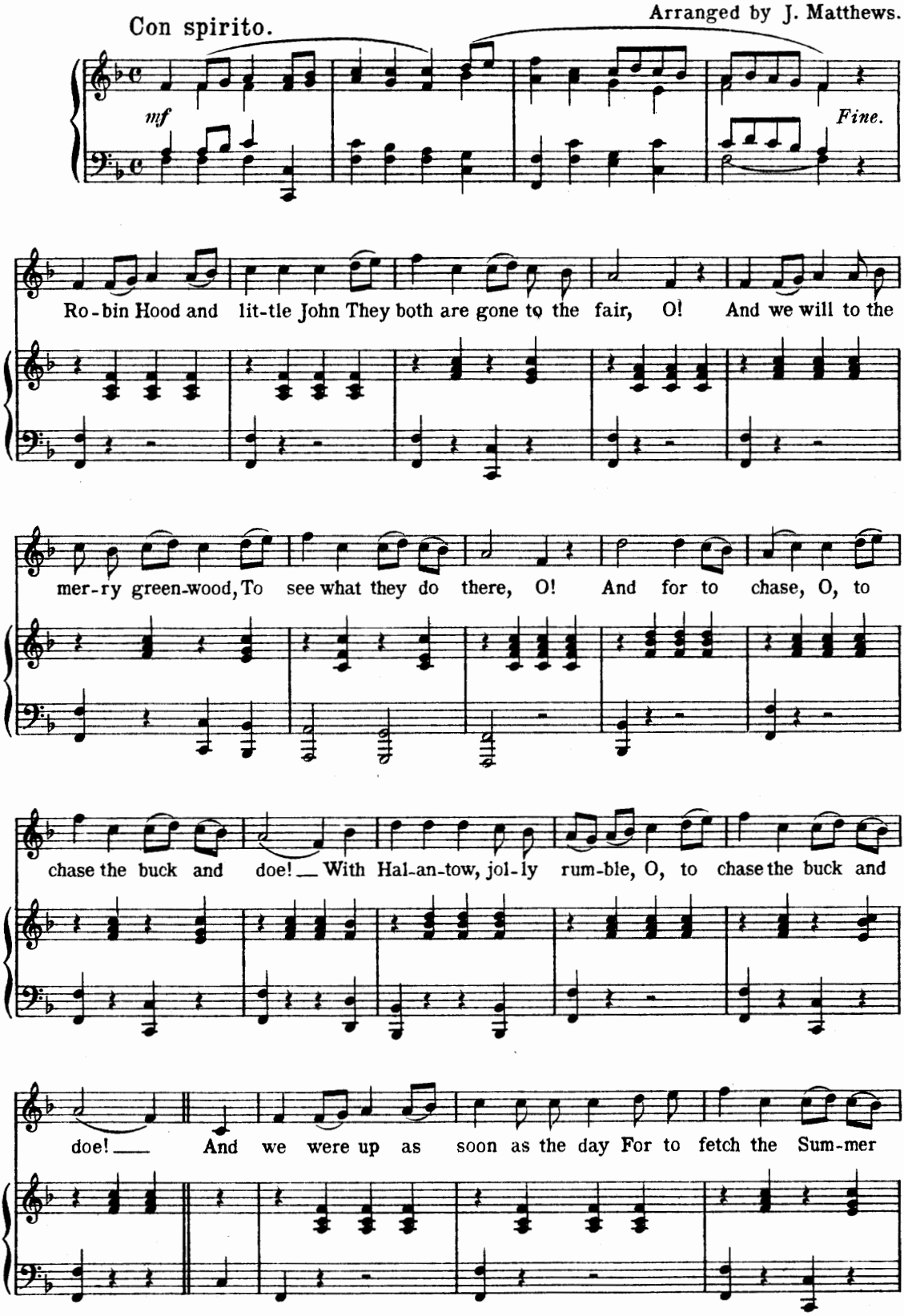
The yellow flag I saw was flying,
A signal for my love to die,
The gun was fir'd, as was requir'd
To hang him on the yardarm high.
The boatswain did his best endeavour,
I on the shore was put straightway,
There I tarried, watching, weeping,
My husband's corpse to bear away.

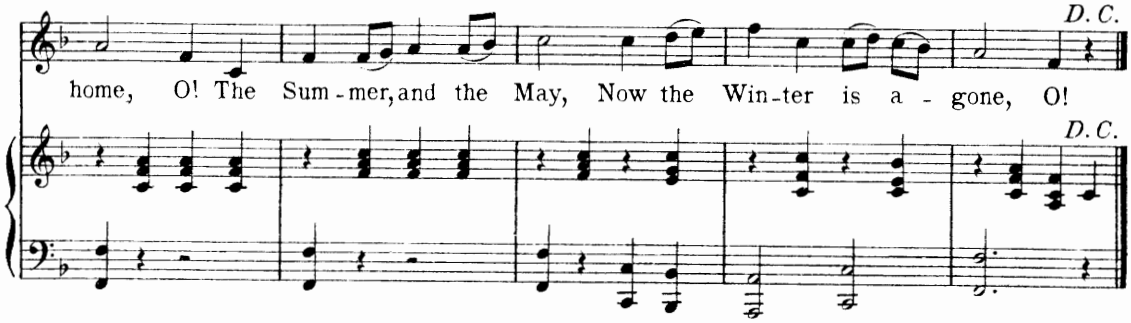
4

Then farewell Parker best belov-ed
That was once the Navy's pride.
And since we might not die together,
We separate henceforth abide.
His sorrows now are past and over,
Now he resteth free from pain.
Grant O God his soul may enter,
Where one day we may meet again.

№ 24 THE HAL-AN-TOW or HELSTON FURRY DANCE

Arranged by J. Matthews.





Nº 24 THE HAL-AN-TOW or HELSTON FURRY DANCE

1

Robin Hood and little John
They both are gone to the fair, O!
And we will to the merry green-wood,
To see what they do there O!
And for to chase, O, to chase the buck and doe!
With Hal-an-tow, jolly rumble, O, to chase the buck and doe!

CHORUS.
And we were up as soon as the day,
For to fetch the Summer home, O!
The Summer, and the May,
Now the Winter is a gone, O!

2

Where are those Spaniards,
That make so great a boast, O!
Why, they shall eat the grey goose feathers,
And we will eat the roast, O!
In every land, O, the land where'er we go,
With Hal-an-tow, jolly rumble O, the land where'er we go.
CHORUS. And we were up, &c.

3

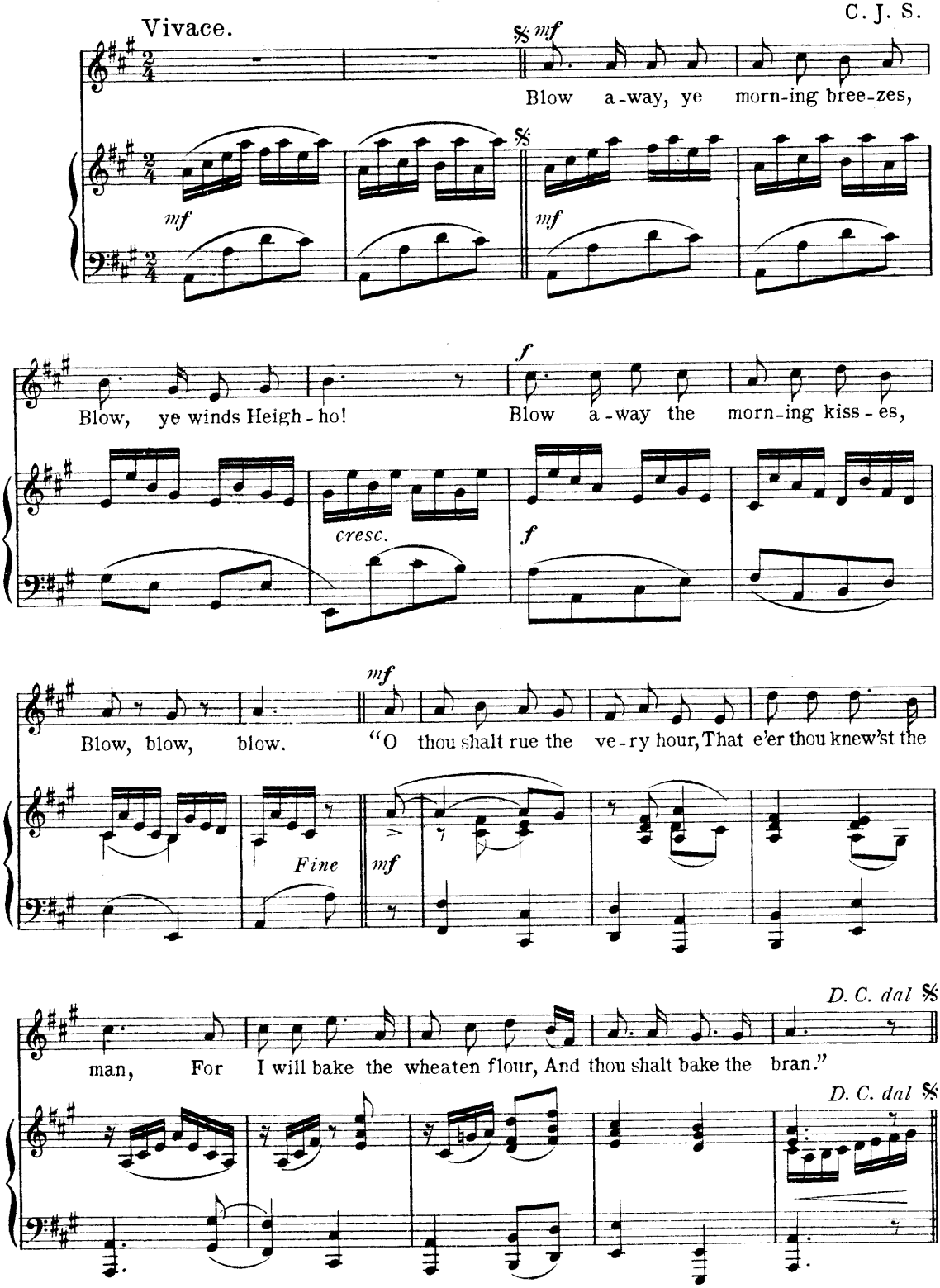
As for that good Knight, S. George,
S. George he was a Knight, O!
Of all the knights in Christendom!
S. George he is the right, O!
In every land, O! the land where'er we go,
With Hal-an-tow, jolly rumble, O, the land where'er we go.
CHORUS. And we were up, &c.

4

God bless Aunt Mary Moses ★
And all her power and might, O!
And send us peace in merry England,
Send peace by day and night, O!
To merry England, O! both now and ever mo'
With Hal-an-tow, jolly rumble, O, both now and ever mo!
CHORUS. And we were up, &c.

★ "Aunt" and "Uncle" are titles of reverence given in Cornwall quite irrespective of relationship.

№ 25 "BLOW AWAY YE MORNING BREEZES"



Nº 25 BLOW AWAY YE MORNING BREEZES

1

Blow away, ye morning breezes,
Blow, ye winds, Heigh-ho!
Blow away the morning kisses,
Blow, blow, blow.
"O thou shalt rue the very hour,
That e'er thou knew'st the man,
For I will bake the wheaten flour,
And thou shalt bake the bran."
CHORUS. Blow away, ye morning breezes, &c.

2

"O thou shalt sorrow thro' thy soul
Thou stood'st to him so near.
For thou shalt drink the puddle foul,
And I the crystal clear."
CHORUS. Blow away ye morning breezes, &c

3

"O thou shalt rue that e'er thou wo'ld
Behold a love of mine.
For thou shalt sup the water cold,
But I will sup red wine?"
CHORUS. Blow away ye morning breezes, &c.

4

"Thou shalt lament in grief and doubt.
Thou spake'st with him at all,
For thou shalt wear the sorry clout,
And I the purple pall?"
CHORUS. Blow away ye morning breezes, &c.

5

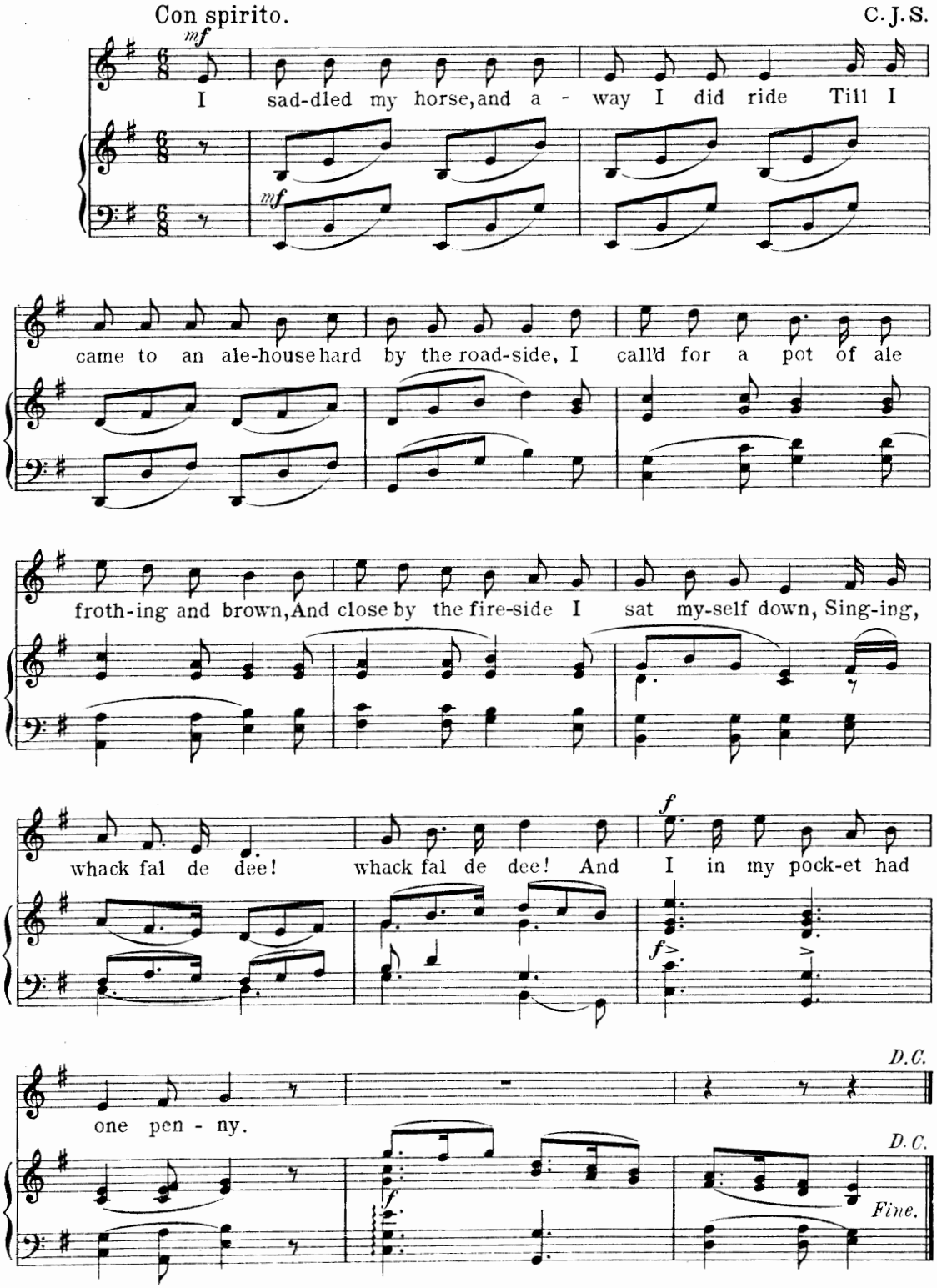
O thou shalt curse thy day of birth,
And curse thy dam and sire,
For I shall warm me at the hearth,
And thou shalt feed the fire,
CHORUS. Blow away ye morning breezes, &c.

Note. In the original of the above Ballad each verse is repeated with the variation of "I shall not," for "I shall" &c. thus after the first verse comes,

I shall *not* rue the very hour
That e'er I knew the man
But *I* will bake the wheaten flour
And *thou* shalt bake the bran.

It seems unnecessary to print these repetitions.

№ 26 THE HEARTY GOOD FELLOW



Nº 26 THE HEARTY GOOD FELLOW

1

I saddled my horse, and away I did ride
Till I came to an ale-house hard by the road-side,
I call'd for a pot of ale frothing and brown,
And close by the fireside I sat myself down,
Singing, whack, fal-de-dee, whack, fal-de-dee!
And I in my pocket had ONE PENNY.

2

I saw there two gentlemen playing at dice,
They took me to be some nobleman nice.
With my swagger, and rapier, and countenance bold,
They thought that my pockets were well lined with gold,
Singing, whack, fal-de-dee, whack, fal-de-dee!
And I in my pocket had ONE PENNY.

3

"A hearty good fellow," they said, "loveth play!"
"That lies with the stakes, pretty sirs, that you lay!"
Then one said "A guinea", but I said "Five Pound",
The bet it was taken—no money laid down,
Singing, whack, fal-de-dee, whack, fal-de-dee!
And I in my pocket had ONE PENNY.

4

I took up the dice, and I threw them the main,
It was my good fortune, that evening, to gain;
If they had a won, sirs, there'd been a loud curse,
When I threw in naught save a moneyless purse.
Singing, whack, fal-de-dee, whack, fal-de-dee!
And I in my pocket had ONE PENNY.

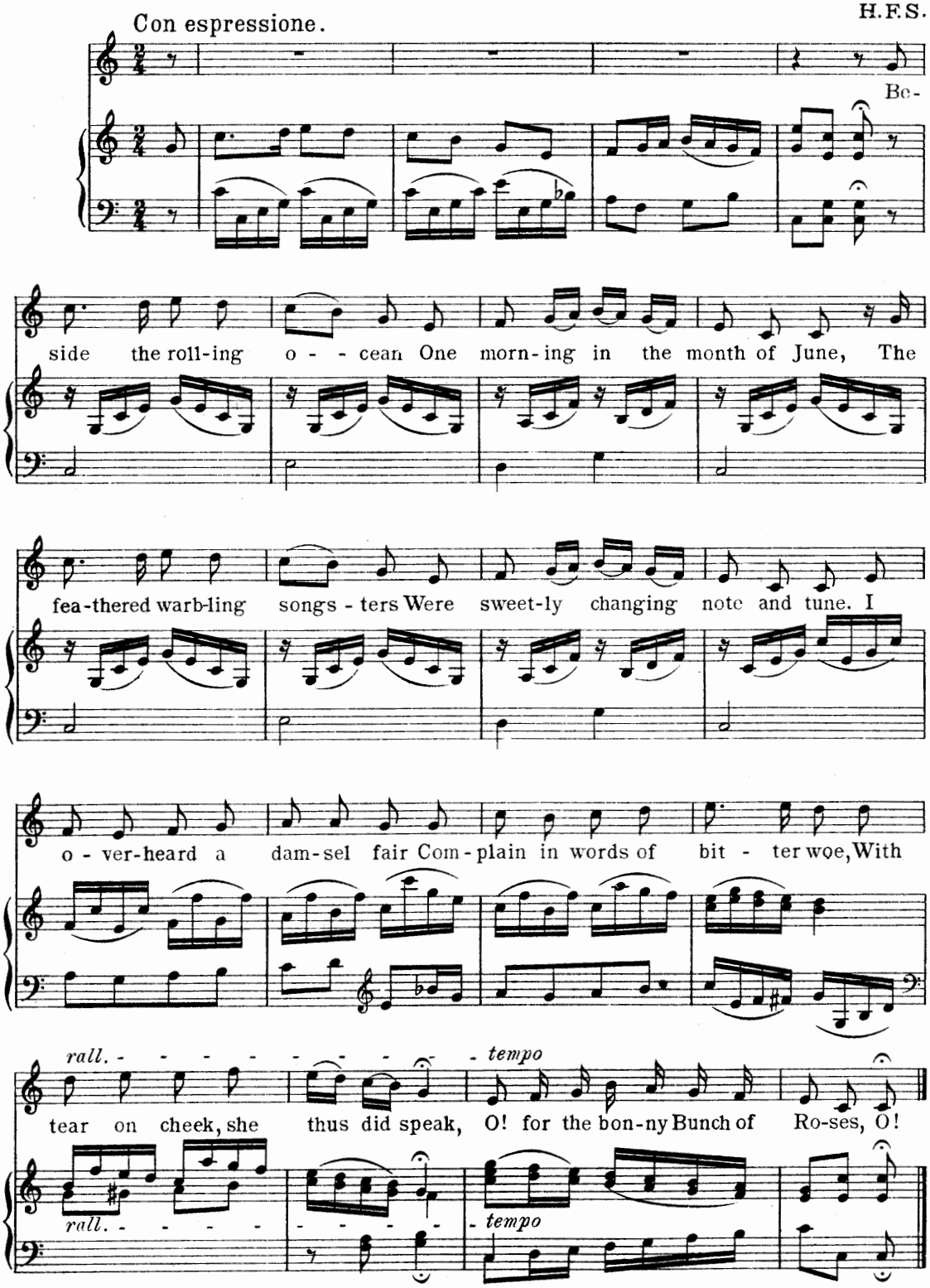
5

Was ever a mortal a quarter as glad,
With the little of money at first that I had!
A hearty good fellow, as most men opine
I am; so my neighbours pray pour out the wine,
Singing, whack, fal-de-dee, whack, fal de dee!
And I in my pocket had FIVE POUNDS, free.

6

I tarried all night, and I parted next day,
Thinks I to myself, I'll be jogging away!
I asked of the landlady what was my bill,
"O naught save a kiss of your lips, if you will!"
Singing, whack, fal-de-dee, whack, fal de dee!
And I in my pocket had FIVE POUNDS, free.

Nº 27 THE BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES



Nº 27 THE BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES

1

Beside the rolling ocean
One morning in the month of June,
The feathered warbling songsters
Were sweetly changing note and tune.
I overheard a damsel fair
Complain in words of bitter woe,
With tear on cheek, she thus did speak,
O for the bonny Bunch of Roses, O!

2

Then up and spake her lover
And grasped the maiden by the hand,
Have patience, fairest, patience!
A legion I will soon command.
I'll raise ten thousand soldiers brave
Thro' pain and peril I will go
A branch will break, for thy sweet sake,
A branch of the bonny Bunch of Roses, O!

3

Then sadly said his mother,
As tough as truest heart of oak,
That stem that bears the roses,
And is not easy bent or broke
Thy father he essayed it first
And now in France his head lies low;
For sharpest thorn, is ever borne
O by the bonny Bunch of Roses, O!

4

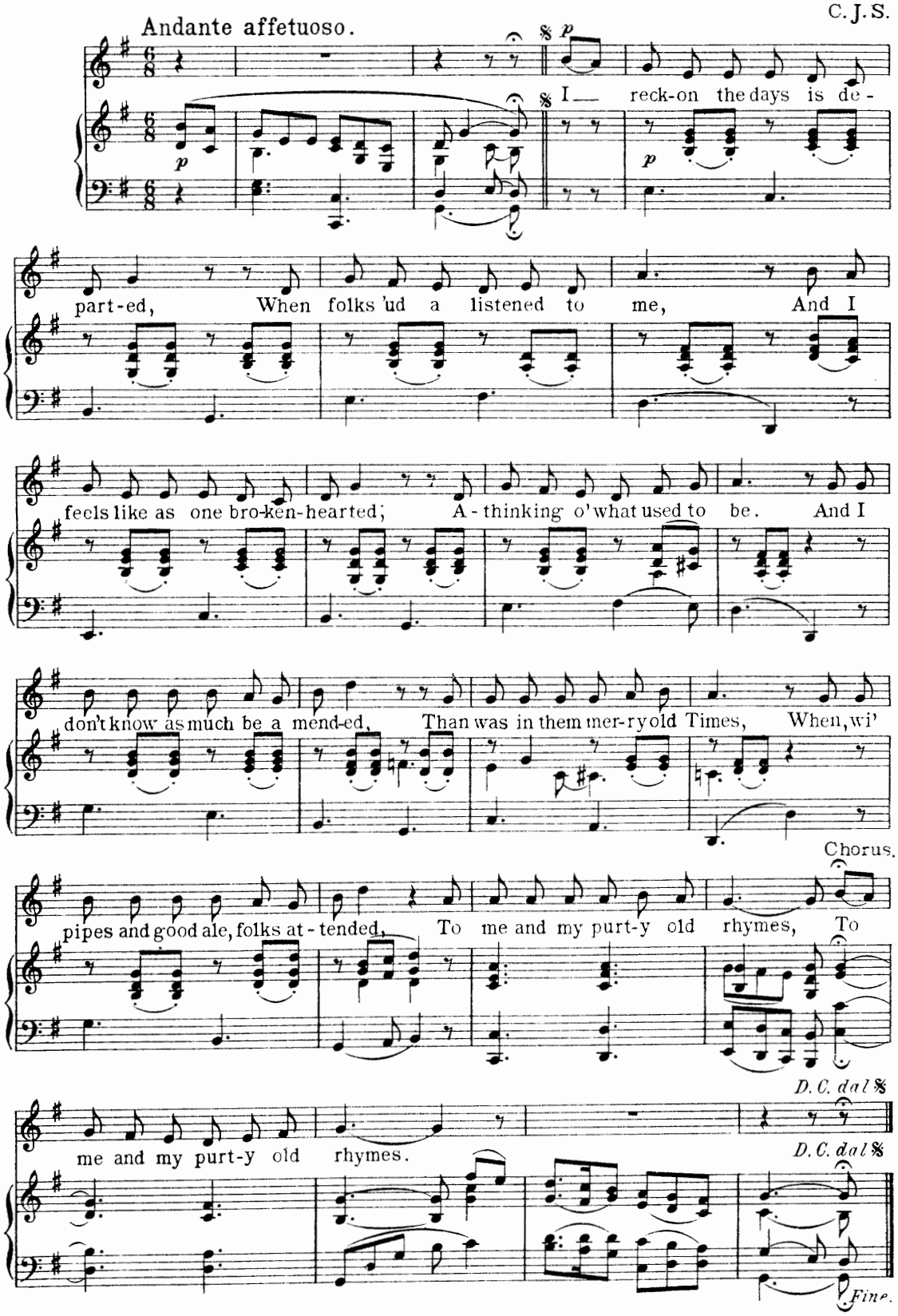
He raised a mighty army
And many nobles joined his throng
With pipe and banner flying
To pluck the rose, he march'd along:
The stem he found was far too tough
And piercing sharp, the thorn, I trow.
No blossom he rent from the tree
All of the bonny Bunch of Roses, O!

5

O mother, dearest mother!
I lie upon my dying bed,
And like my gallant father
Must hide an uncrowned, humbled head.
Let none henceforth essay to touch
That rose so red, or full of woe,
With bleeding hand he'll fly the Land
The land of the bonny Bunch of Roses, O!

Nº 28 THE LAST OF THE SINGERS

C. J. S.



Nº 28 THE LAST OF THE SINGERS

1

I reckon the days is departed,
When folks 'ud a listened to me,
And I feels like as one broken-hearted,
A-thinking o' what used to be.
And I don't know as much be amended,
Than was in them merry old Times,
When, wi' pipes and good ale, folks attended,
To me and my purty old rhymes,
CHORUS: To me and my purty old rhymes.

2

'Tis true, I be cruel asthmatic
I 've lost every tooth i' my head;
And my limbs be that crim'd wi' rheumatic
D'rsay I were better in bed.
Oh my! all the world be for reading
Newspapers, and books and what not;
Sure-'tis only conceitedness breeding,
And the old singing man is forgot.
CHORUS: And the old singing man is forgot.

3

I reckon that wi' my brown fiddle
I'd go from this cottage to that;
All the youngsters 'ud dance in the middle,
Their pulses and feet, pit-a-pat.
I cu'd zing, if you'd stand me the liquor,
All the night, and 'ud never give o'er
My voice-I don't deny it getting thicker,
But never exhausting my store.
CHORUS: But never exhausting my store.

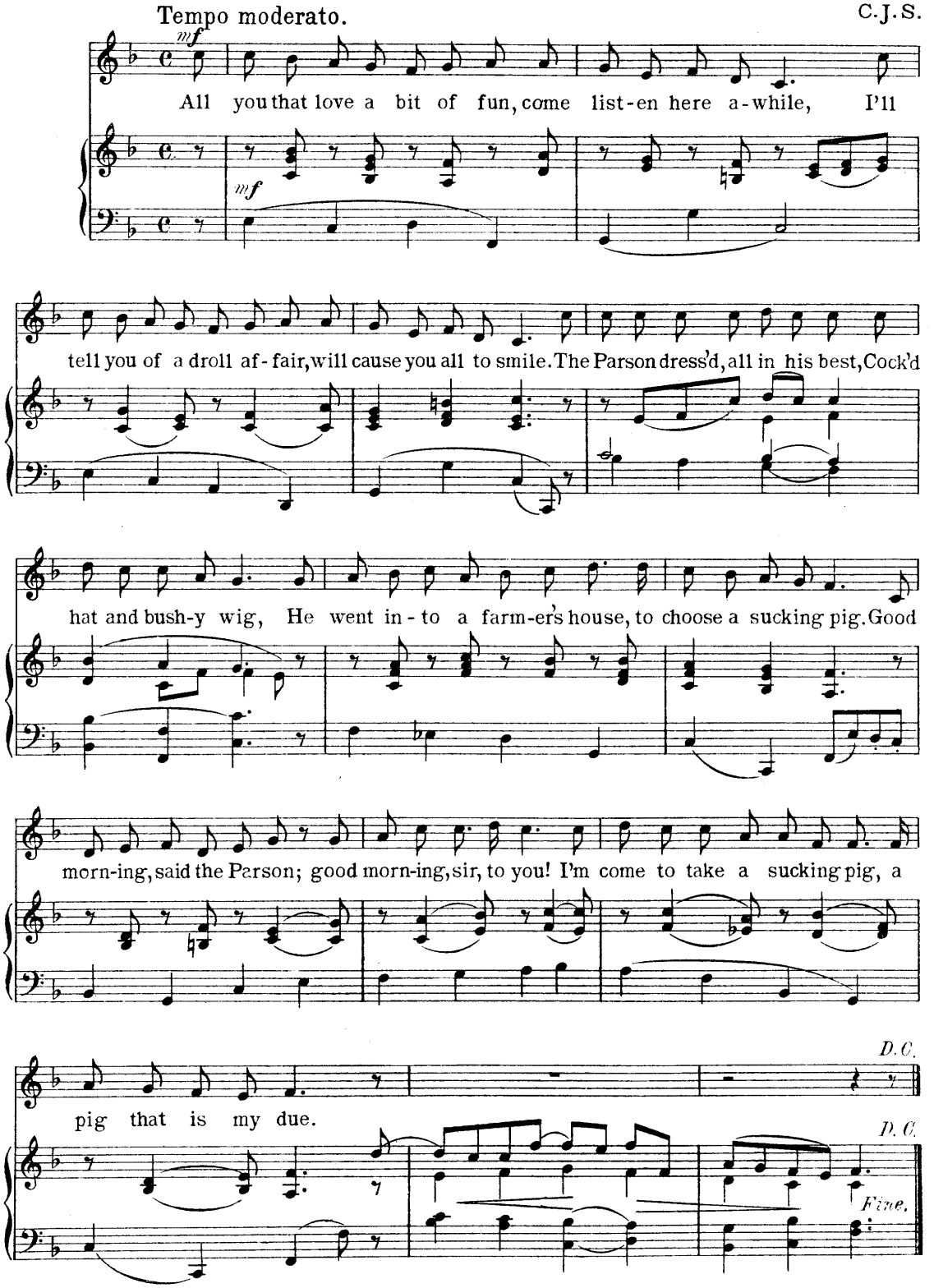
4

'Tis politics now is the fashion
As sets folks about by the ear.
And slops makes the poorest of lushing,
No zinging for me wi'out beer.
I reckon the days be departed
For such jolly gaffers as I,
Folks never will be so light-hearted
As they was in the days that's gone by.
CHORUS: As they was in the days that's gone by.

5

O Lor! what wi' their edication,
And me-neither cypher nor write;
But in zinging the best in the nation
And give the whole parish delight.
I be going, I reckon, full mellow
To lay in the Churchyard my head;
So say-God be wi' you, old fellow!
The last o' the Zingers is dead.
CHORUS: The last o' the Zingers is dead.

№ 29 THE TYTHE PIG



Nº 29 THE TYTHE PIG

1

All you that love a bit of fun, come listen here awhile,
I'll tell you of a droll affair, will cause you all to smile.
The Parson dress'd, all in his best,
Cock'd hat and bushy wig,
He went into a farmer's house, to choose a sucking pig.
Good morning, said the Parson; good morning, sir, to you!
I'm come to take a sucking pig, a pig that is my due.

2

Then went the farmer to the stye, amongst the piglings small,
He chose the very wee-est pig, the wee-est of them all;
But when the Parson saw the choice,
How he did stamp and roar!
He snorted loud, he shook his wig, he almost-cursed and swore.
Good morning &c:

3

O then out spake the Farmer, Since my offer you refuse
Pray step into the stye yourself, that you may pick and choose.
So to the stye the Priest did hie,
And there without ado,
The old sow ran with open mouth, and grunting at him flew.
Good morning &c:

4

She caught him by the breeches black, that loudly he did cry
O help me! help me from the sow! or surely I shall die.
The little pigs his waistcoat tore,
His stockings and his shoes,
The Farmer said, with bow and smile, You're welcome, sir, to choose.
Good morning &c:

5

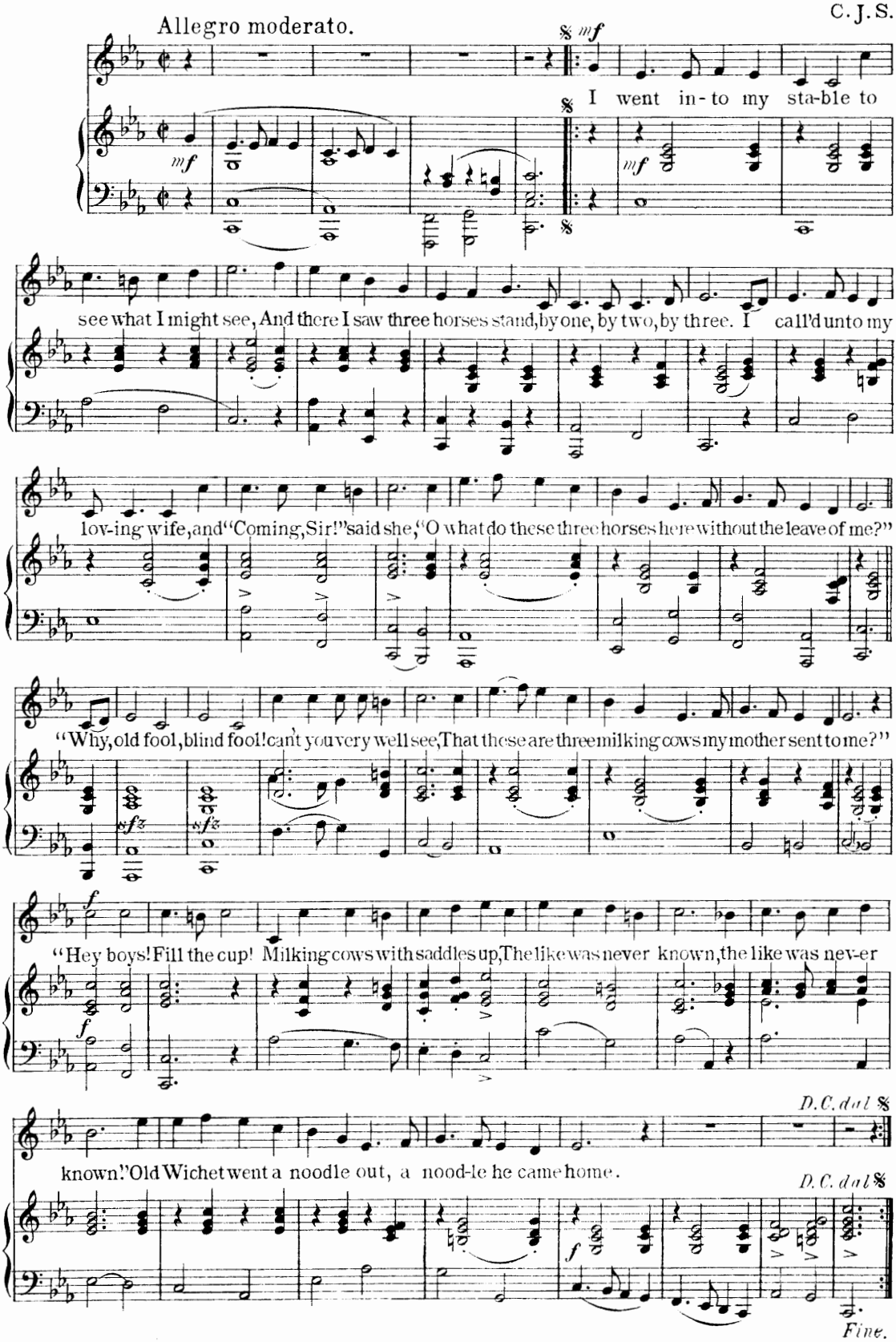
Away the Parson scamper'd home, as fast as he could run,
His wife was standing at the door, expecting his return,
But when she saw him in such plight
She fainted clean away,
Alas! alas! the Parson said, I bitter rue this day.
Good morning &c:

6

Go fetch me down a suit of clothes, a sponge and soap, I pray,
And bring me, too, my greasy wig, and rub me down with hay.
Another time, I won't be nice,
When a gathering my dues;
Another time in sucking pigs, I will not pick and choose.
Good morning, said the Parson, good morning, sirs, to you,
I will not pick a sucking pig – I leave the choice to you.

Nº 30 OLD WICHET

C. J. S.



Nº 30 OLD WICHET

1

I went into my stable to see what I might see,
And there I saw three horses stand, by one, by two, by three.
I call'd unto my loving wife, and "Coming Sir!" said she,
"O what do these three horses here without the leave of me?"
"Why, old fool, blind fool! can't you very well see,
That these are three milking cows my mother sent to me?"
"Hey boys! Fill the cup! Milking cows with saddles up
The like was never known, the like was never known!"
Old Wichet went a noodle out, a noodle he came home.

2

I went into the kitchen, to see what I might see,
And there I saw three swords hung up, by one, by two, by three.
I call'd unto my loving wife, and "Coming Sir!" said she,
"O what do these three swords hang here without the leave of me?"
"Why, old fool, blind fool! can't you very well see,
That these are three toasting forks, my mother sent to me?"
"Hey boys! Well done! Toasting forks with scabbards on!
The like, &c.

3

I went into the pantry, to see what I might see,
And there I saw three pair of boots, by one, by two, by three.
I called unto my loving wife, and "Coming Sir!" said she,
"O what do these three pair of boots without the leave of me?"
"Why, old fool, blind fool! can't you very well see,
That these are three pudding bags, my mother sent to me?"
"Hey boys! Well done! Pudding bags with steel spurs on,
The like, &c.

4

I went into the dairy, to see what I might see,
And there I saw three beavers, by one, by two, by three.
I call'd unto my kind wife, and "Coming Sir!" said she,
"O what do these three beavers here without the leave of me?"
"Why, old fool, blind fool! can't you very well see,
That these are three milking pails, my mother sent to me?"
"Hey boys! Well done! Milking pails with ribbons on,
The like, &c.

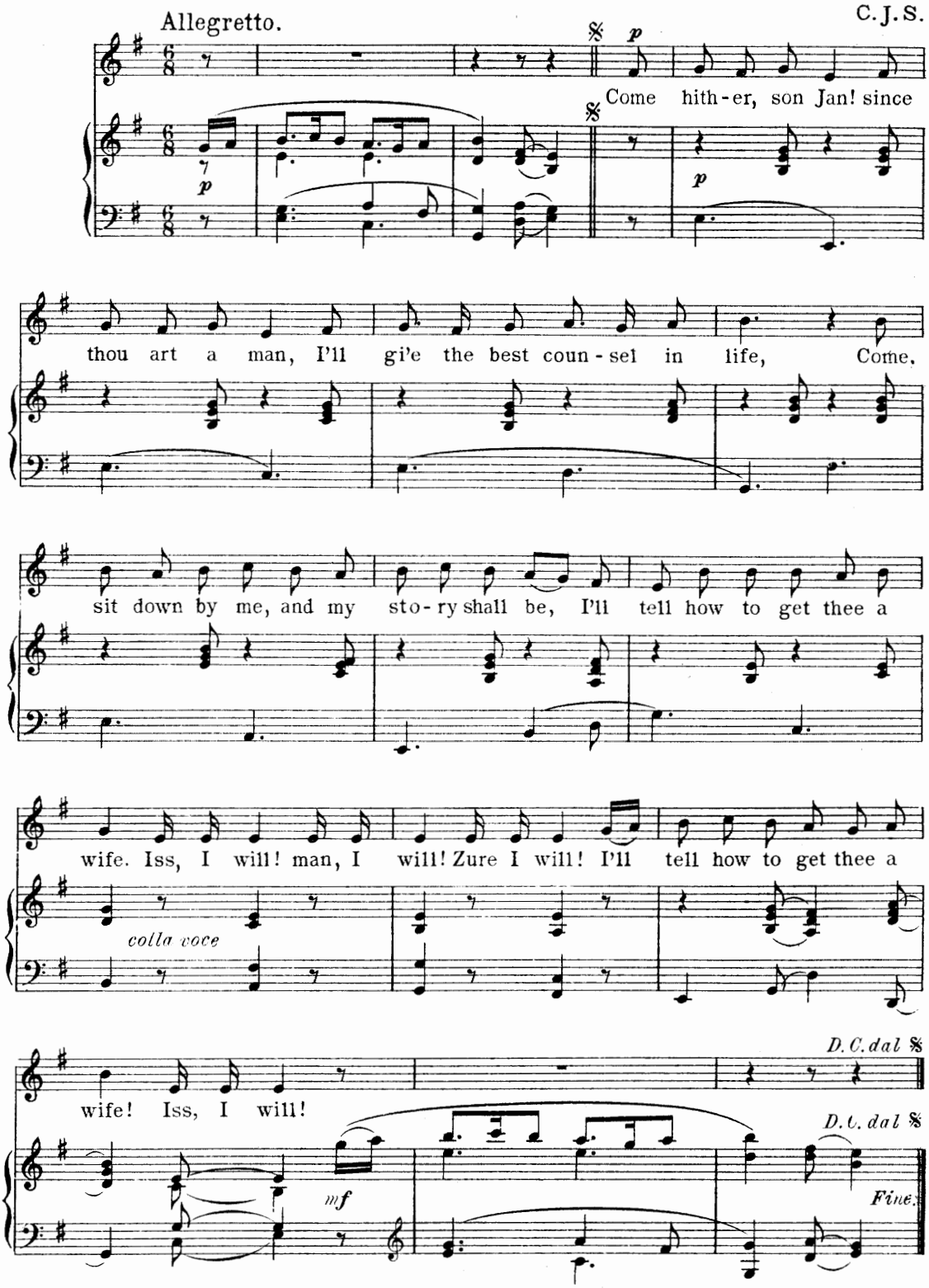
5

I went into the chamber, to see what I might see,
And there I saw three men in bed, by one, by two, by three.
I called unto my kind wife, and "Coming Sir!" said she,
"O why sleep here three gentlemen without the leave of me?"
"Why, old fool, blind fool! can't you very well see,
That these are three milking maids, my mother sent to me?"
"Hey boys! Well done! Milking maids with beards on,
The like, &c.

6

I went about the chamber, as quick as quick might be,
I kicked the three men down the stairs, by one, by two, by three.
"Without your hats and boots be off, your horses leave and flee,
Your purses 'neath your pillows left; they too belong to me.
Why old wife, blind wife! can't you very well see,
That these are three highwaymen from justice hid by thee?"
"Hey boys! purses left! knaves they be, and away are flown.
The like was never known, the like was never known!"
Old Wichet went a noodle out, a wise man he came home.

Nº 31 JAN'S COURTSHIP



Nº 31 JAN'S COURTSHIP

1

Come hither, son Jan! since thou art a man,
I'll gi'e the best counsel in life,
Come, sit down by me, and my story shall be,
I'll tell how to get thee a wife.
Iss, I will! man, I will!
Zure I will!
I'll tell how to get thee a wife! Iss, I will!

2

Thy self thou must dress in thy Sunday-go-best;
They'll at first turn away and be shy.
But boldly, kiss each purty maid that thou see'st,
They'll call thee their Love, by-and-bye.
Iss, they will! man, they will!
Zure they will!
They'll call thee their love by-and-bye! Iss, they will!

3

So a courting Jan goes in his holiday clothes,
All trim, nothing ragged and torn,
From his hat to his hose; with a sweet yellow rose,
He looked like a gentleman born.
Iss, he did! man he did!
Zure he did!
He looked like a gentleman born! Iss he did!

4

The first pretty lass that Jan did see pass,
A farmer's fat daughter called Grace.
He'd scarce said 'How do?' and a kind word or two,
Her fetched him a slap in the face.
Iss, her did! man, her did!
Zure her did!
Her fetched him a slap in the face! Iss, her did!

5

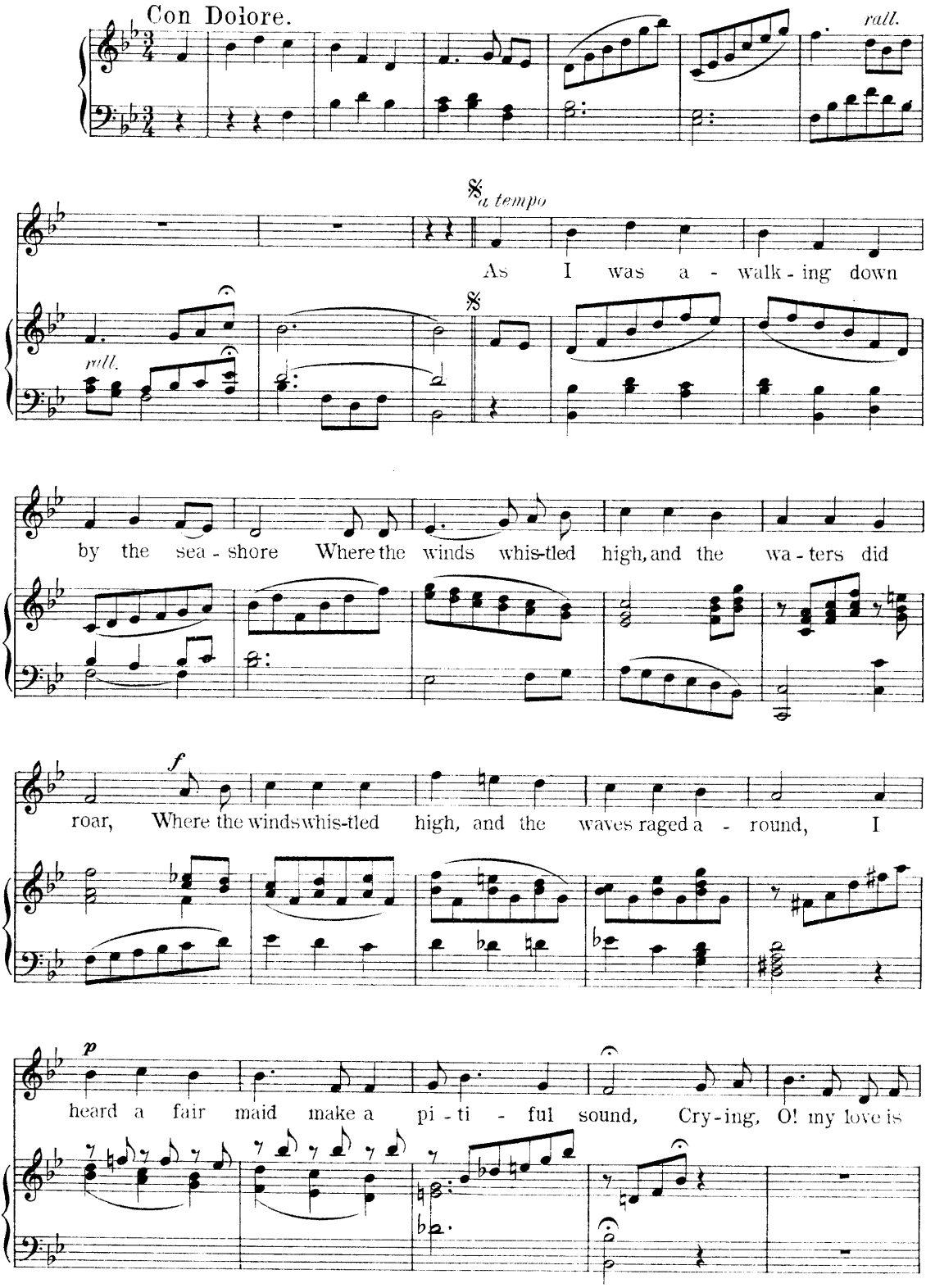
As Jan, never fearing o' nothing at all
Was walking adown by the locks.
He kiss'd the parson's wife, which stirred up a strife
And Jan was put into the stocks.
Iss, he was! man, he was!
Zure he was!
And Jan was put into the stocks! Iss, he was!

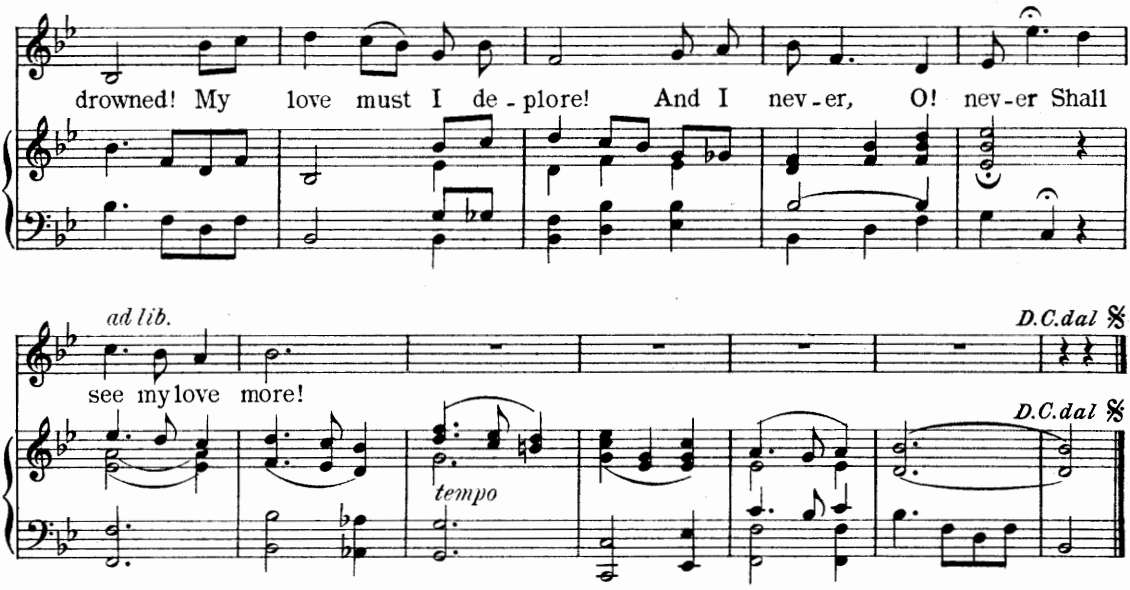
6

'If this be the way, how to get me a wife,'
Quoth Jan, 'I will never have none
I'd rather live single the whole of my life
And home to my mammy I'll run.
Iss, I will! man, I will
Zure I will!
And home to my mammy I'll run! Iss, I will.'

№ 32 THE DROWNED LOVER

H. F. S.





№ 32 THE DROWNED LOVER

1

As I was a-walking down by the sea-shore,
Where the winds whistled high, and the waters did roar,
Where the winds whistled high, and the waves raged around,
I heard a fair maid make a pitiful sound,
Crying, O! my love is drowned!
My love must I deplore!
And I never, O! never
Shall see my love more!

2

I never a nobler, a truer did see
A lion in courage, but gentle to me,
An eye like an eagle, a heart like a dove,
And the song that he sang me was ever of love.
Now I cry, O! my love is drowned!
My love must I deplore!
And I never; O! never
Shall see my love more!

3

He is sunk in the waters, there lies he asleep,
I will plunge there as well, I will kiss his cold feet,
I will kiss the white lips, once coral-like red,
And die at his side, for my true love is dead.
Now I cry, O! my love is drowned.
My love must I deplore
And I never; O! never
Shall see my love more!

Nº 33 CHILDE THE HUNTER

C. J. S.

Moderato.

p

Come, lis-ten all, both great and small To you a tale I'll tell, What

p legato

cresc. *mf*

on this bleak and bar- ren moor, In an-cient days be - fell.

cresc. *mf* *colla voce* *dim.*

p

It so be - fell, as I've heard tell, There came the hun - ter

p *p*

cresc. *mf*

Childe, All day he chased on heath and waste, On Dart-a - moor so

cresc. *mf*

D.C.

wild.

cresc. *dim.* *D.C.*

p *Fine.*

Nº 33 CHILDE THE HUNTER

1

Come, listen all, both great and small
To you a tale I'll tell,
What on this bleak and barren moor,
In ancient days befell.
It so befell, as I've heard tell,
There came the hunter Childe,
All day he chased on heath and waste,
On Dart-a-moor so wild.

2

The winds did blow, then fell the snow,
He chased on Fox-tor mire;
He lost his way, and saw the day,
And winter's sun expire.
Cold blew the blast, the snow fell fast,
And darker grew the night;
He wandered high, he wandered low,
And nowhere saw a light.

3

In darkness blind, he could not find
Where he escape might gain,
Long time he tried, no track espied,
His labours all in vain.
His knife he drew, his horse he slew,
As on the ground it lay;
He cut full deep, therein to creep,
And tarry till the day.

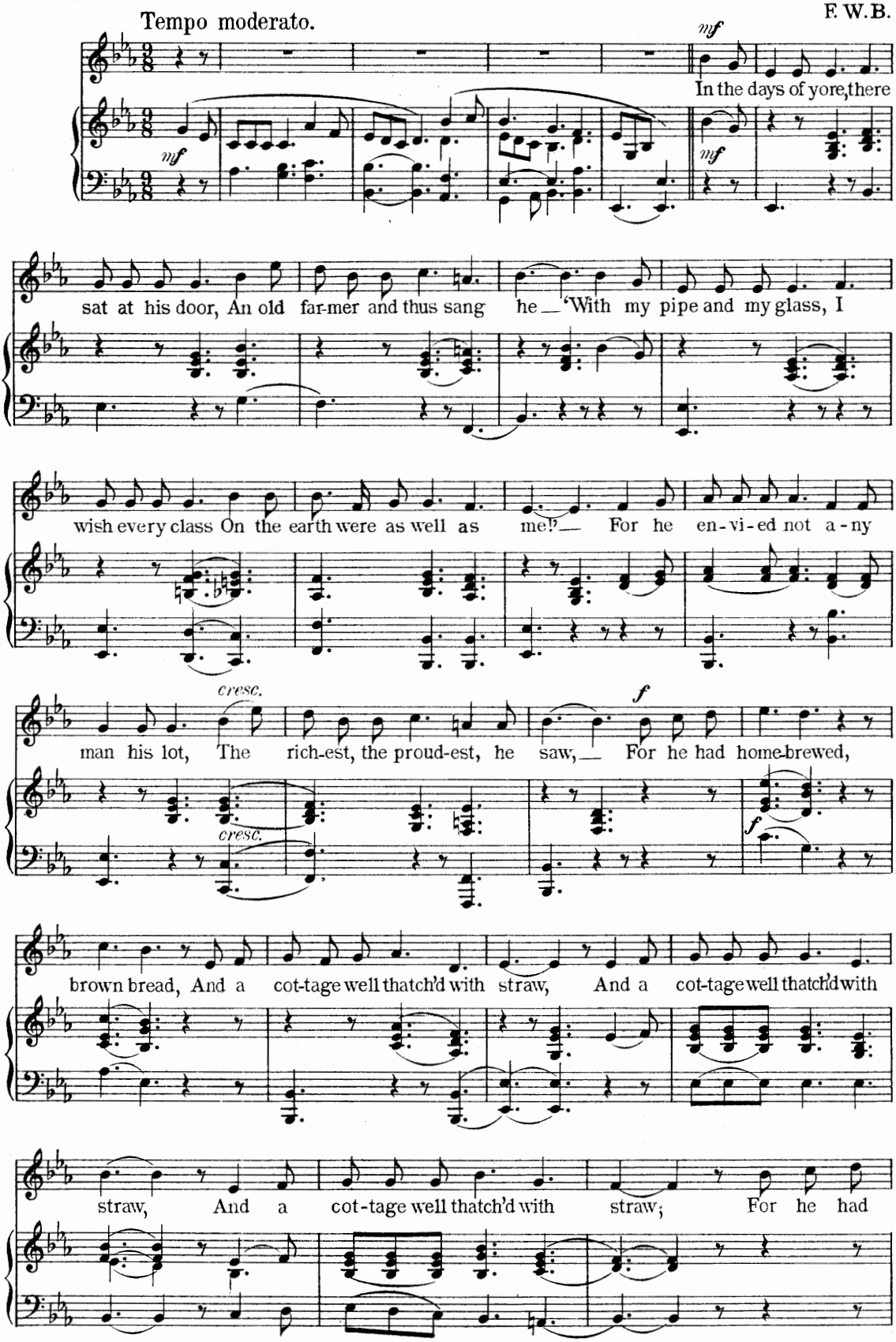
4

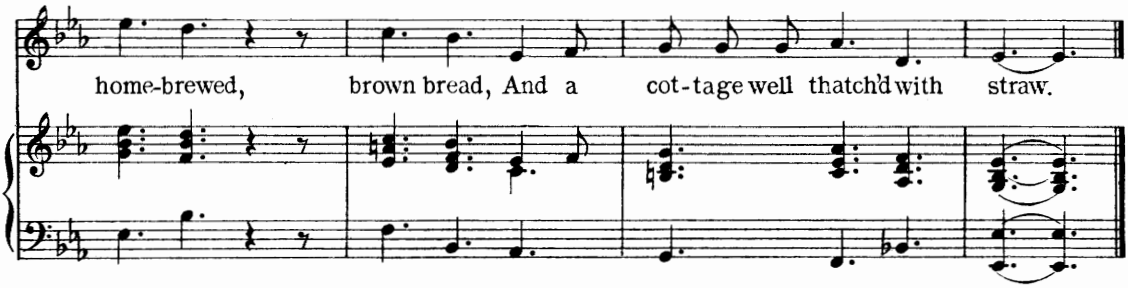
The winds did blow, fast fell the snow,
And darker grew the night,
Then well he wot, he hope might not
Again to see the light.
So with his finger dipp'd in blood,
He scrabbled on the stones,—
"This is my will, God it fulfil,
And buried be my bones.

5

"Whoe'er he be that findeth me
And brings me to a grave,
The lands that now to me belong,
In Plymstock he shall have."
There was a cross erected then,
In memory of his name;
And there it stands, in wild waste lands,
To testify the same.

Nº 34 THE COTTAGE THATCHED WITH STRAW





Nº 34 THE COTTAGE THATCHED WITH STRAW

1

In the days of yore, there sat at his door,
An old farmer and thus sang he,
'With my pipe and my glass, I wish every class
On the earth were as well as me!'
For he en-vi-ed not any man his lot,
The richest, the proudest, he saw,
For he had home-brew'd — brown bread,
And a cottage well thatch'd with straw,
A cottage well thatch'd with straw,
And a cottage well thatch'd with straw;
For he had home-brew'd, brown bread,
And a cottage well thatch'd with straw.

2

'My dear old dad this snug cottage had,
And he got it, I'll tell you how.
He won it, I wot, with the best coin got,
With the sweat of an honest brow.
Then says my old dad, Be careful lad
To keep out of the lawyer's claw.
So you'll have home-brew'd — brown bread,
And a cottage well thatch'd with straw.
A cottage well thatch'd with straw, &c:

3

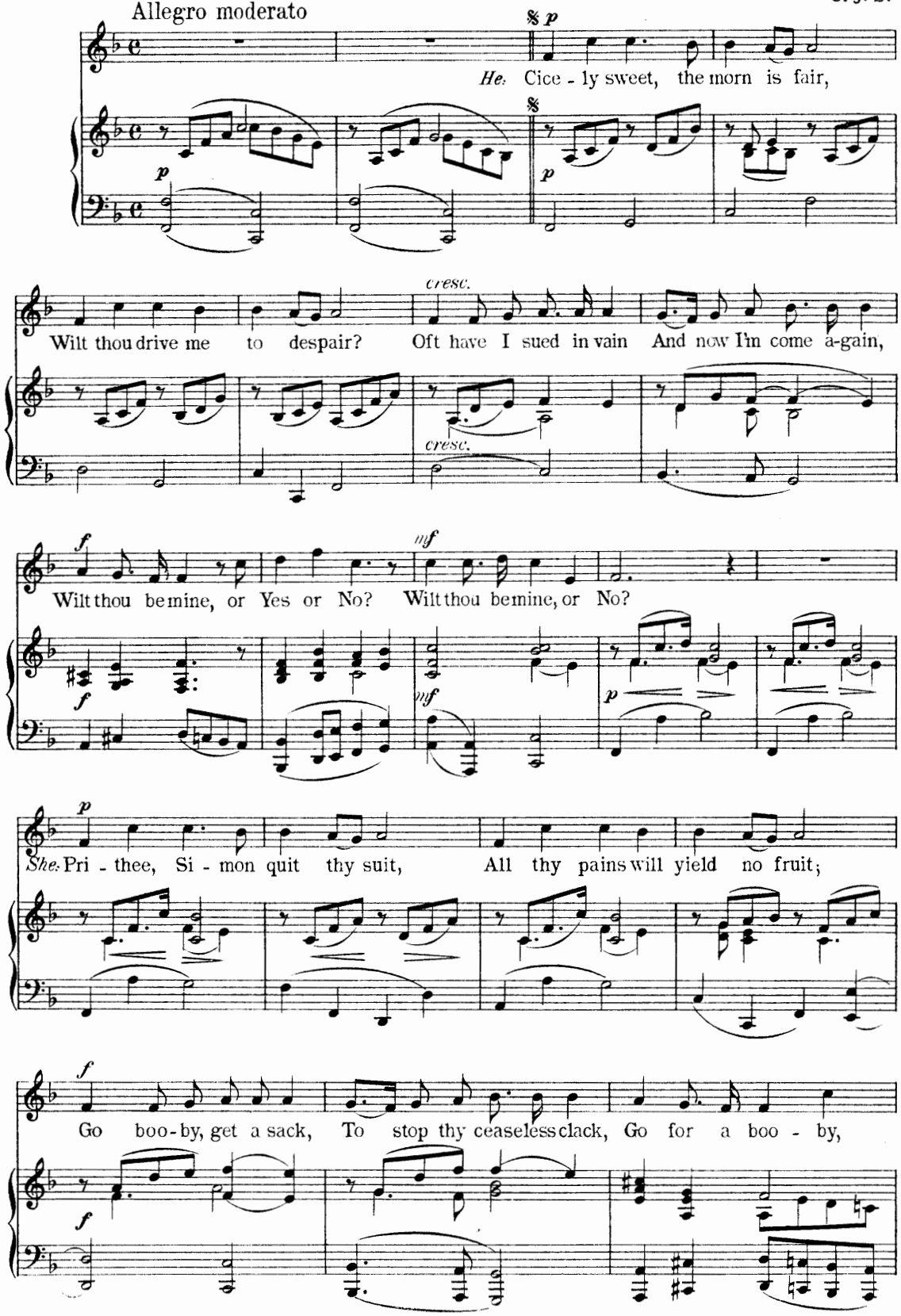
'The ragged, the torn, from my door I don't turn,
But I give them a crust of brown;
And a drop of good ale, my lad, without fail,
For to wash the brown crust down.
Tho' rich I may be, it may chance to me,
That misfortune should spoil my store,
So — I'd lack home-brew'd — brown bread,
And a cottage well thatch'd with straw,
A cottage well thatch'd with straw, &c:

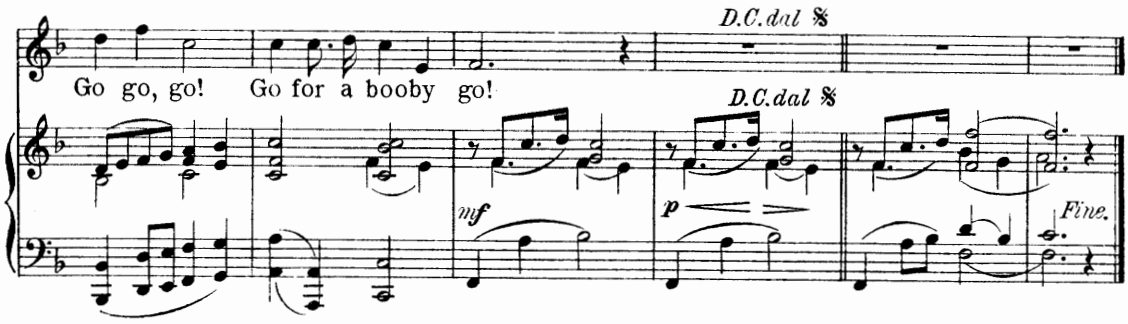
4

'Then in frost and snow to the Church I go,
No matter the weather how.
And the service and prayer that I put up there,
Is to Him who speeds the plough.
Sunday saints, i 'feck, who cheat all the week,
With a ranting and a canting jaw,
Not for them is my home-brew'd — brown bread,
And my cottage well thatch'd with straw.
My cottage well thatch'd with straw
My cottage well thatch'd with straw.
Not for them is my home-brew'd — brown bread,
And my cottage well thatch'd with straw.'

Nº 35 CICELY SWEET

C. J. S.





№ 35 CICELY SWEET

1

He: Cicely sweet, the morn is fair,
Wilt thou drive me to despair?
Oft have I sued in vain
And now I'm come again,
Wilt thou be mine, or Yes or No?
Wilt thou be mine, or No?
She: Prithee, Simon quit thy suit,
All thy pains will yield no fruit;
Go booby, get a sack,
To stop thy ceaseless clack.
Go for a booby, go, go, go!
Go for a booby, go!

2

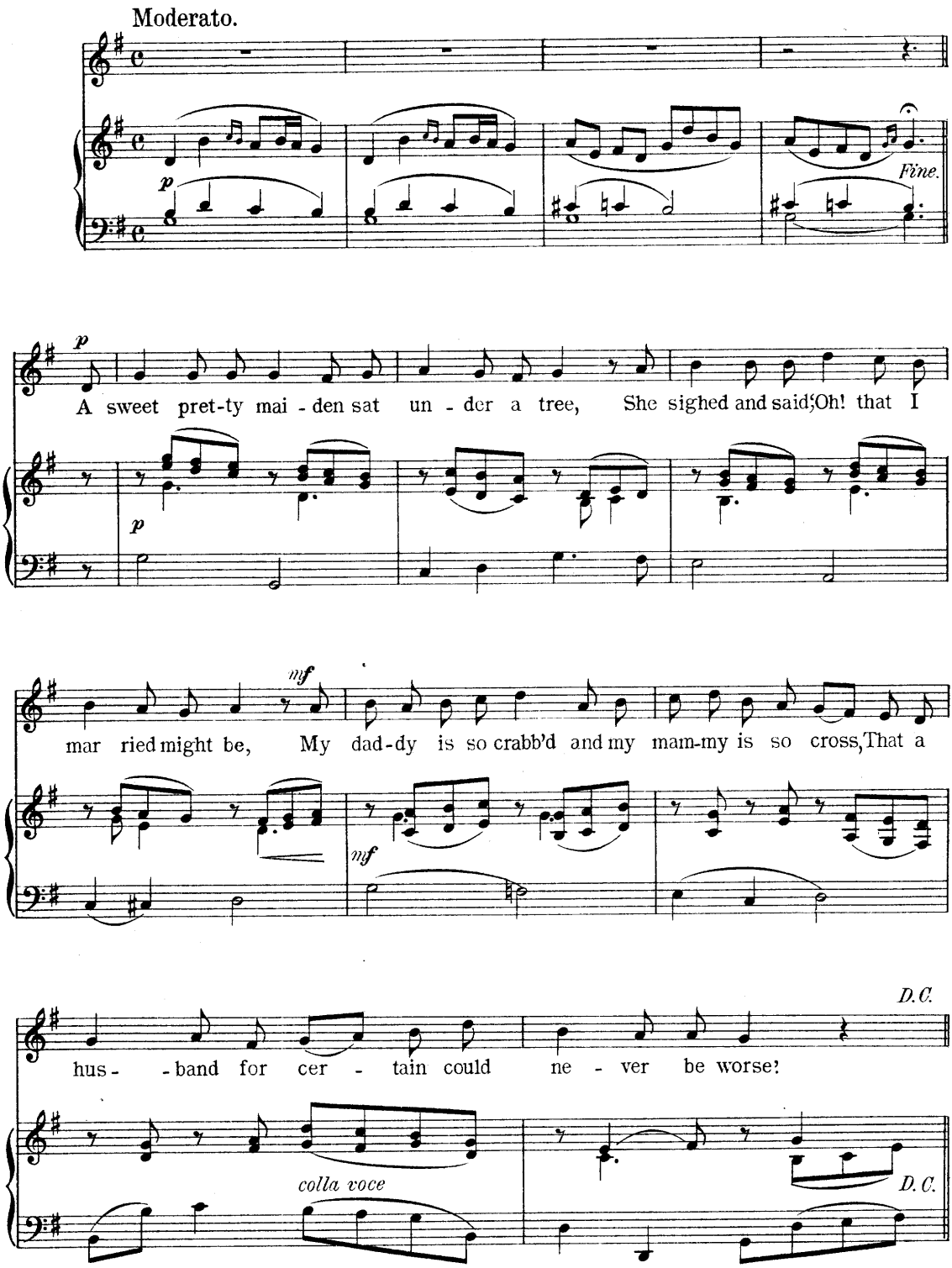
He: Cicely sweet, if thou'lt love me,
Mother'll do a deal for thee.
Her'd rather sell her cow,
Than I should die for thou.
Wilt thou be mine, or Yes or No?
Wilt thou be mine, or No?
She: Mother thine had best by half,
Keep her cow and sell her calf;
No, never for a crown;
Will I marry with a clown;
Go for a booby, go, go, go!
Go for a booby go!

3

He: Cicely sweet, you do me wrong,
My legs be straight, my arms be strong
I'll carry thee about,
Thou'lt go no more afoot,
Wilt thou be mine or Yes, or No?
Wilt thou be mine, or No?
She: Keep thy arms to fight in fray,
Keep thy legs to run away;
Ne'er will I — as I'm a lass,
Care to ride upon an ass.
Go for a booby, go, go, go!
Go for a booby go!

№ 36 A SWEET PRETTY MAIDEN SAT UNDER A TREE

H. F. S.



№ 36 A SWEET PRETTY MAIDEN SAT UNDER A TREE

1

A sweet pretty maiden sat under a tree,
She sighed and said, 'Oh! that I married might be,
My daddy is so crabbed and my mammy is so cross,
That a husband for certain could never be worse.'

2

Young Johnny he heard what the damsel did say.
He came to her side, and said smiling, 'Today
I have a little cottage and I have a little horse
I have a pleasant temper that will not grow worse.

3

'If you will be mine, and to that will agree,
We'll travel together in sweet amity.
There never will be wrangle, there never can be strife,
Between a good husband and his pretty wife.'

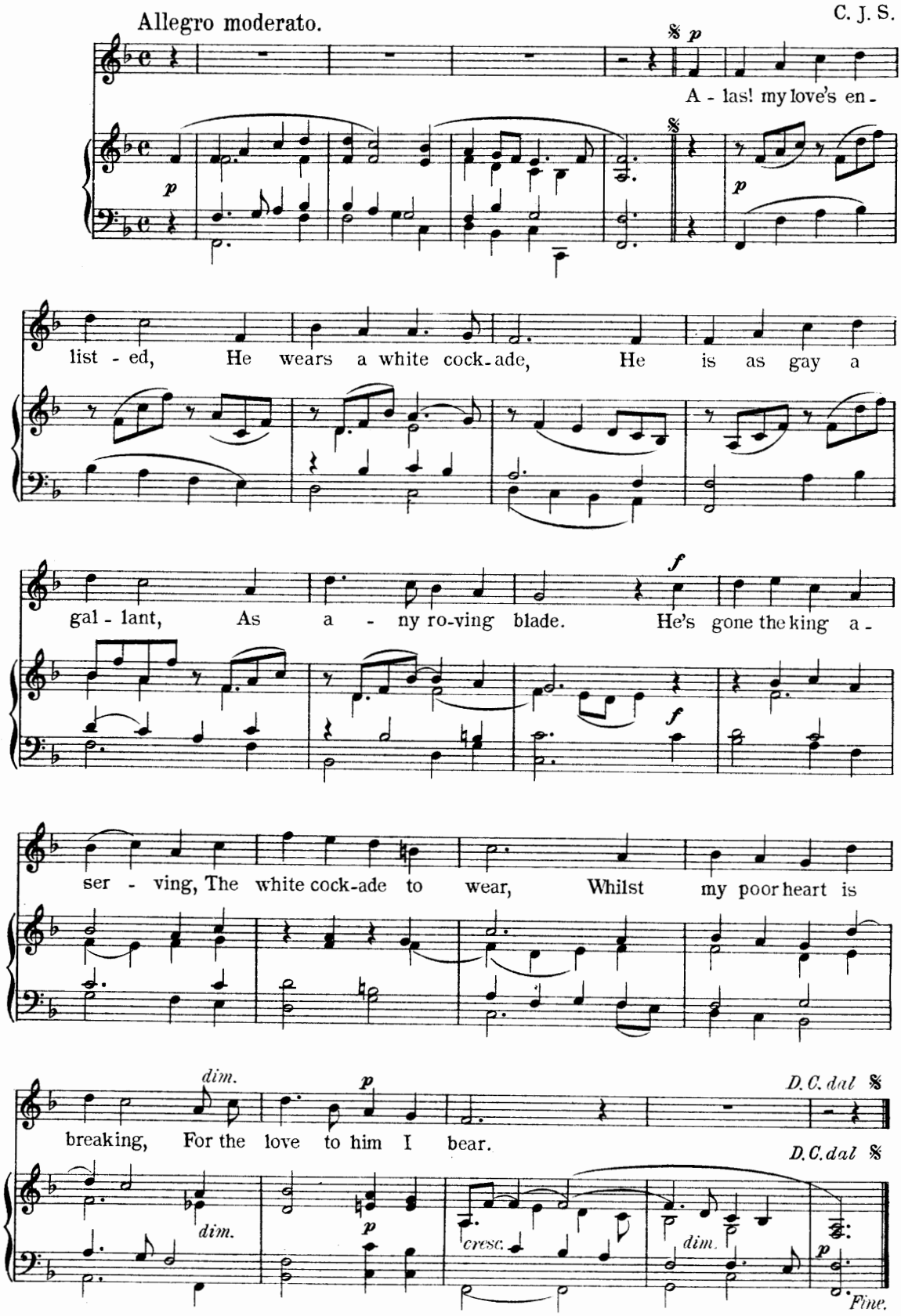
4

The maiden replied, 'I am not very sure,
That fond matrimony my trouble will cure,
From daddy and from mammy I quickly run away
And go into service for a year and a day.

5

'The ring that you hold is a link in a chain,
Will fetter my freedom, my tongue will restrain
I cannot run away, and I never shall be free,
So take your kind offer to others than me.'

№ 37 THE WHITE COCKADE



№ 37 THE WHITE COCKADE

1

Alas! my love's enlisted,
He wears a white cockade,
He is as gay a gallant,
As any roving blade.
He's gone the king a serving,
The white cockade to wear,
Whilst my poor heart is breaking,
For the love to him I bear.

2

"Leave off your grief and sorrow,
And quit this doleful strain,
The white cockade adorns me
Whilst marching o'er the plain.
When I return I'll marry,
By this cockade I swear.
Your heart from grief must rally,
And my departure bear."

3

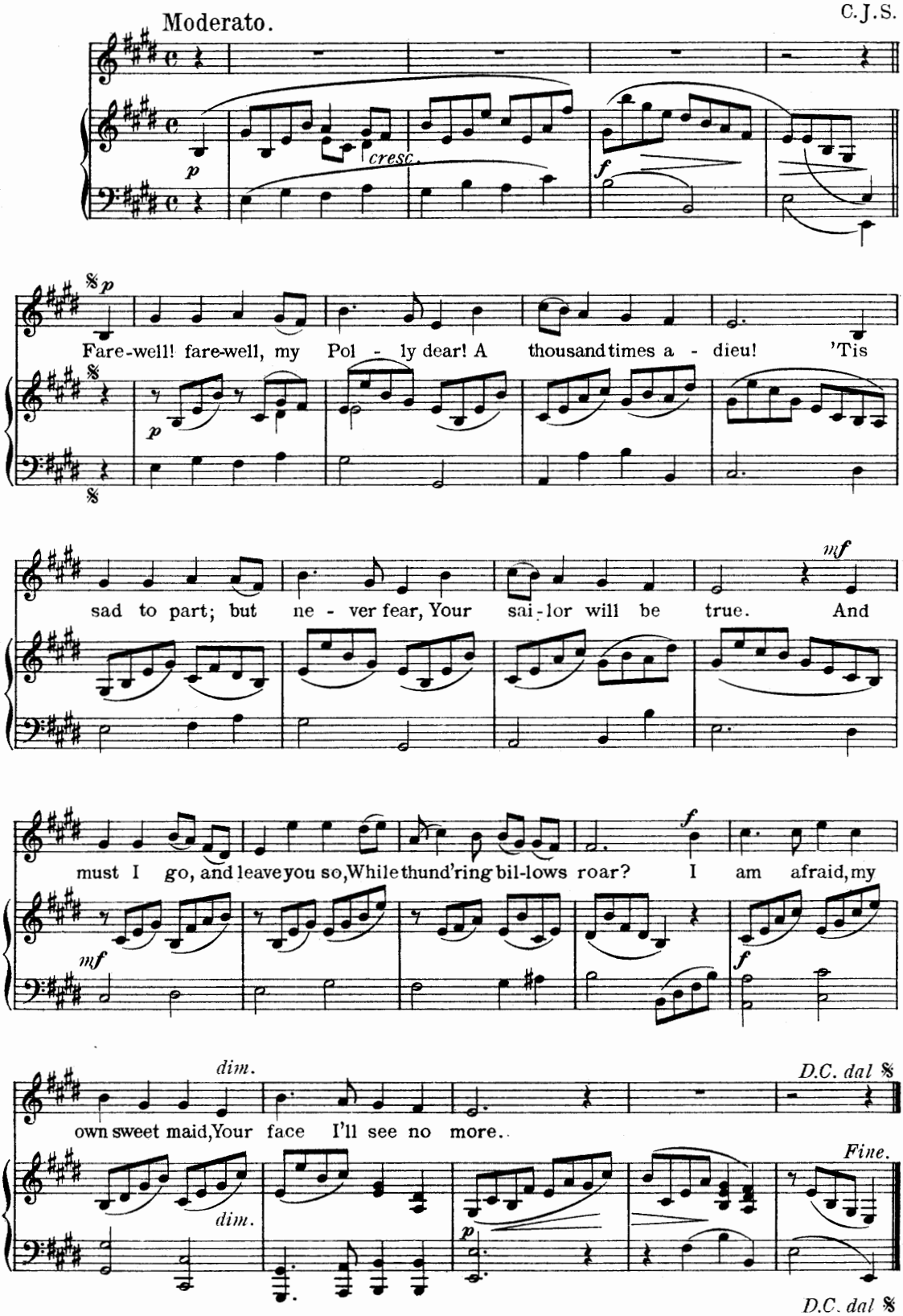
"Fair maid, I bring bad tidings."
So did the Sergeant say;
"Your love was slain in battle,
He sends you this to-day,
The white cockade he flourished
Now dabbled in his gore.
With his last kiss he sends it,
The white cockade he wore."

4

She spoke no word — her tears,
They fell a salten flood;
And from the draggled ribbons
Washed out the stains of blood.
"O mother I am dying!
And when in grave I'm laid,
Upon my bosom, mother!
Then pin the white cockade."

No. 38 THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL

C. J. S.



Nº 38 THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL

1

Farewell! farewell, my Polly dear!
A thousand times adieu!
'Tis sad to part; but never fear,
Your sailor will be true.
And must I go, and leave you so—
While thund'ring billows roar?
I am afraid, my own sweet maid,
Your face I'll see no more.

2

The weavers and the tailors
Are snoring fast asleep,
While we poor 'jolly sailors'
Are tossing on the deep:
Are tossing on the deep, dear girl,
In tempest rage and foam;
When seas run high, and dark the sky,
We think on those at home.

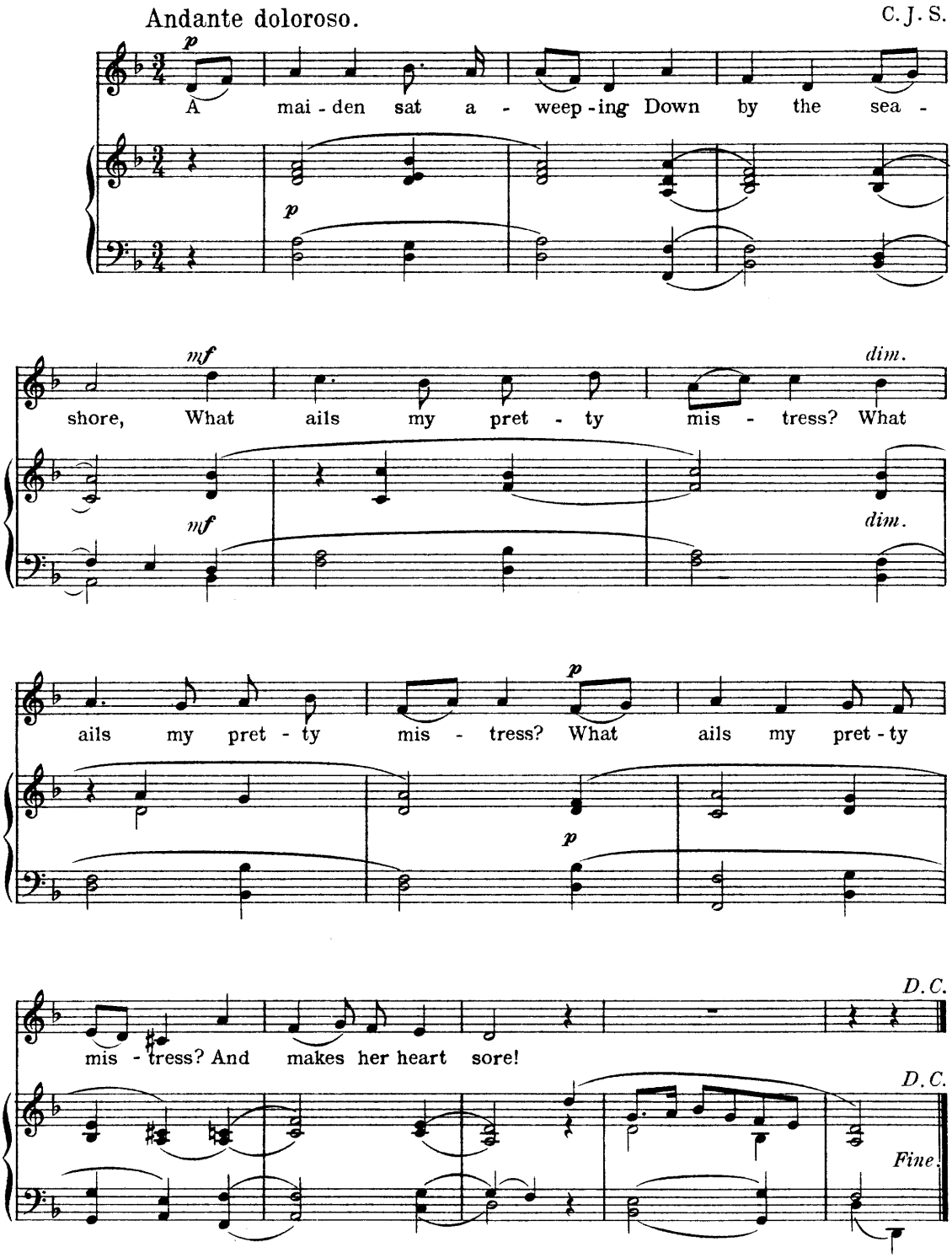
3

When Jack's ashore, safe home once more,
We lead a merry life;
With pipe and glass, and buxom lass,
A sweetheart or a wife;
We call for liquor merrily,
We spend our money free,
And when our money's spent and gone,
Again we go to sea.

4

You'll not know where I am, dear girl,
But when I'm on the sea,
My secret thoughts I will unfurl
In letters home to thee.
The secrets, aye! of heart, I say,
And best of my good will.
My body may lay just where it may
My heart is with you still.

Nº 39 A MAIDEN SAT A WEEPING



Nº 39 A MAIDEN SAT A-WEEPING

1

A maiden sat a-weeping
Down by the sea shore,
What ails my pretty mistress?
What ails my pretty mistress?
And makes her heart sore!

2

Because I am a-weary,
A weary in mind,
No comfort, and no pleasure, love,
No comfort, and no pleasure, love,
Henceforth can I find.

3

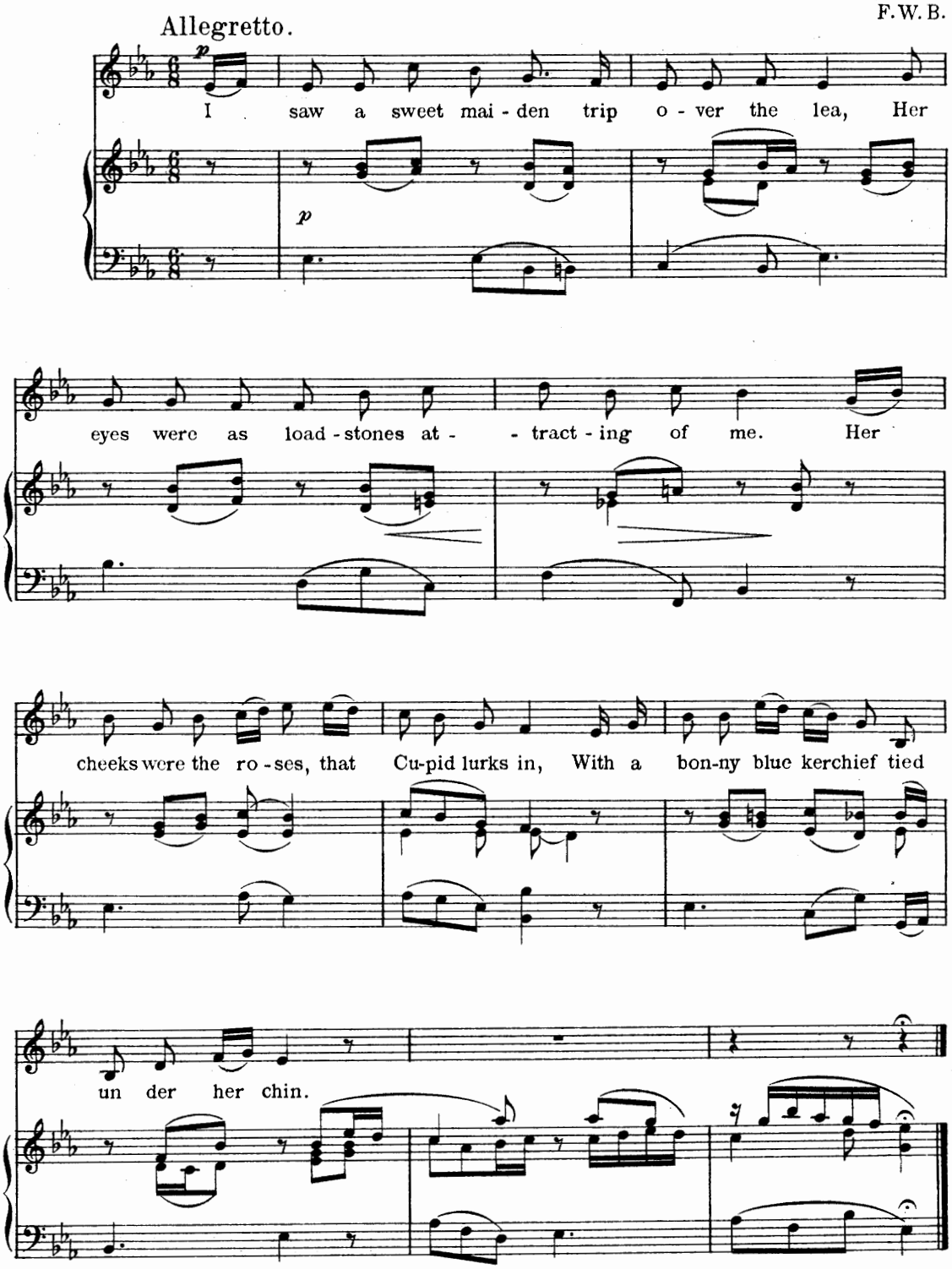
I'll spread my sail of silver,
I'll loose my rope of silk,
My mast is of the cypress-tree,
My mast is of the cypress-tree,
My track is as milk.

4

I'll spread my sail of silver
I'll steer toward the sun
And thou, false love wilt weep for me,
And thou, false love wilt weep for me,
For me — when I am gone.

Nº 40 THE BLUE KERCHIEF

F.W.B.



Nº 40 THE BLUE KERCHIEF

1

I saw a sweet maiden trip over the lea,
Her eyes were as loadstones attracting of me.
Her cheeks were the roses, that Cupid lurks in.
With a bonny blue kerchief tied under her chin.

2

O where are you going, my fair pretty maid?
O whither so swift through the dew drops? I said,
I go to my mother, kind sir, for to spin.
O the bonny blue kerchief tied under her chin.

* 3

Why wear you that kerchief tied over your head?
'Tis the country girls' fashion, kind sir, then she said.
And the fashion young maidens will always be in
So I wear a blue kerchief tied under my chin.

4

To kiss her sweet lips then I sought to begin,
O nay Sir! she said, 'ere a kiss you would win,
Pray show me a ring, tho' of gold the most thin.
O slyest blue kerchief tied under the chin!

5

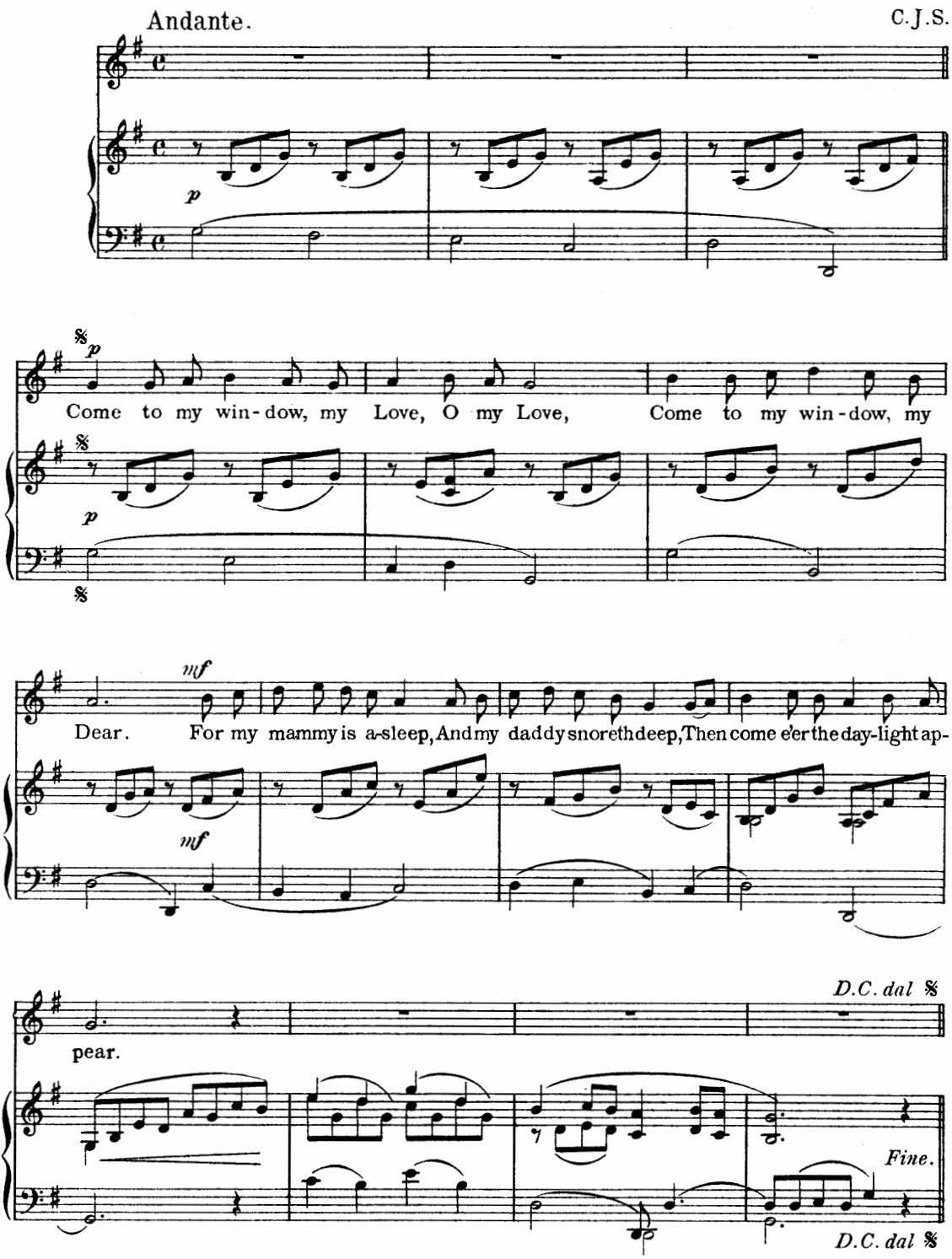
Why wear a *blue* kerchief, sweet maiden, I said,
Because the blue colour is one not to fade,
As a sailor's blue jacket who fights for the king,
So's my bonny blue kerchief tied under the chin.

6

The love that I value is certain to last,
Not fading and changing, but ever set fast,
That only the colour, my love sir to win,
So goodbye from the kerchief tied under the chin.

* May be omitted in singing.

№ 41 COME TO MY WINDOW



Nº 41 COME TO MY WINDOW

1

Come to my window, my Love, O my Love,
Come to my window, my Dear.
For my mammy is asleep,
And my daddy snoreth deep,
Then come, e'er the day-light appear.

2

Come to my window, my Love, O my Love,
Come to my window, I pray.
O the hours so quickly pass,
And the dew falls on the grass.
Dear Love come, e'er dawneth the day.

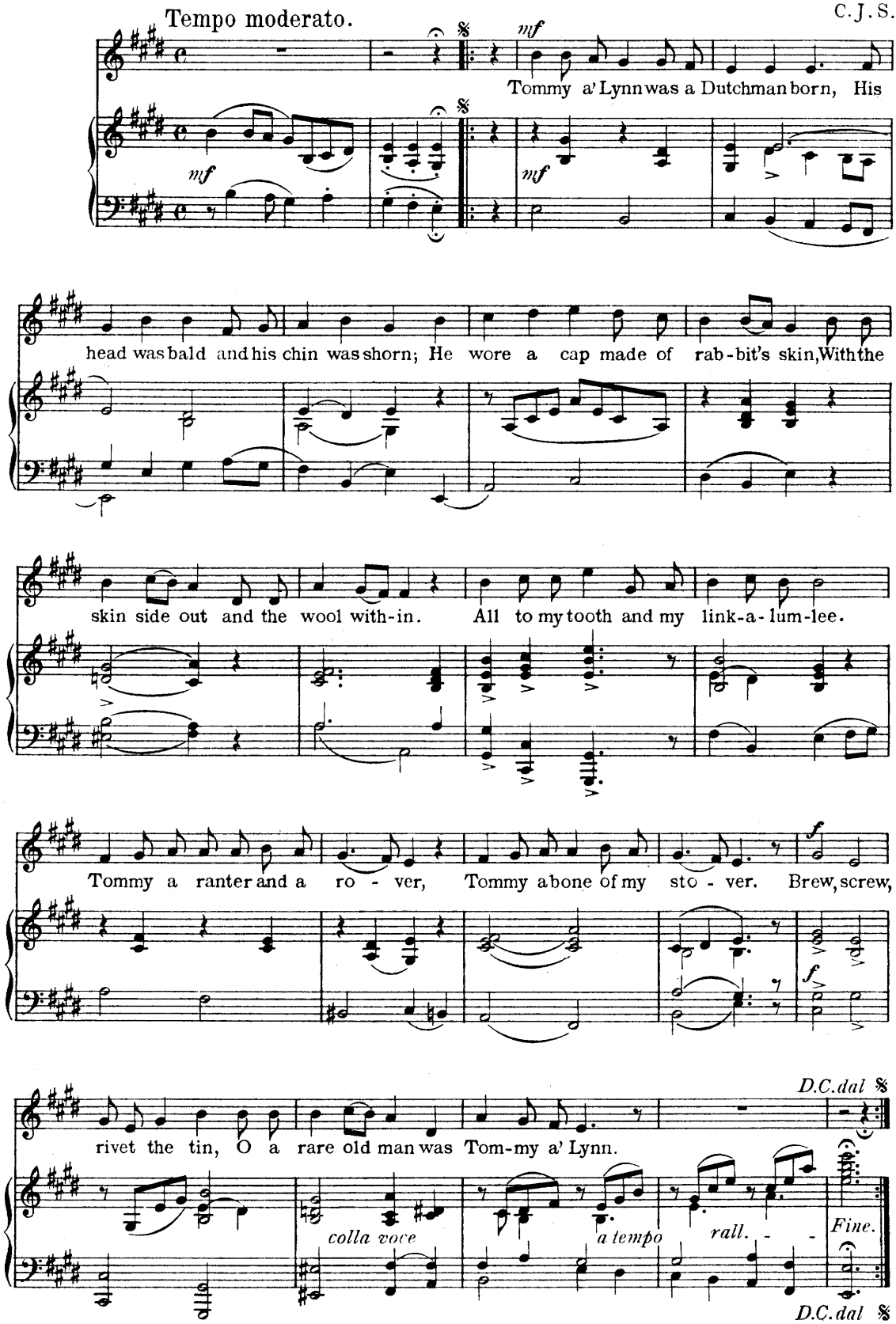
3

Come to my window, my Love, O my Love,
Come or my heart strings will break.
For the night is speeding by,
Soon will morning streak the sky,
And my dad and my mam will awake.

4

Come to my window, my Love, O my Love,
Come e'er the stars cease to shine.
For my heart is full of fears,
And my voice is chok'd with tears,
I am Thine, O thou know'st I am Thine.

Nº 42 TOMMY A' LYNN



Nº 42 TOMMY A' LYNN

1

Tommy a' Lynn was a Dutchman born,
His head was bald and his chin was shorn;
He wore a cap made of rabbit's skin
With the skin side out and the wool within.
All to my tooth and my link-a-lum-lee
Tommy a ranter and a rover,
Tommy a bone of my stover,
Brew, screw, rivet the tin,
O a rare old man was Tommy a' Lynn.

2

Tommy a' Lynn had no boots to put on,
But two calves hides with the hair all gone.
They were split at the side and the water ran in,
I must wear wet feet, said Tommy a' Lynn.
All to my tooth, &c.

3

Tommy a' Lynn has a hunting gone.
A saddle of urchin's skins he put on.
The urchin's prickles were sharp as a pin,
I've got a sore seat, said Tommy a' Lynn.
All to my tooth, &c.

4

Tommy a' Lynn has a hunting gone
A bridle of mouse tails has he put on.
The bridle broke and the horse ran away,
I'm not well bridled, said Tommy, to-day.
All to my tooth, &c. ★

5

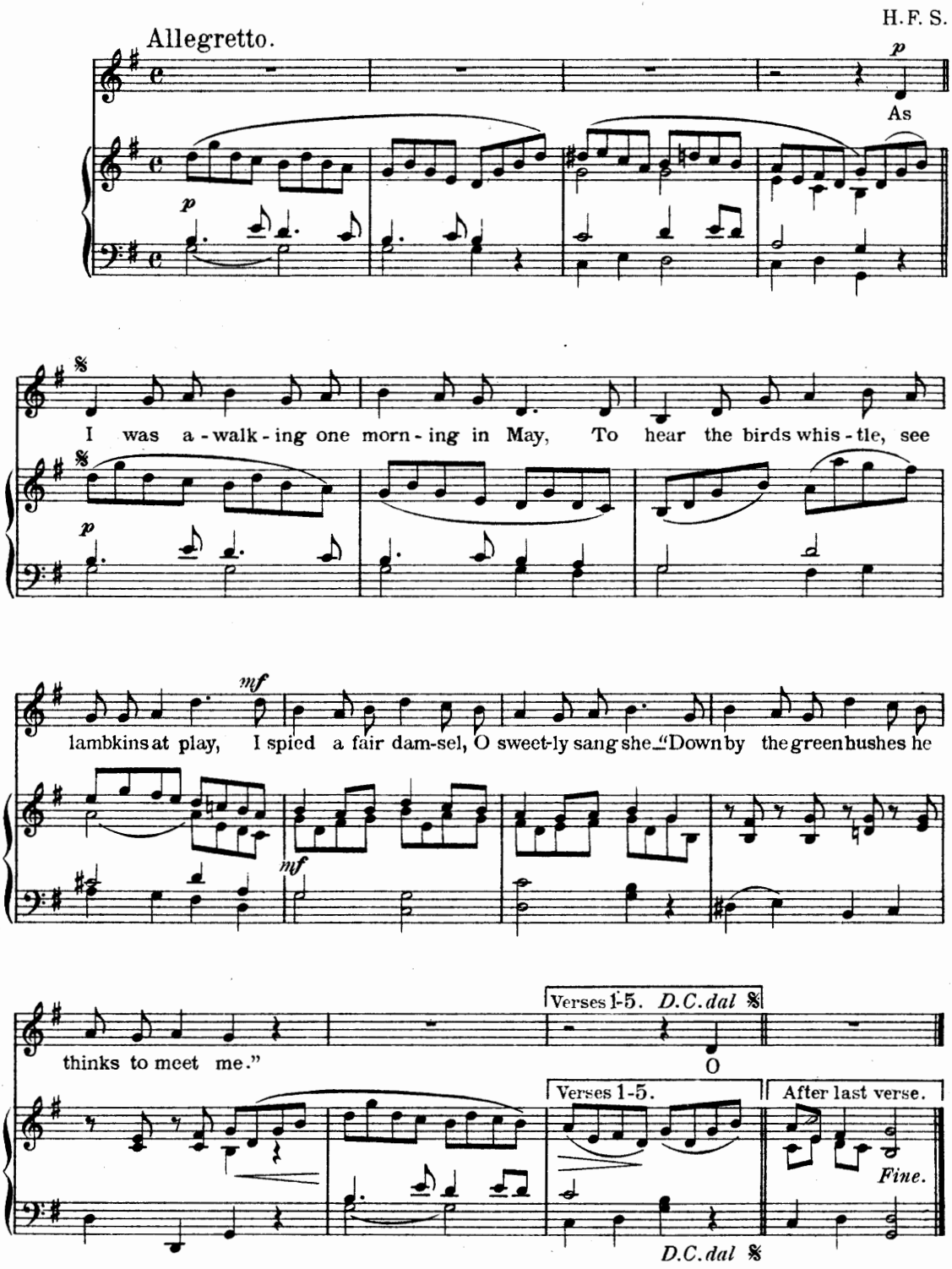
Tom a' Lynn's daughter, she sat on the stair,
O Father I fancy I'm wondrous fair!
The stairs they broke, and the maid fell in,
You're fair enough now, said Tommy a' Lynn.
All to my tooth, &c.

6

Tommy a' Lynn, his wife and her mother
They all fell into the fire together.
Ow yow! said the upper-most, I've a hot skin,
It's hotter below! said Tommy a' Lynn.
All to my tooth, &c.

★ There is another verse, but it would make the song over long to sing it.
Tommy a' Lynn had no watch to put on,
So he scooped out a turnip to make himself one;
He caught a cricket, and put it within.
It's a rare old ticker, said Tommy a' Lynn.

Nº 43 THE GREEN BUSHES



Nº 43 THE GREEN BUSHES

1

As I was a walking one morning in May,
To hear the birds whistle, see lambkins at play,
I spied a fair damsel, O sweetly sang she—
'Down by the green bushes he thinks to meet me.'

2

'O where are you going, my sweet pretty maid?'
'My lover I'm seeking, kind sir', she said
'Shall I be your lover, and will you agree,
To forsake the old love, and forgather with me?

3

'I'll buy you fine beavers, a gay silken gown,
With furbelowed petticoats flounced to the ground,
If you'll leave your old love, and following me,
Forsake the green bushes, where he waits for thee?'

4

'Quick, let us be moving, from under the trees,
Quick, let us be moving, kind sir, if you please;
For yonder my true love is coming, I see,
Down by the green bushes he thinks to meet me.'

5

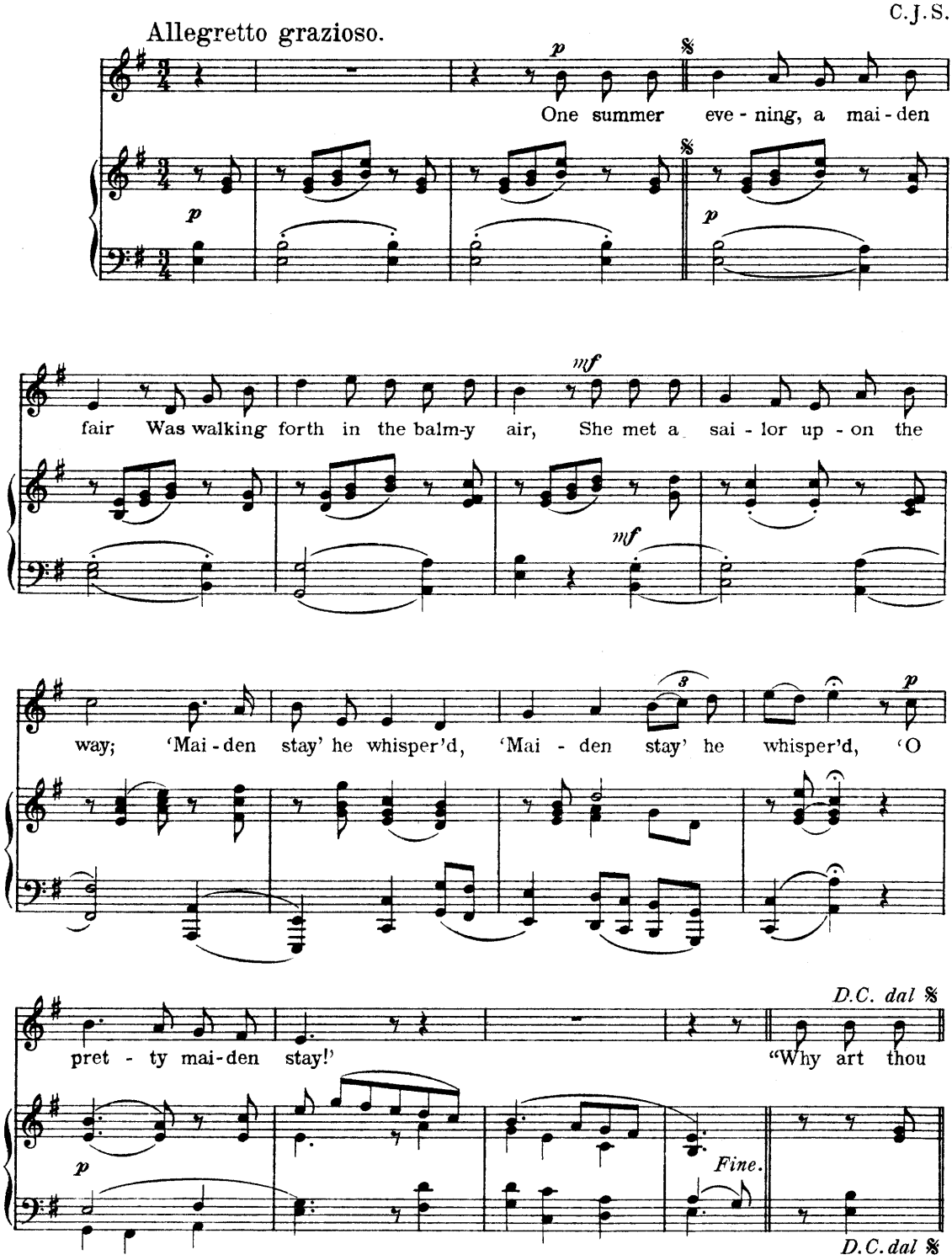
The old love arrived, the maiden was gone
He sighed very deeply, he sighed all alone,
'She is on with another, before off with me,
So, adieu ye green bushes for ever!' said he.

6

'I'll be as a schoolboy, I'll frolic and play,
No false hearted maiden shall trouble my day,
Untroubled at night, I will slumber and snore
So, adieu, ye green bushes! I'll fool it no more.

№ 44 THE BROKEN TOKEN

C.J.S.



Nº 44 THE BROKEN TOKEN

1

One summer evening, a maiden fair
Was walking forth in the balmy air,
She met a sailor upon the way;
'Maiden stay' he whispered,
'Maiden stay' he whispered
'O pretty maiden, stay!'

2

'Why art thou walking abroad alone?
The stars are shining, the day is done,'
O then her tears they began to flow;
For a dark eyed sailor,
For a dark eyed sailor
Had filled her heart with woe.

3

'Three years are pass'd since he left this land,
A ring of gold he took off my hand,
He broke the token, a half to keep,
Half he bade me treasure,
Half he bade me treasure,
Then crossed the briny deep'.

4

'O drive him damsel from out your mind,
For men are changeful as is the wind,
And love inconstant will quickly grow
Cold as winter morning
Cold as winter morning
When lands are white with snow.'

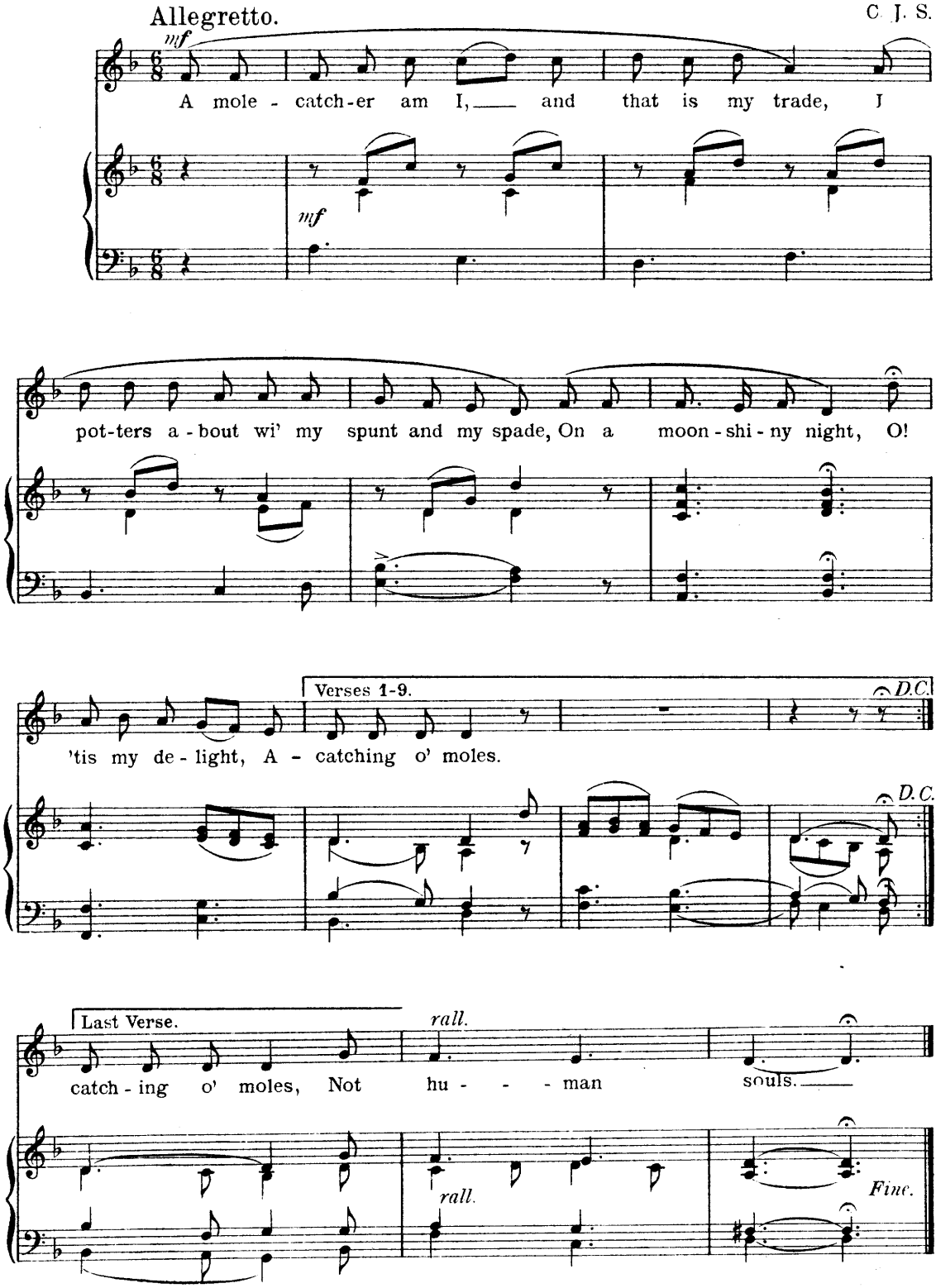
5

'Above the snow is the holly seen,
In bitter blast it abideth green,
And blood-red drops it as berries bears
So my aching bosom,
So my aching bosom,
Its truth and sorrow wears'.

6

Then half the ring did the sailor show,
Away with weeping and sorrow now!
'In bands of marriage united we
Like the broken Token
Like the broken Token
In one shall welded be.'

№ 45 THE MOLE-CATCHER.



№ 45 THE MOLE-CATCHER

1

A mole-catcher am I, and that is my trade,
I potters about wi' my spunt and my spade,
On a moon-shiny night, O! 'tis my delight,
A-catching o' moles.

2

The traps that I set for the mole in his run,
There's never a night, sirs, but I catches one.
On a moon-shiny night, O! 'tis my delight,
A-catching o' moles

3

Along of the lanes as by night-time I go,
There's things that I see, as the folks don't know,
On a moon-shiny night, &c.

4

There's frolic and lark in the field and the park,
For others than moles will be out in the dark,
On a moon-shiny night, &c.

5

The maiden by day that's too modest to speak
Is gadding abroad, by the night all the week,
On a moon-shiny night, &c

6

The 'prentice who should be a lying in bed
Is rambling over the meadows instead,
On a moon-shiny night, &c.

★7

I light on the poacher wi' sniggle and snare,
But that I'll not peach he is surely aware,
On a moon-shiny night, &c.

8

The doctor and lawyer as drunk as a dog,
Are wallowing into a ditch or a bog,
On a moon-shiny night, &c.

9

There's many a sight; and there's many a sound
Wot maketh me laugh as I'm making my round,
On a moon-shiny night, &c.

10

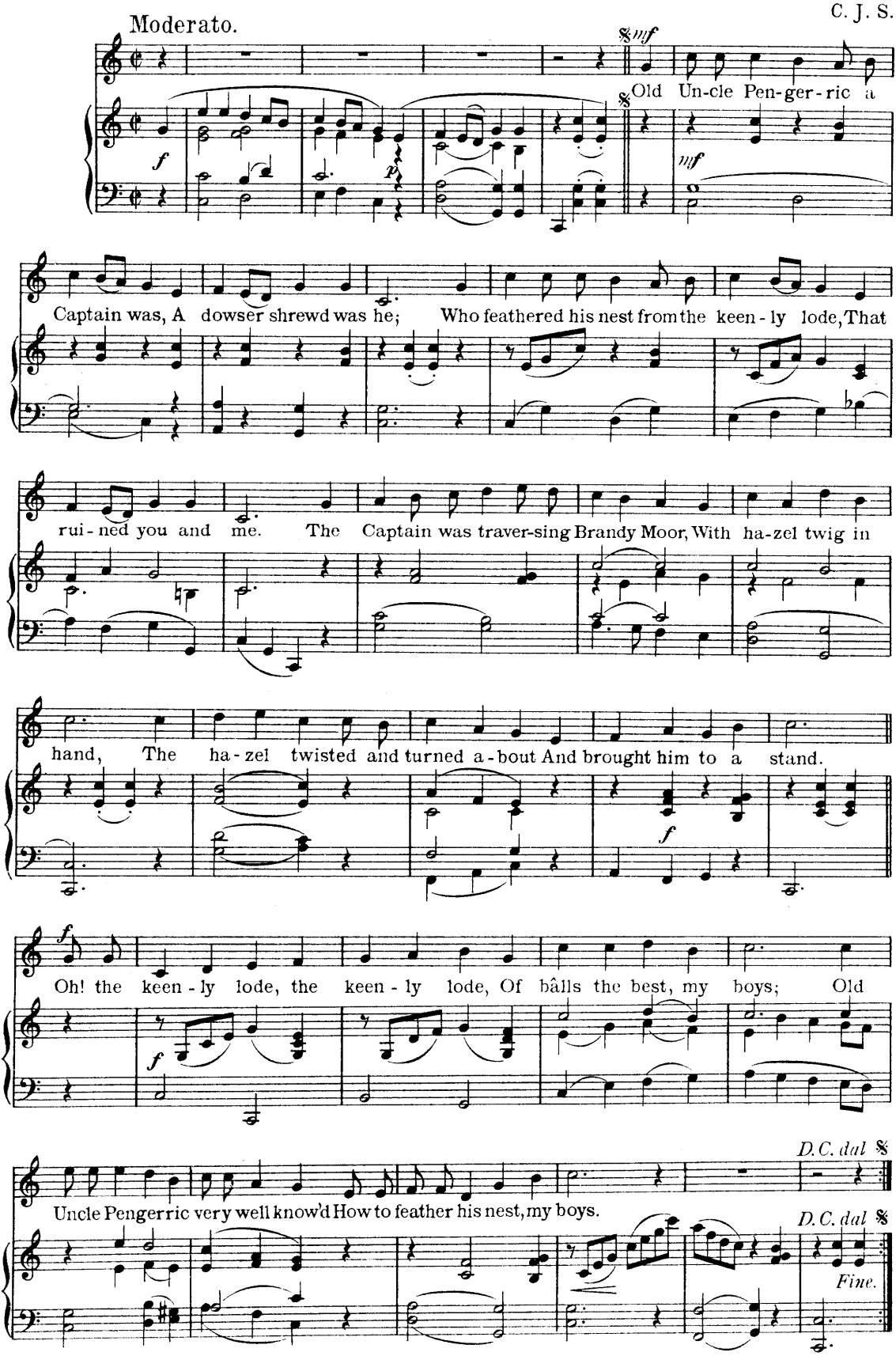
But nothing I sez for I'm mum as a bell,
You certainly know that no tales will I tell,
On a moon-shiny night, O! 'tis my delight,
A-catching o' moles
Not human souls.

★ May be omitted in singing.

№ 46 THE KEENLY LODE

C. J. S.

Moderato.



Nº 46 THE KEENLY LODE

1

Old Uncle Pengerric a Captain was,
A dowser shrewd was he;
Who feathered his nest from the keenly lode
That ruined you and me.
The Captain was traversing Brandy Moor,
With hazel twig in hand,
The hazel twisted and turned about
And brought him to a stand.
CHORUS. Oh! the keenly lode, the keenly lode
Of bâlls the best, my boys;
Old Uncle Pengerric very well know'd
How to feather his nest, my boys.

2

Old Uncle Pengerric so big did brag
Of ore in Brandy Bâll,
"Come fork out your money my Christian friends,
Your fortunes treble all."
Now Uncle was reckoned a preacher stout,
A burning and shining light.
The people all said, "What he has in head
Will surely turn out right."
CHORUS. Oh! the keenly lode, &c.

3

The Company floated, the Shares up paid,
The gold came flowing in.
He set up a whim, and began to sink
For the keenly lode of tin.
He had not burrowed but five foot six
'Ere he came to a buried hoss.
Said Uncle Pengerric, "No fault of mine,
Tho't turn out some one's loss."
CHORUS. Oh! the keenly lode, &c.

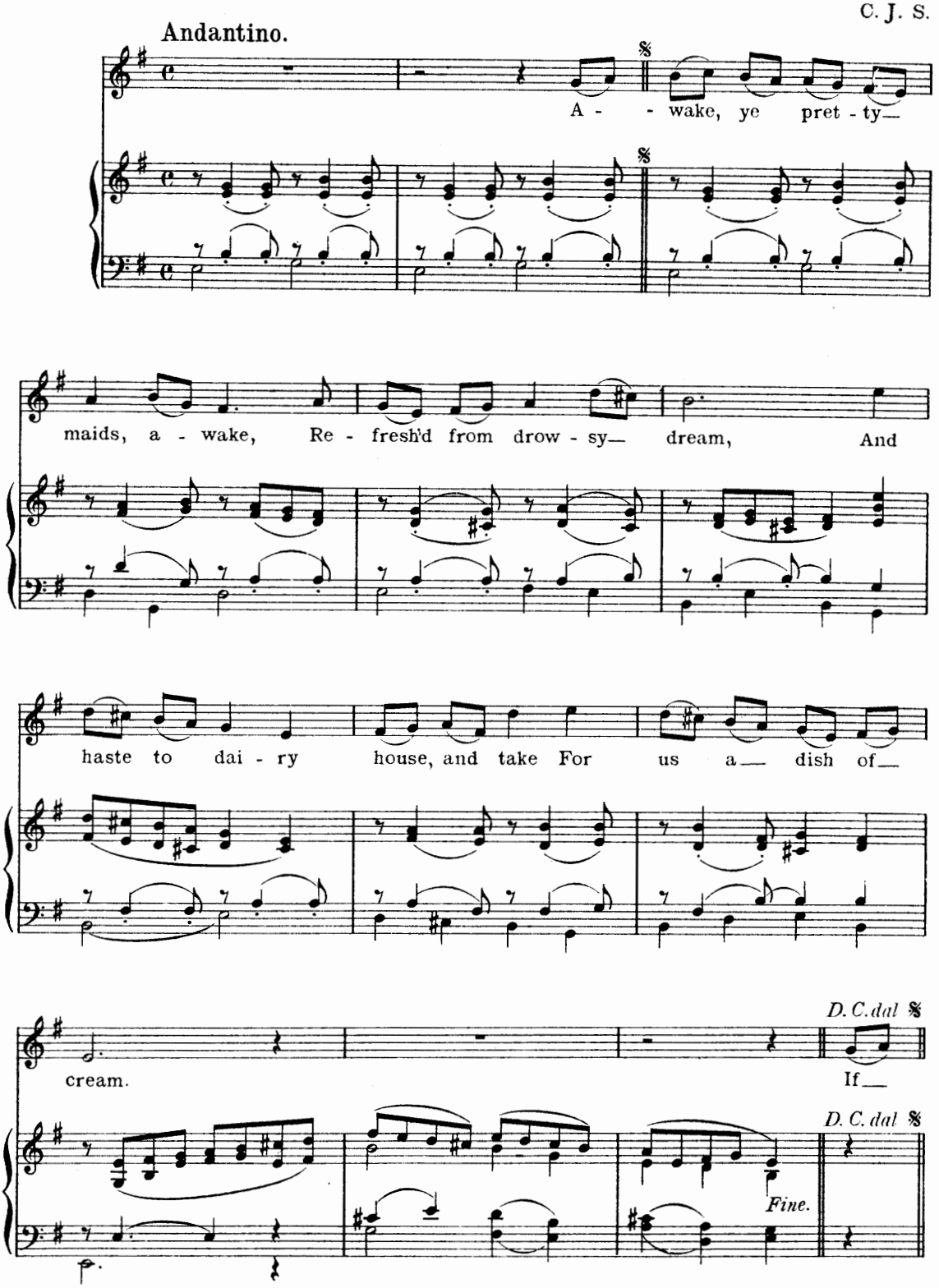
4

The shaft descended, but ne'er a grain
Of ore was brought to ground.
And presently Uncle Pengerric too,
Was not in Cornwall found.
But wherever he goes, and whenever he talks,
He says:—"The rod told true,
It brought to me luck, but it turn'd and struck
At nought but an old horse-shoe."
CHORUS. Oh! the keenly lode, &c.

Note: A Keenly Lode is a Lode that promises well.
A Bâll is the Cornish for a mine.

№ 47 MAY-DAY CAROL

C. J. S.



№ 47 MAY-DAY CAROL

1

Awake, ye pretty maids, awake,
Refreshed from drowsy dream,
And haste to dairy house, and take
For us a dish of cream.

2

If not a dish of yellow cream,
Then give us kisses three
The woodland bower is white with flower,
And green is every tree.

3

A branch of May we bear about
Before the door it stands;
There's not a sprout unbudded out,
The work of God's own hands.

4

Awake, awake ye pretty maids,
And take the May-bush in,
Or 'twill be gone ere tomorrow morn,
And you'll have none within.

5

Throughout the night, before the light,
There fell the dew or rain,
It twinkles bright on May bush white,
It sparkles on the plain.

6

The heavenly gates are open wide
To let escape the dew,
And heavenly grace falls on each place
It drops on us and you.

7

The life of man is but a span,
He blossoms as a flower,
He makes no stay, is here to day,
And vanish'd in an hour. *

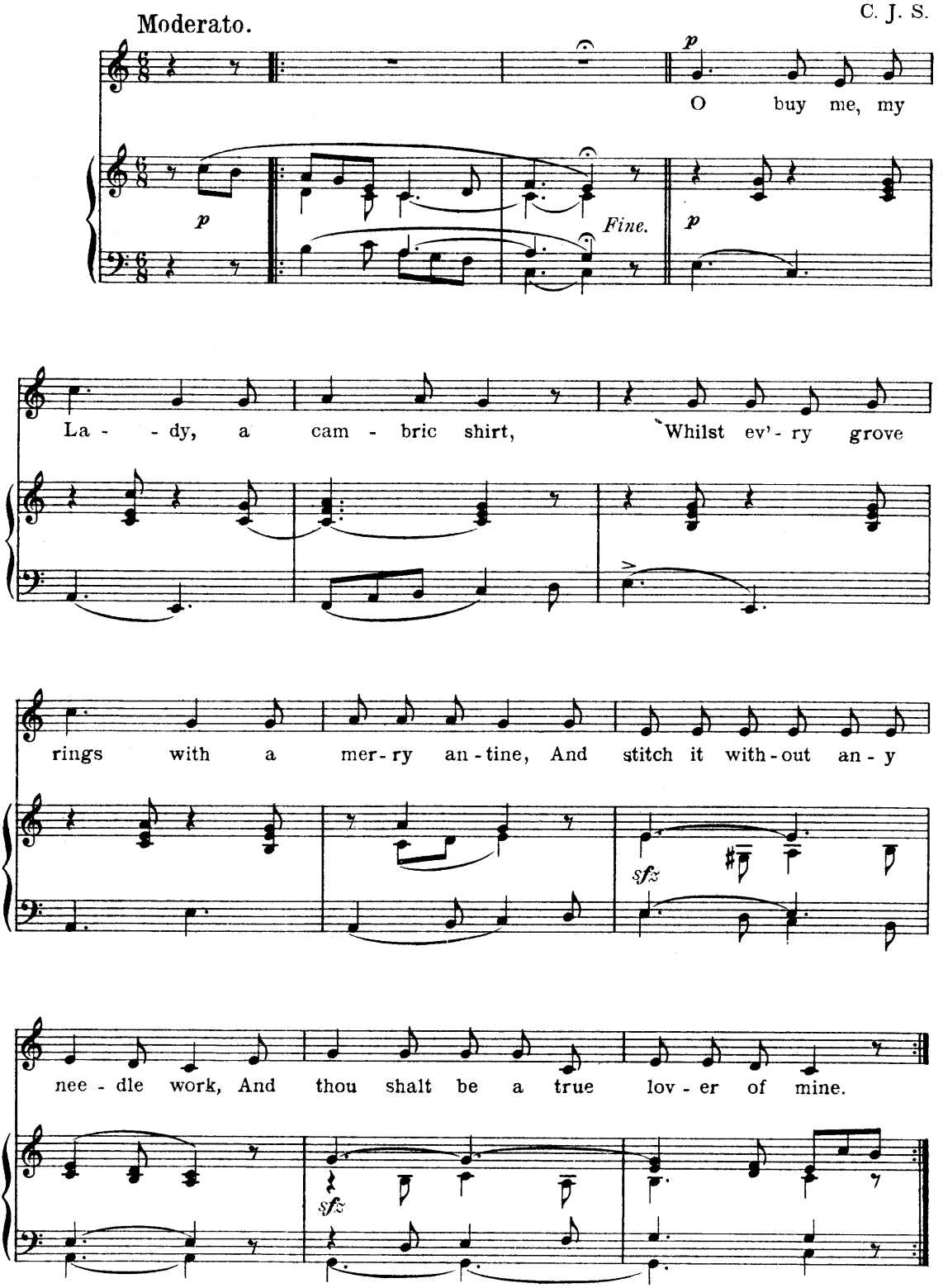
8

My song is done, I must be gone,
Nor make a longer stay.
God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you gladsome May.

* Verses 6 & 7, and there have been others of like moralising nature were added when the character of the May-Day visit was altered from one of lovers to their sweet-hearts into one of children seeking May-Gifts. Then the 'Kisses three' were changed to "Pennies one or three."

Nº 48 THE LOVER'S TASKS

C. J. S.



№ 48 THE LOVER'S TASKS

1

He: O buy me, my Lady, a cambric shirt
Whilst every grove rings with a merry antine *(antienne anthem)*
And stitch it without any needle work
And thou shalt be a true lover of mine.

2

O thou must wash it in yonder well,
Whilst every grove &c.
Where never a drop of water in fell,
And thou shalt &c.

3

And thou must bleach it on yonder grass,
Whilst every grove &c.
Where never a foot or hoof did pass.
And thou shalt &c.

4

And thou must hang it upon a white thorn,
Whilst every grove &c.
That never blossom'd since Adam was born
And thou shalt &c.

5

And when these works are finished and done
Whilst every grove &c.
I'll take and marry thee under the sun.
And thou shalt &c.

6

★*She:* Thou must buy for me an acre of land,
Whilst every grove &c.
Between the salt sea and the yellow sand
And thou shalt &c.

7

Thou must plough it o'er with a horses horn
Whilst every grove &c.
And sow it over with a pepper corn,
And thou shalt &c.

8

Thou must reap it, too, with a piece of leather,
Whilst every grove &c.
And bind it up with a peacock's feather,
And thou shalt &c.

9

Thou must take it up in a bottomless sack,
Whilst every grove &c.
And bear it to the mill on a butterfly's back.
And thou shalt &c.

10

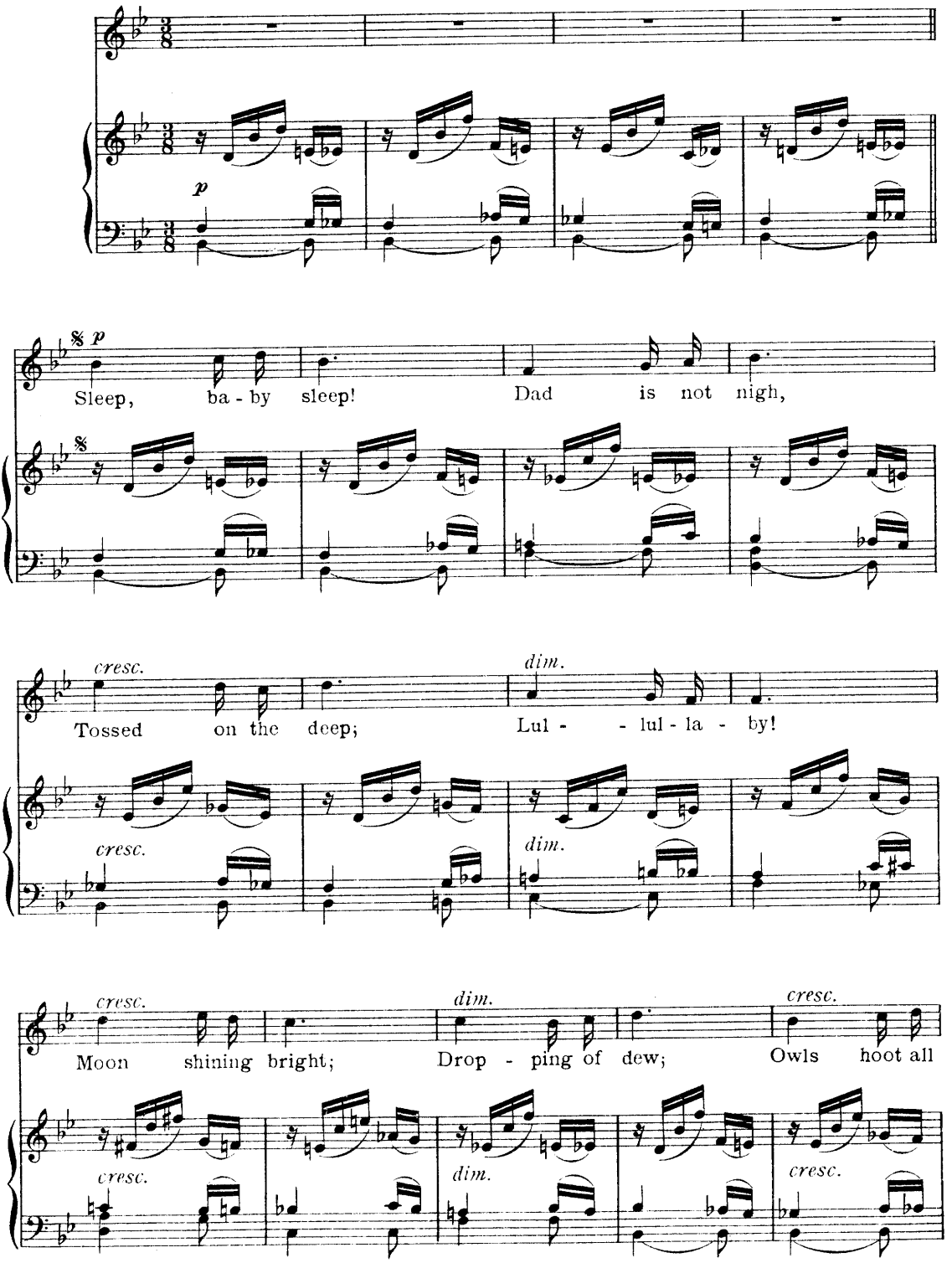
And when these works are finished and done
Whilst every grove &c.
I'll take and marry thee under the sun.
And thou shalt &c.

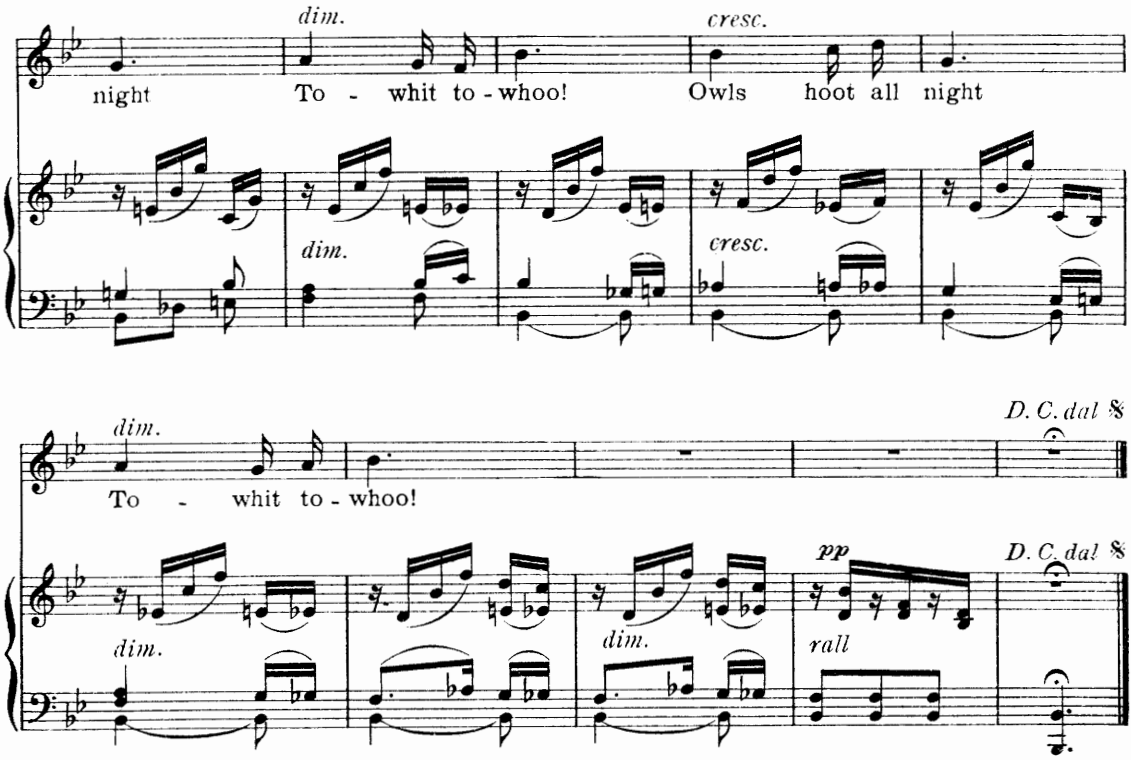
★All the second part may be omitted.

№ 49 LULLABY

H. F. S.

Andante con tenerezza.





№ 49 LULLABY

1

Sleep, baby sleep!
Dad is not nigh,
Tossed on the deep,
Lul-lul-a-by!
Moon shining bright,
Dropping of dew.
Owls hoot all night
To-whit! to-whoo!

2

Sleep, baby sleep!
Dad is away,
Tossed on the deep,
Looking for day.
In the hedge row
Glow-worms alight,
Rivulets flow,
All through the night.

3

Sleep, baby sleep!
Dad is afar,
Tossed on the deep,
Watching a star.
Clock going—tick,
Tack—in the dark.
On the hearth-brick,
Dies the last spark.

4

Sleep, baby sleep!
What! not a wink!
Dad on the deep,
What will he think?
Baby dear, soon
Daddy will come,
Bringing red shoon
For baby at home.

№ 50 THE GIPSY COUNTESS

PART I.

C. J. S.

Allegro.

mf

There

p

came an Earl a - rid - ing by, A gip - sy maid es - py - ed he; "O

mf

nut-brown maid, from green wood glade, O pri-thee come a - long with me." "In

cresc.

greenwood glade, fair Sir!" she said, "I am so blythe, as bird so gay. In thy castle tall, in

cresc.

f

D. C. dal ℵ

bow'r and hall, I fear for grief I'd pine a-way."

D. C. dal ℵ

f

f

Fine.

№ 50 THE GIPSY COUNTESS

PART I.

1

There came an Earl a riding by,
A gipsy maid espyed he;
"O nut-brown maid, from green wood glade,
O prithee come along with me."
"In greenwood glade, fair Sir!" she said,
"I am so blythe, as bird so gay.
In thy castle tall, in bower and hall,
I fear for grief I'd pine away."

2

"Thou shalt no more be set in stocks,
And tramp about from town to town,
But thou shalt ride in pomp and pride
In velvet red and broidered gown."
"My brothers three no more I'd see,
If that I went with thee, I trow.
They sing me to sleep, with songs so sweet,
They sing as on our way we go."

3

"Thou shalt not be torn by thistle and thorn,
With thy bare feet all in the dew.
But shoes shall wear of Spanish leather
And silken stockings all of blue."
"I will not go to thy castle high,
For thou wilt weary soon, I know,
Of the gipsy maid, from green-wood glade,
And drive her forth in rain and snow."

4

"All night you lie neath the starry sky
In rain and snow you trudge all day,
But thy brown head, in a feather bed,
When left the gipsies, thou shalt lay."
"I love to lie 'neath the starry sky,
I do not heed the snow and rain,
But fickle as wind, I fear to find
The man who now my heart would gain."

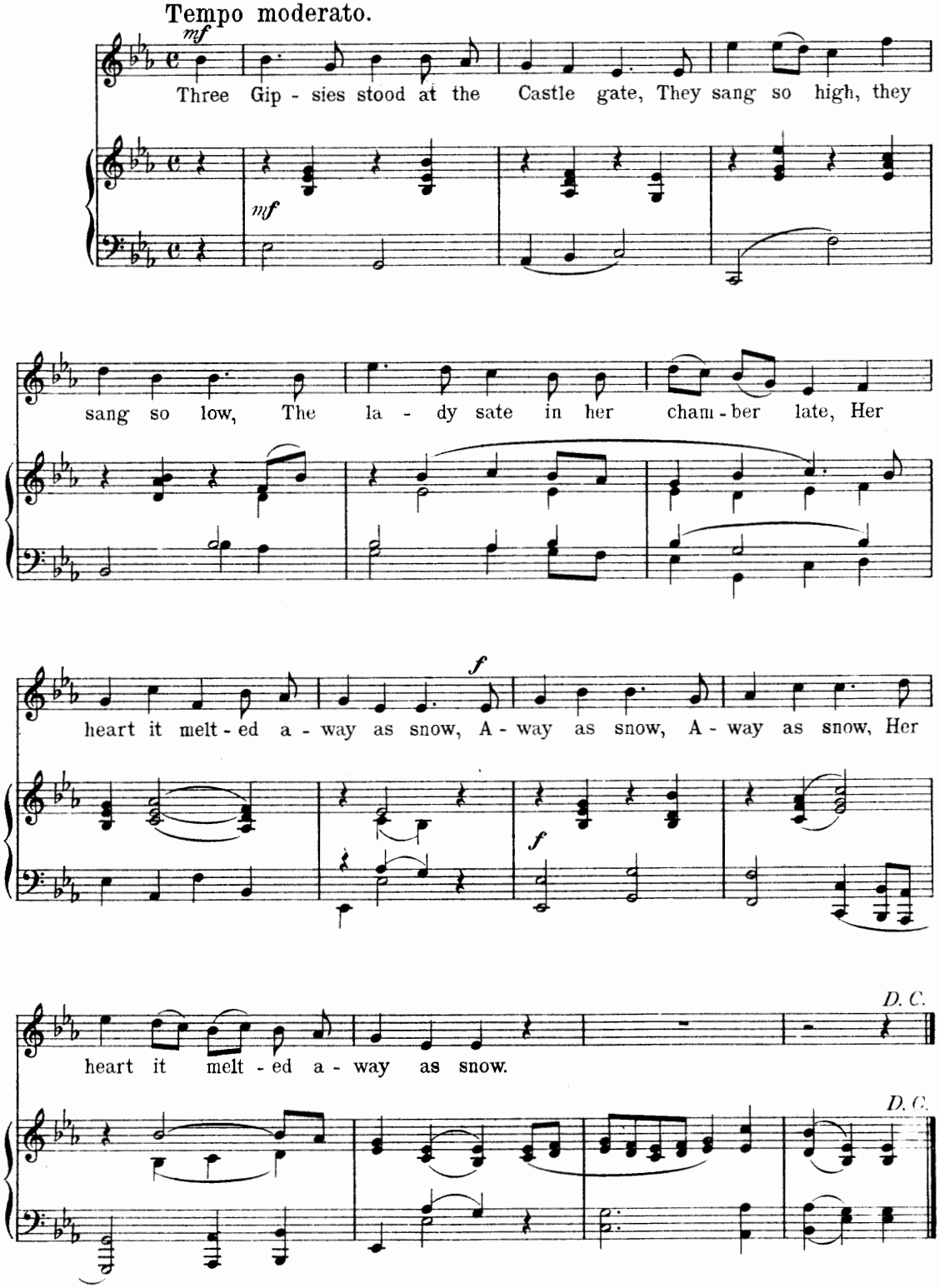
5

"I will thee wed, sweet maid," he said,
"I will thee wed with a golden ring,
Thy days shall be spent in merriment;
For us the marriage bells shall swing."
The dog did howl, and screech'd the owl,
The raven croaked, the night-wind sighed;
The wedding bell from the steeple fell,
As home the Earl did bear his bride.

№ 50 THE GIPSY COUNTESS

PART II.

C. J. S.



PART II.

1

Three Gipsies stood at the Castle gate,
They sang so high, they sang so low,
The lady sate in her chamber late,
Her heart it melted away as snow,
Away as snow,
Her heart it melted away as snow.

2

They sang so sweet; they sang so shrill,
That fast her tears began to flow.
And she laid down her silken gown,
Her golden rings, and all her show,
All her show &c:

*3

She plucked off her high-heeled shoes,
A-made of Spanish leather, O.
She would in the street; with her bare, bare feet;
All out in the wind and weather, O.
Weather, O! &c:

4

She took in hand but a one posie,
The wildest flowers that do grow.
And down the stair went the lady fair,
To go away with the gipsies, O!
The gipsies, O! &c:

5

At past midnight her lord came home,
And where his lady was would know;
The servants replied on every side,
She's gone away with the gipsies, O!
The gipsies, O! &c:

*6

Then he rode high, and he rode low,
And over hill and vale, I trow,
Until he espied his fair young bride,
Who'd gone away with the gipsies, O!
The gipsies, O! &c:

*7

O will you leave your house and lands,
Your golden treasures for to go,
Away from your lord that weareth a sword,
To follow along with the gipsies, O!
The gipsies, O! &c:

8

O I will leave my house and lands,
My golden treasures for to go,
I love not my lord that weareth a sword,
I'll follow along with the gipsies, O!
The gipsies, O! &c:

9

'Nay, thou shalt not!' then he drew, I wot,
The sword that hung at his saddle bow,
And once he smote on her lily-white throat,
And there her red blood down did flow
Down did flow, &c:

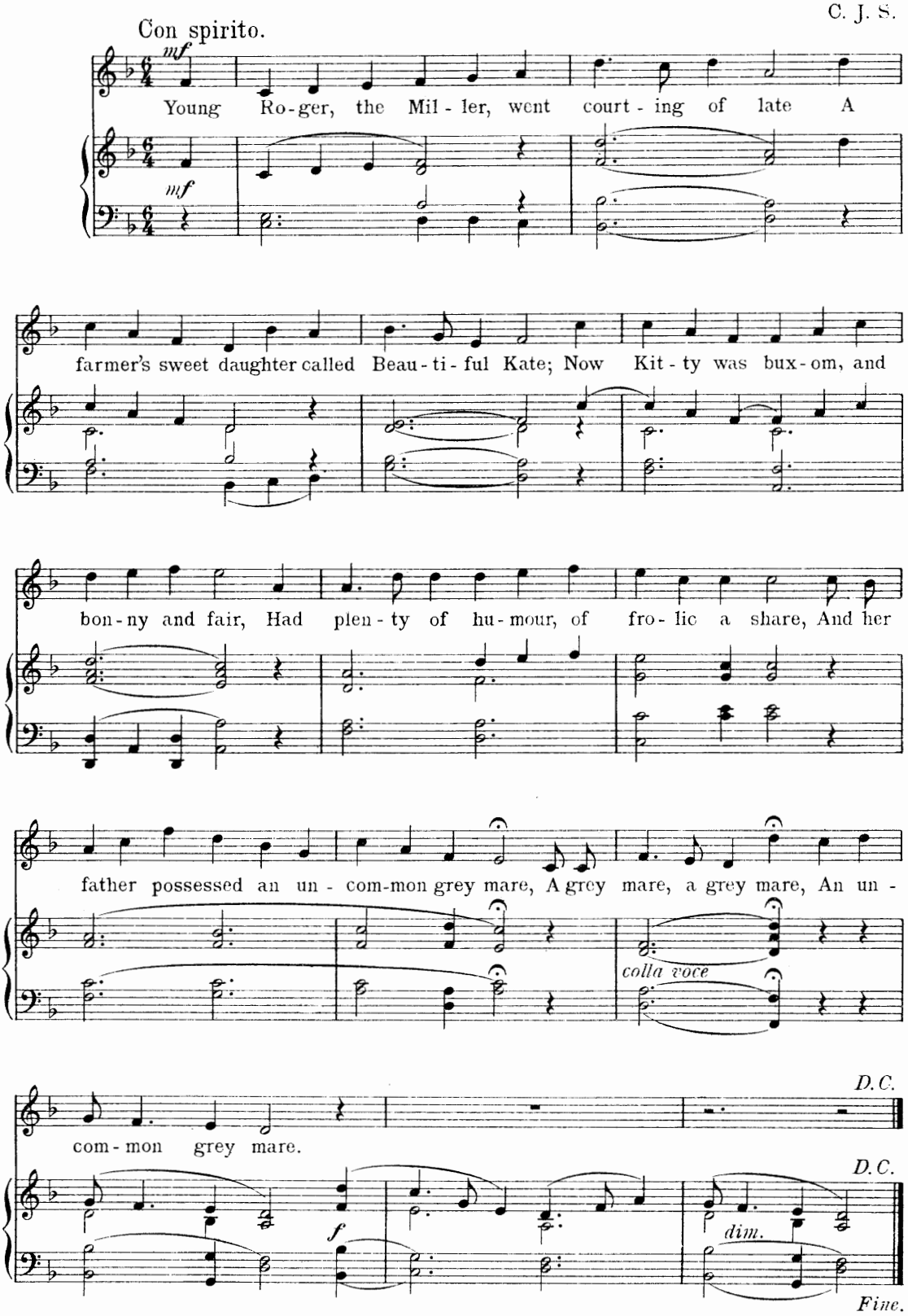
10

Then dipp'd in blood was the posie good,
That was of the wildest flowers that blow.
She sank on her side, and so she died,
For she would away with the gipsies, O!
The gipsies, O!
For she would away with the gipsies O!

* In singing, these may be omitted.

№ 51 THE GREY MARE

C. J. S.



№ 51 THE GREY MARE

1

Young Roger, the Miller, went courting of late
A farmer's sweet daughter called Beautiful Kate;
Now Kitty was buxom, and bonny and fair,
Had plenty of humour, of frolic a share,
And her father possessed an uncommon grey mare,
A grey mare, a grey mare,
An uncommon grey mare.

2

So Roger he dressed himself up as a beau,
He comb'd down his locks, and in collars of snow,
He went to the farmer, and said, "How d'y do?
I love pretty Kitty to her I'll prove true;
Will you give me the grey mare and Katherine too,
The grey mare, the grey mare &c.

3

"She's a very nice maiden, a-courting I'm come.
Lawks! how I would like the grey mare to ride home!
I love your sweet daughter so much I declare,
I'm ready my mill— and my stable— to share,
With Kitty the charming, and with the grey mare,
The grey mare, the grey mare &c.

4

"You're welcome to her, to her hand and her heart,
But from the grey mare, man, I never will part."
So said the old farmer,— then Roger, "I swear,
It is up with my courting, for Kate I don't care,
Unless I be given as well the grey mare.
The grey mare, the grey mare &c.

5

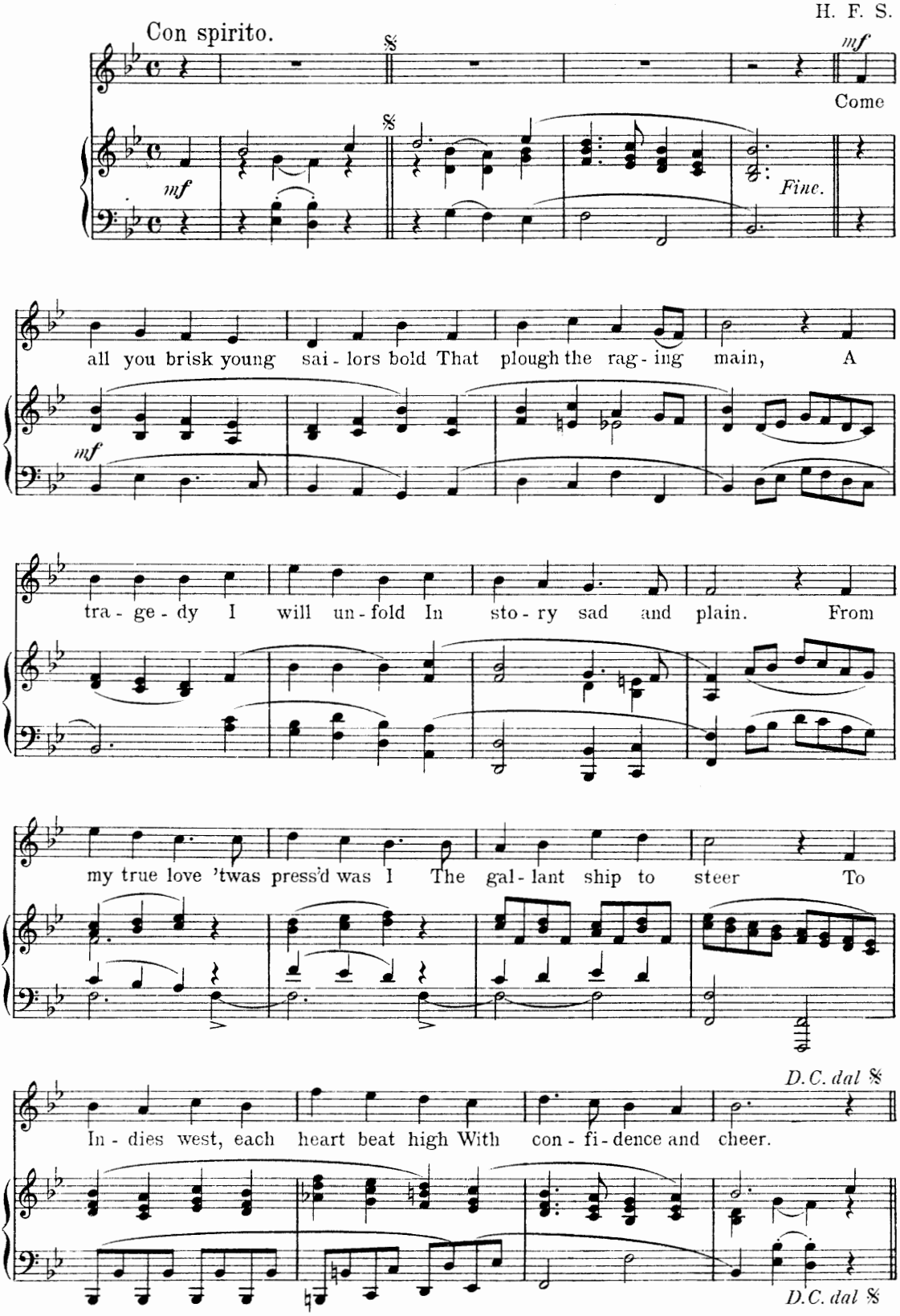
The years had pass'd swiftly, when withered and grey,
Old Roger, the Miller, met Katherine one day,
Said he, "I remember you, buxom and fair,
As roses your cheeks and as broom was your hair
And I came a courting!— Ah, Kate! the grey mare,
The grey mare, the grey mare &c.

6

"I remember your coming to court the grey mare
Very well, Mr Roger, when golden my hair,
And cheecks were as roses that bloom on the wall.
But, lawks! Mr Roger,— I can not recall
That e'er you came sweet-hearting *me,* man, at all,
But the mare, the grey mare
That uncommon grey mare."

№ 52 THE WRECK OFF SCILLY

H. F. S.



№ 52 THE WRECK OFF SCILLY

1

Come all you brisk young sailors bold
That plough the raging main,
A tragedy I will unfold
In story sad and plain.
From my true love 'twas pressed was I
The gallant ship to steer
To Indies west,— each heart beat high
With confidence and cheer.

2

A year was gone, and home at last,
We turn'd with swelling sail,
When — — 'ere the Scilly over-passed
There broke on us a gale.
The boatswain up aloft did go.
He went aloft so high.
More angry did the ocean grow,
More menacing the sky.

3

To make the stripe in vain we tried
The Scilly rocks to clear,
The thunder of the furious tide
Was filling every ear.
There came a sharp and sudden shock,—
Each thought of wife and home!
The gallant ship was on a rock,
And swept with wave and foam.

4

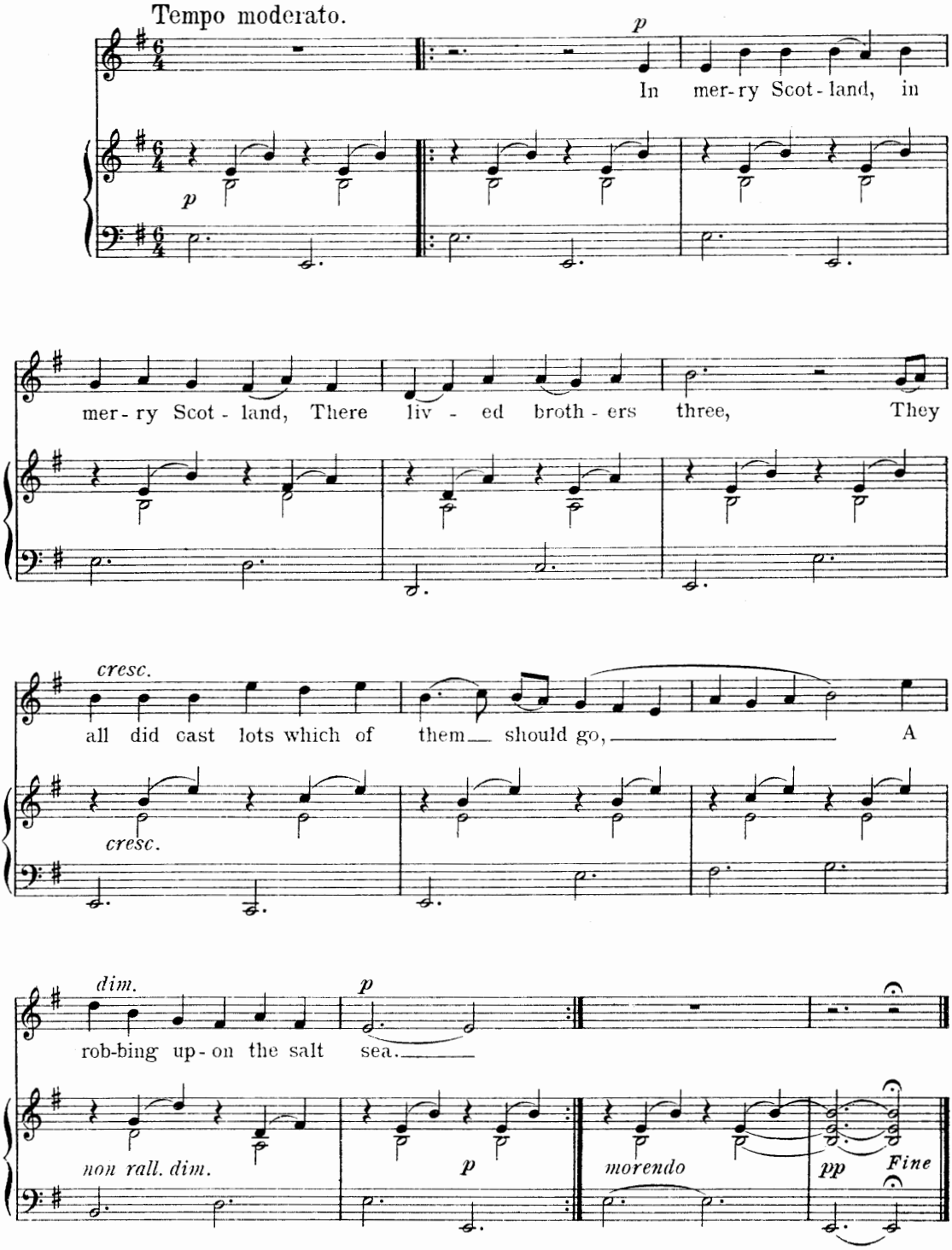
Of eighty seamen 'prised the crew,
But one did reach the shore,
The gallant vessel, good and true,
Was shattered aft and fore.
The news to Plymouth swift did fly,
That our good ship was gone;
And wet with tears was many an eye,
And many a widow lone.

5

And when I came to Plymouth sound
Alive, of eighty dead,
My pretty love, then false I found
And to a landsman wed.
O gentles all that live on land
Be-think the boys at sea,
Lo! here I stand with cap in hand,
And crave your charity.

No 53 HENRY MARTYN

C. J. S.



Nº 53 HENRY MARTYN

1

In merry Scotland, in merry Scotland,
There lived brothers three,
They all did cast lots which of them should go,
A robbing upon the salt sea.

2

The lot it fell upon Henry Martyn,
The youngest of the three,
That he should go rob on the salt, salt sea,
To maintain his brothers and he,

3.

He had not a sailed a long winter's night,
No yet a short winter's day,
Before he espied the King's gallant ship,
Come sailing along that way.

4

How far, how far, cried Henry Martyn,
How far are you going? said he
For I am a robber upon the salt seas,
To maintain my brothers and me.

5

Stand off, stand off! the Captain he cried,
The lifeguards they are aboard.
My cannons are loaden with powder and shot;
And every man hath a sword.

6

For three long hours they merrily fought,
For hours they fought full three.
And many a blow it dealt many a wound,
As they fought on the salt, salt sea.

7

Twas broadside against a broadside then,
And at it, the which should win,
A shot in the gallant ship bored a hole,
And then did the water rush in.

8

Bad news! bad news, for old England
Bad news has come to the town,
The king his vessel is wrecked and lost,
An all his brave soldiers drown.

9

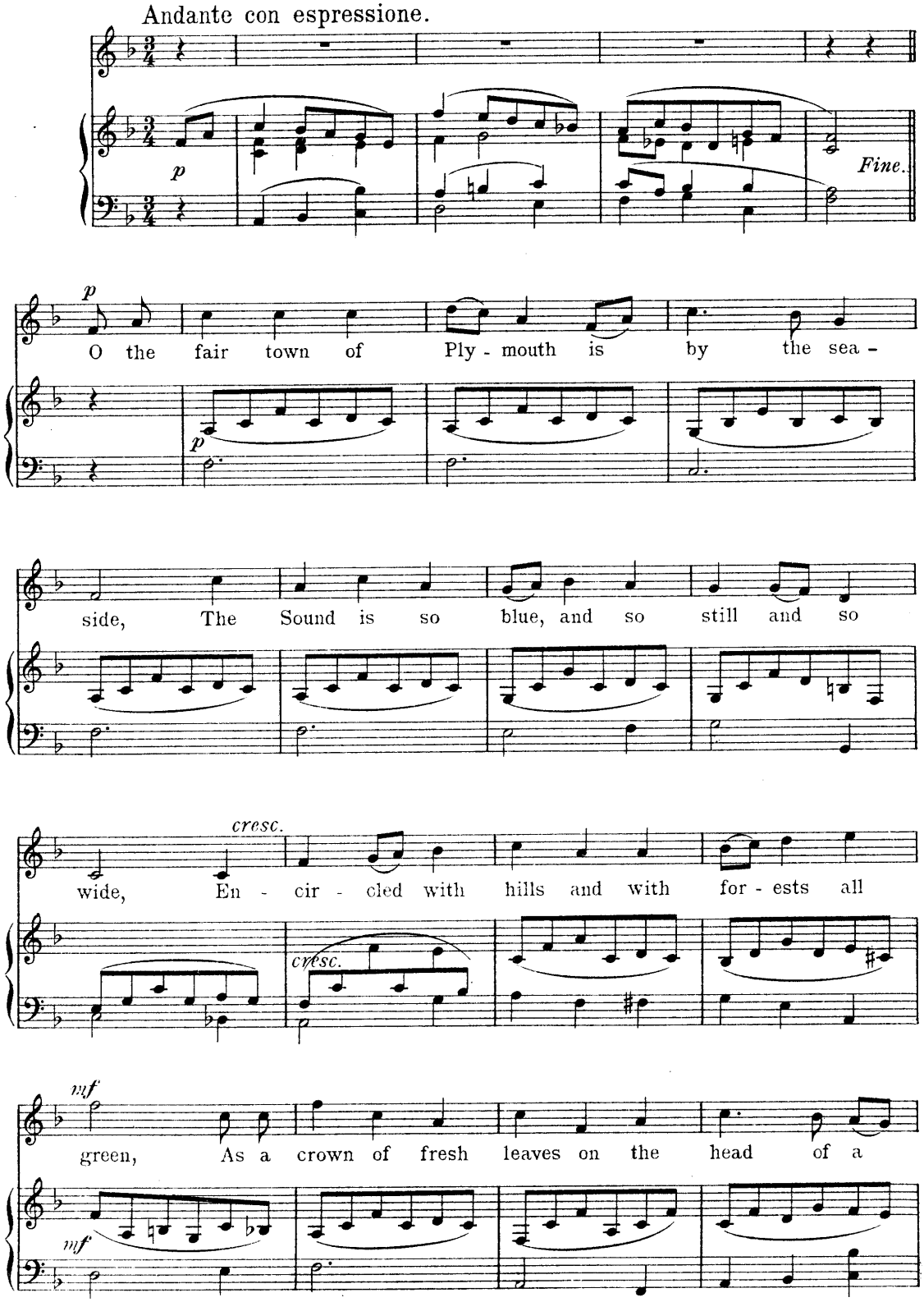
Bad news! bad news through the London street!
Bad news has come to the King,
The lives of his guard they be all a lost,
O the tidings be sad that I bring.

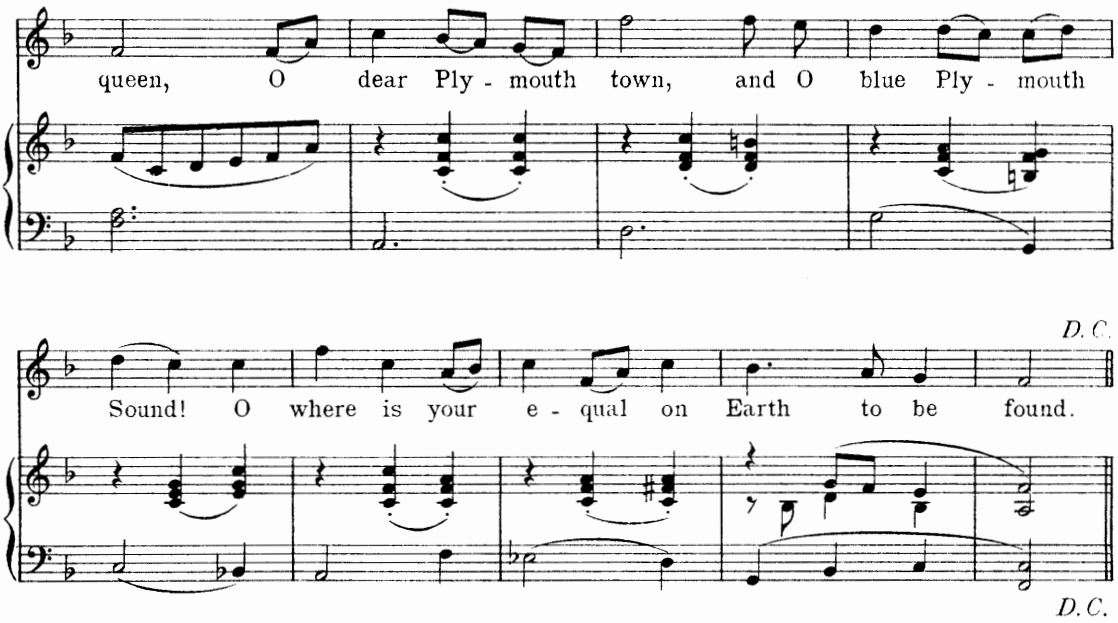
10

O had I a twisted rope of hemp,
A bowstring strong though thin;
I'd soon hang him up to his middle yard arm,
And have done with Henry Martyn.

№ 54 PLYMOUTH SOUND

H. F. S.





№ 54 PLYMOUTH SOUND

1.

O the fair town of Plymouth is by the sea-side,
The Sound is so blue, and so still and so wide,
Encircled with hills and with forests all green,
As a crown of fresh leaves on the head of a queen,
O dear Plymouth town, and O blue Plymouth Sound!
O where is your equal on Earth to be found.

2.

O the maidens of Plymouth are comely and sweet,
So mirthful of eye and so nimble of feet,
I love all the lasses of Plymouth so well,
That the which I love best not a prophet can tell.
O dear Plymouth town, &c.

3.

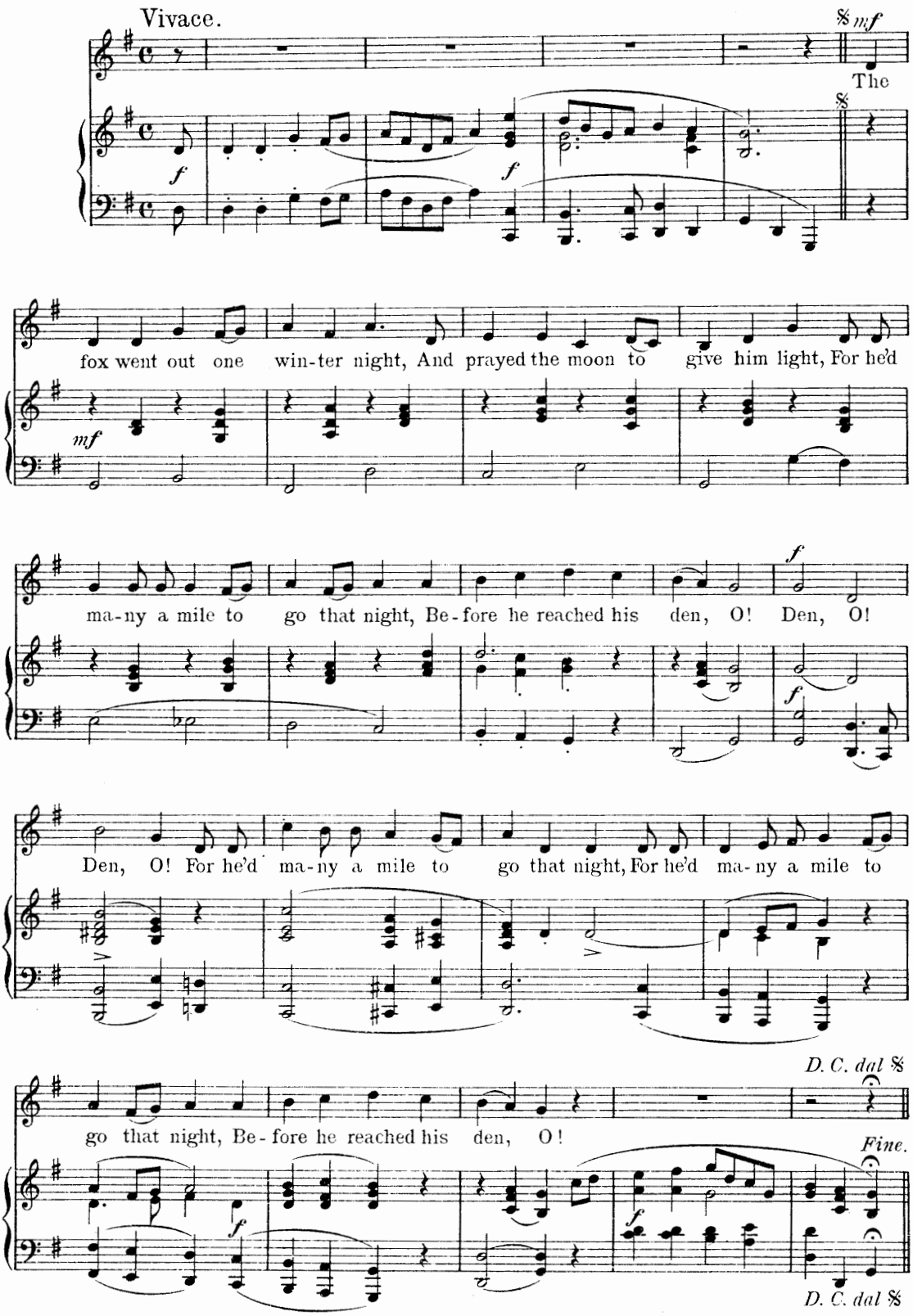
O the bells of old Plymouth float over the bay,
My heart it does melt, as I'm sailing away.
O be they a ringing when I do return,
With thoughts matrimonial my bosom will burn.
O dear Plymouth town, &c.

4.

For the maidens of Plymouth my love is so hot,
With a bushel of rings I would marry the lot.
But as I can't marry them all, well-a-day!
Perhaps it's as well that I'm sailing away.
O dear Plymouth town, &c.

№ 55 THE FOX

C. J. S.



№ 55 THE FOX

1

The fox went out one winter night,
And prayed the moon to give him light,
For he'd many a mile to go that night,
Before he reached his den, O!
Den, O! Den, O!
For he'd many a mile to go that night,
For he'd many a mile to go that night,
Before he reached his den, O!

2

At last he came to a farmer's yard,
Where ducks and geese were all afear'd,
"The best of you all shall grease my beard,
Before I leave the Town O!
Town, O! Town, O!
The best of you all &c.

3

He took the grey goose by the neck,
He laid a duck across his back,
And heeded not their quack! quack! quack!
The legs of all dangling down, O!
Down, O! Down, O!
And heeded not &c.

4

Then old mother Slipper Slopper jump'd out of bed
And out of the window she pop't her head,
Crying "Oh! John, John! the grey goose is dead,
And the fox is over the down, O!"
Down, O! Down, O!
Crying "O John John &c.

5

Then John got up to the top o' the hill,
And blew his horn both loud and shrill,
"Blow on" said Reynard, "your music still,
Whilst I trot home to my den, O!"
Den, O! Den, O!
"Blow on" said Reynard &c.

6

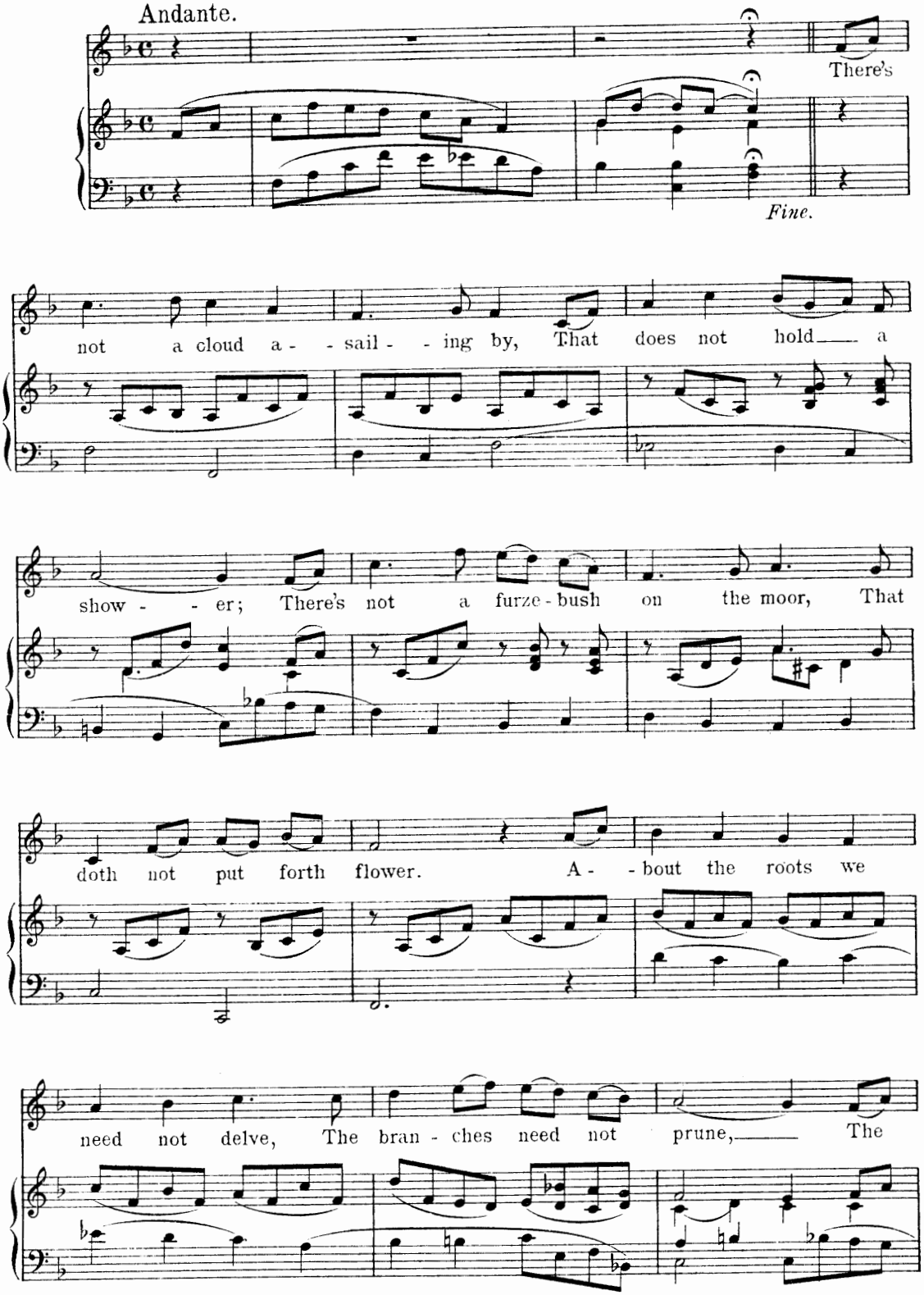
At last he came to his cosy den,
Where sat his young ones, nine or ten,
Quoth they, "Daddy, you must go there again,
For sure, 'tis a lucky town, O!"
Town, O! Town, O!
Quoth they, "Daddy, &c.

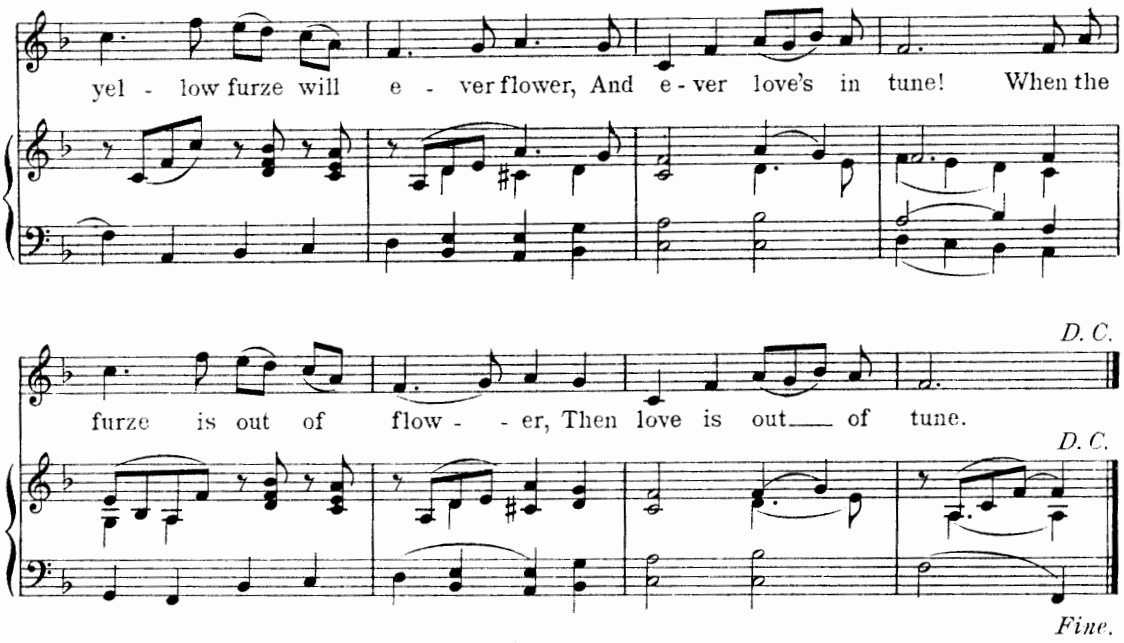
7

The fox and wife without any strife,
They cut up the goose without fork or knife,
And said 'twas the best they had eat in their life,
And the young ones pick'd the bones, O!
Bones, O! Bones, O!
And said 'twas the best, &c.

Nº 56 FURZE BLOOM

H. F. S.





Nº 56 FURZE BLOOM

1

There's not a cloud a sailing by,
That does not hold a shower;
There's not a furze-bush on the moor,
That doth not put forth flower.
About the roots we need not delve,
The branches need not prune,
The yellow furze will ever flower,
And ever love's in tune!
When the furze is out of flower,
Then love is out of tune.

2

There's not a season of the year,
Nor weather hot nor cold,
In windy spring, in watery fall,
But furze is clad in gold.
It blossoms in the falling snow,
I blazes bright in June,
And love, like it, is always here,
And ever opportune.
When the furze is out of flower,
Then love is out of tune.

3

*There's not a saucy lad I wot,
With light and roguish eye,
That doth not love a pretty lass,
And kiss her on the sly,
There's not a maiden in the shire
From Hartland Point to Brent,
In velvet, or in cotton gown,
That will his love resent.
When the furze is out of flower,
Then love is out of tune.

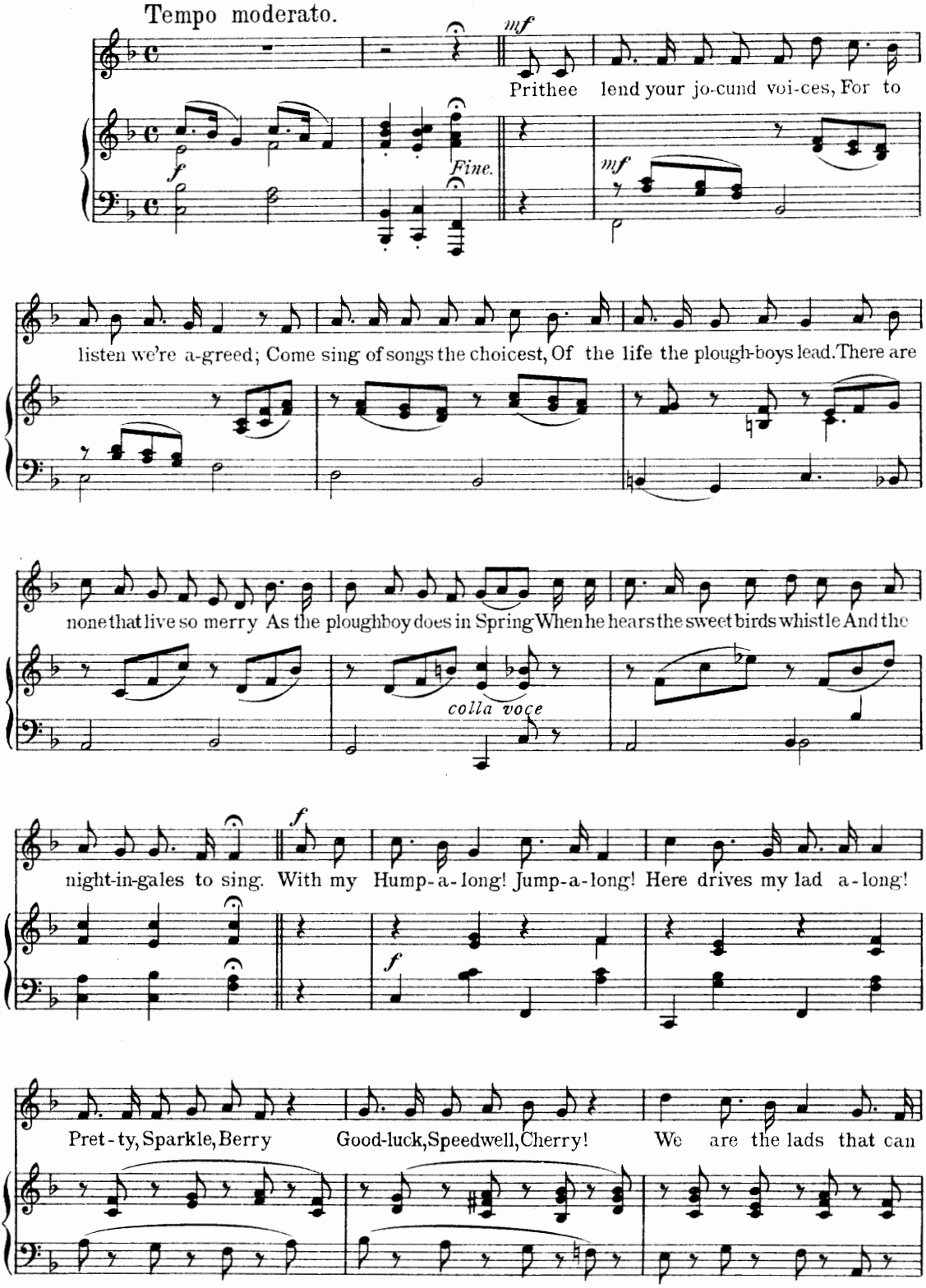
4

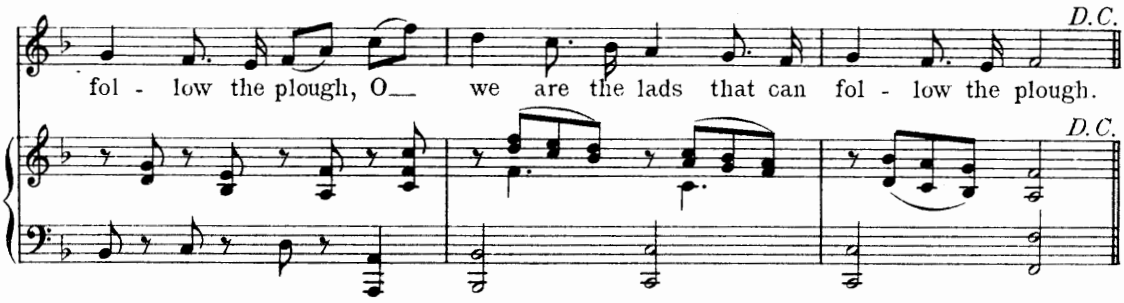
Beside the fire with toasted crabs,
We sit and love is there,
In merry spring, with apple flowers,
It flutters in the air.
At harvest when we toss the sheaves,
Then Love with them is toss't.
At fall when nipp'd and sere the leaves,
Unnipp't is Love by frost.
When the furze is out of flower,
Then love is out of tune.

* May be omitted in singing.

Nº 57 THE OXEN PLOUGHING

H. F. S.





№ 57 THE OXEN PLOUGHING

1

Prithee lend your joound voices,
For to listen we re agreed:
Come sing of songs the choicest,
Of the life the plough-boys lead.
There are none that live so merry
As the ploughboy does in Spring
When he hears the sweet birds whistle
And the nightingales to sing.
With my Hump-a-long! Jump-a-long!
Here drives my lad along!
Pretty, Sparkle, Berry
Good-luck, Speedwell, Cherry!
We are the lads that can follow the plough.

2

For it's, O my little ploughboy
Come awaken in the morn,
When the cock upon the dunghill
Is a-blowing of his horn.
Soon the sun above Brown Willy,*
With his golden face will show;
Therefore hasten to the linney
Yoke the oxen to the plough.
With my Hump-a-long! &c.

3

In the heat of the daytime
It's but little we can do.
We will lie beside our oxen
For an hour, or for two.
On the banks of sweet violets,
I'll take my noontide rest,
And it's I can kiss a pretty girl
As hearty as the best.
With my Hump a long! &c.

4

When the sun at eve is setting
And the shadows fill the vale,
Then our throttles we'll be wetting,
With the farmer's humming ale.
And the oxen home returning
We will send into the stall.
Where the logs and turf are burning,
We'll be merry ploughboys all.
With my Hump a long! &c.

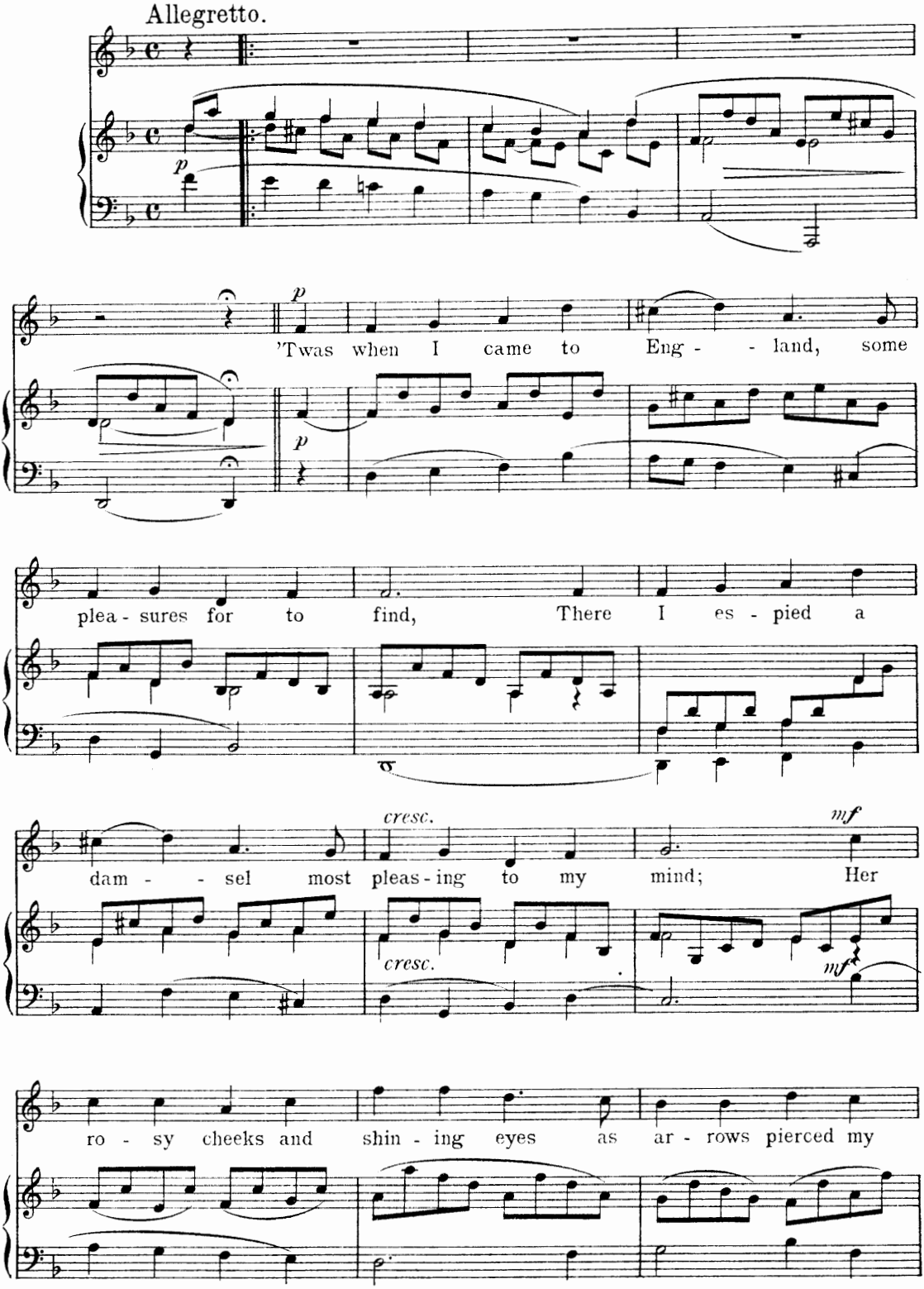
5

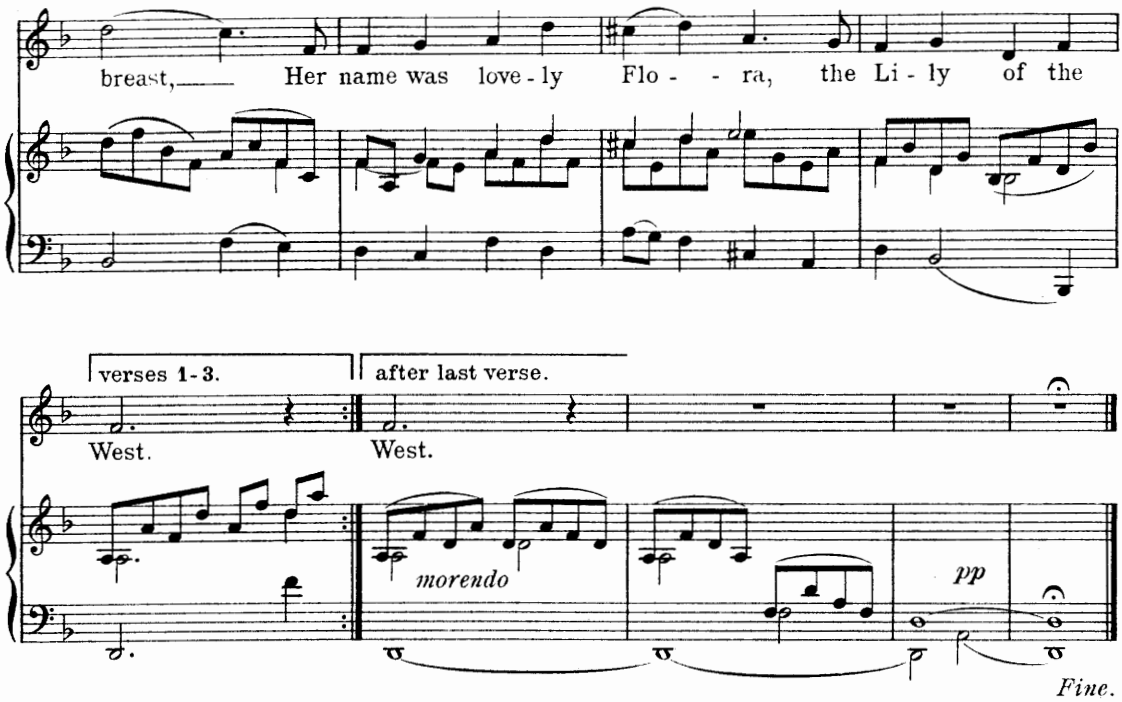
O the farmer must have seed, sir's
Or I swear he cannot sow.
And the miller with his mill wheel
Is an idle man also.
And the huntsman gives up hunting,
And the trades'man stands aside,
And the poor man bread is wanting,
So 'tis we for all provide.
With my Hump a long! &c.

* Or any other suitable hill

Nº 58 FLORA THE LILY OF THE WEST

C. J. S.





Nº 58 FLORA THE LILY OF THE WEST

1

'Twas when I came to England, some pleasures for to find,
There I espied a damsel most pleasing to my mind;
Her rosy cheeks and shining eyes as arrows pierced my breast,
Her name was lovely Flora, the Lily of the West.

2

Her golden hair in ringlets hung, her dress was spangled o'er;
She'd rings on every finger, brought from a foreign shore;
'Twould ruin kings and princes, so richly was she dress'd,
She far excelleth Venus, this Lily of the West.

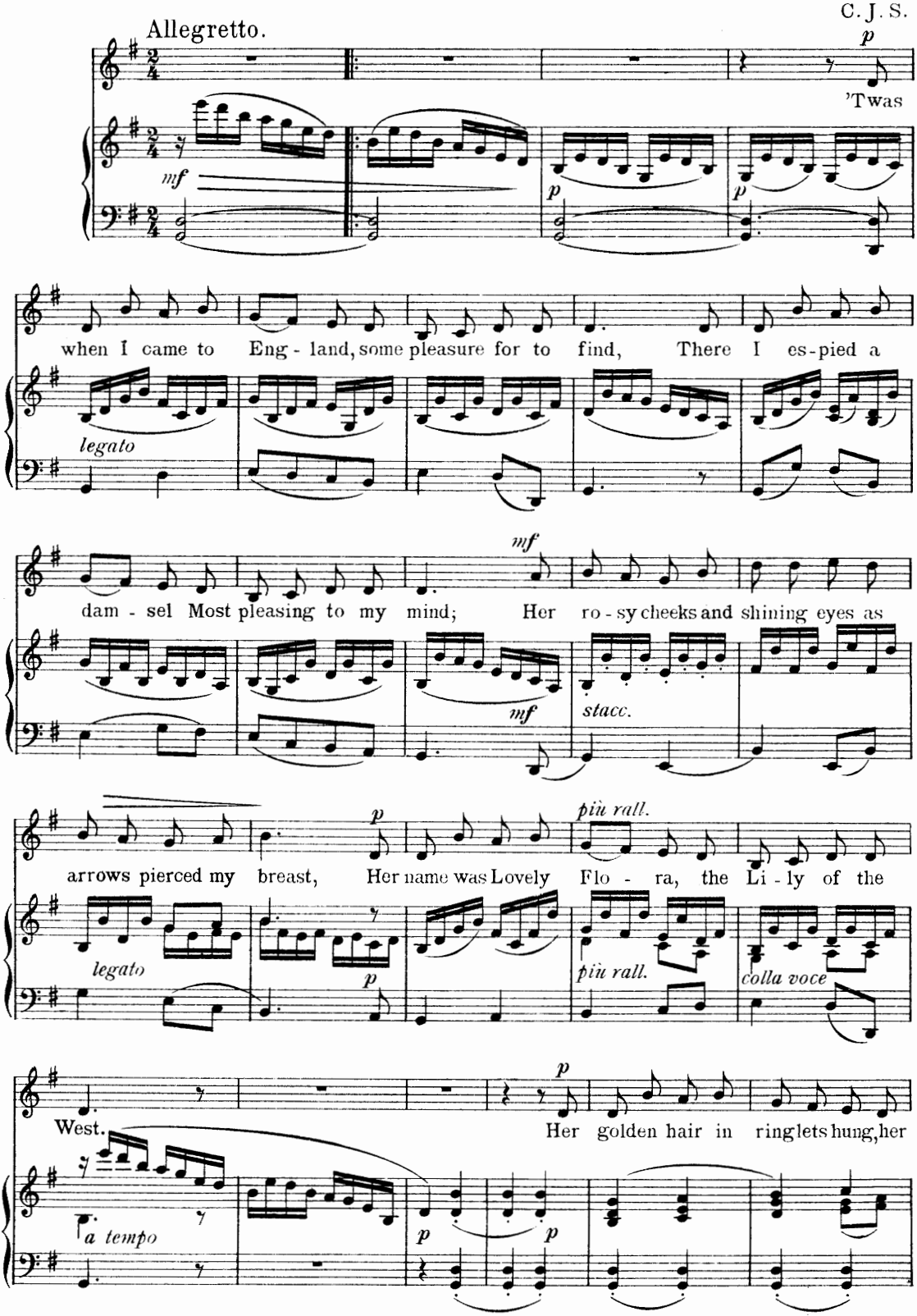
3

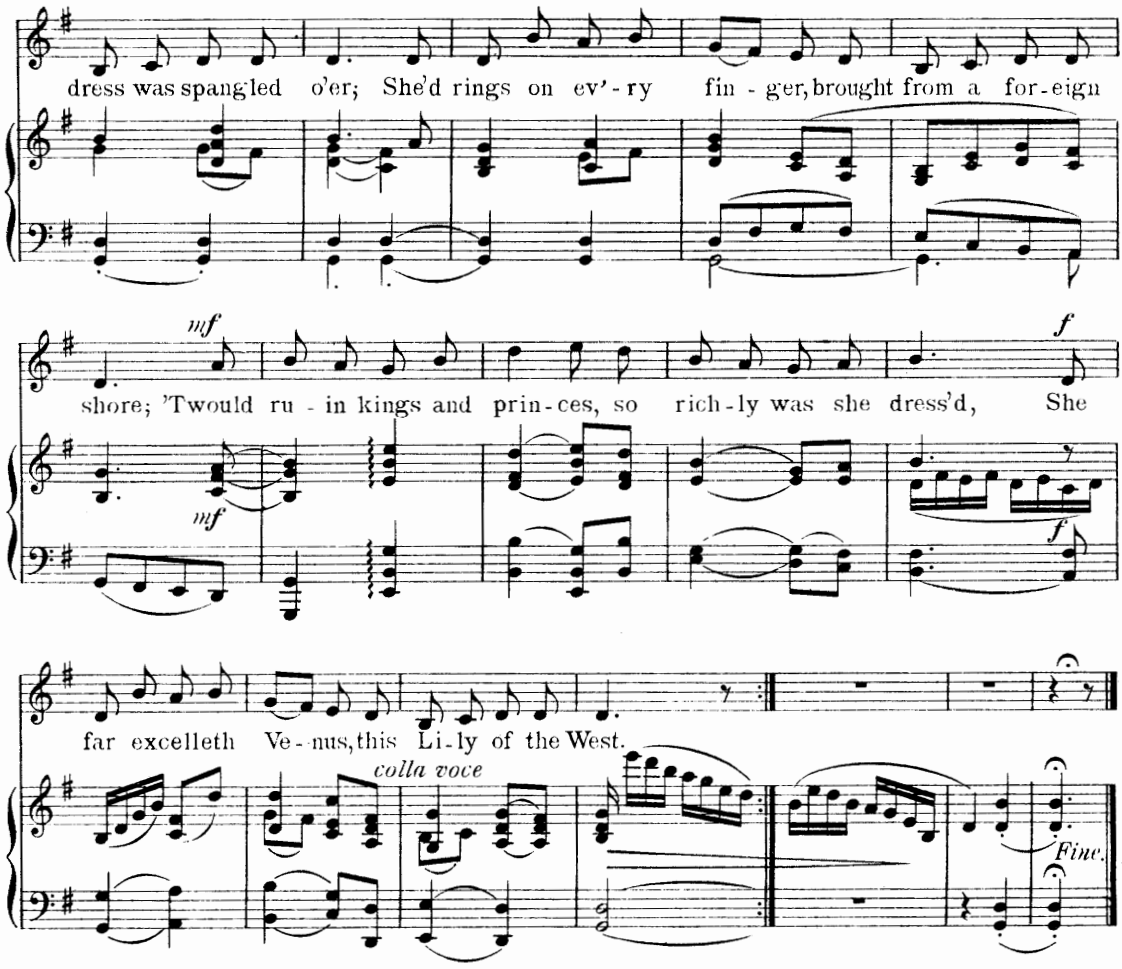
I courted her a fortnight, in hopes her love to gain,
But soon she turn'd against me, which caused all my pain.
She robb'd me of my freedom, she robb'd me of my rest,
I roam, forsook of Flora, the Lily of the West.

4

Alas! where'er I wander, however much I will,
The thought of that fair maiden abideth with me still;
For ever I am downcast, for ever sore oppress'd,
An outcast e'er from Flora, the Lily of the West.

№ 58 FLORA, THE LILY OF THE WEST





Nº 58 FLORA, THE LILY OF THE WEST

1

'Twas when I came to England, some pleasure for to find,
There I espied a damsel most pleasing to my mind;
Her rosy cheeks and shining eyes as arrows pierced my breast,
Her name was Lovely Flora, the Lily of the West.

2

Her golden hair in ringlets hung, her dress was spangled o'er;
She'd rings on every finger, brought from a foreign shore;
'Twould ruin kings and princes, so richly was she dress'd,
She far excelleth Venus, this Lily of the West.

3

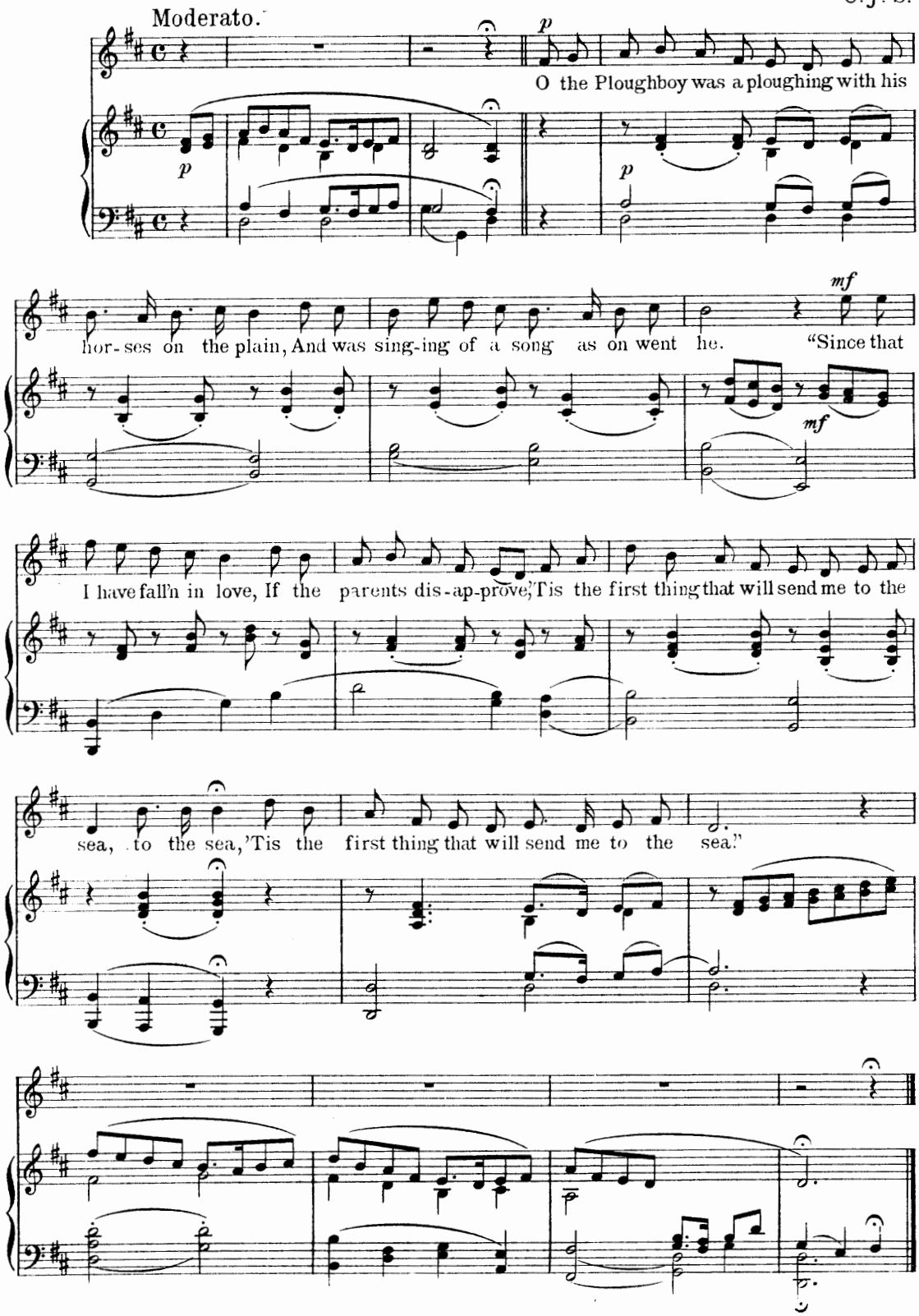
I courted her a fortnight, in hopes her love to gain,
But soon she turn'd against me, which caused all my pain.
She robb'd me of my freedom, she robb'd me of my rest,
I roam, forsook of Flora, the Lily of the West.

4

Alas! where'er I wander, however much I will
The thought of that fair maiden abideth with me still;
For ever I am downcast, for ever am oppress'd,
An outcast e'er from Flora, the Lily of the West.

Nº 59 THE SIMPLE PLOUGHBOY

C. J. S.



Nº 59 THE SIMPLE PLOUGHBOY

1

O the Ploughboy was a ploughing
With his horses on the plain.
And was singing of a song as on went he.
"Since that I have fall'n in love,
If the parents disapprove,
'Tis the first thing that will send me to the sea."

2

When the parents came to know
That their daughter loved him so,
Then they sent a gang, and pressed him for the sea.
And they made of him a tar,
To be slain in cruel war;
Of the simple Ploughboy singing on the lea.

3

The maiden sore did grieve,
And without a word of leave,
From her father's house she fled secretlie,
In male attire dress'd,
With a star upon her breast,
All to seek her simple Ploughboy on the sea.

4

Then she went o'er hill and plain,
And she walked in wind and rain,
Till she came to the brink of the blue sea.
Saying, "I am forced to rove,
For the loss of my true love,
Who is but a simple Ploughboy from the lea,"

5

*) Now the first she did behold,
O it was a sailor bold,
"Have you seen my simple ploughboy?" then said she.
"They have press'd him to the fleet,
Sent him tossing on the deep,
Who is but a simple Ploughboy from the lea."

6

Then she went to the Captain,
And to him she made complain,
"O a silly Ploughboy's run away from me!"
Then the Captain smiled and said,
"Why Sir! surely you're a maid!
So the Ploughboy I will render up to thee."

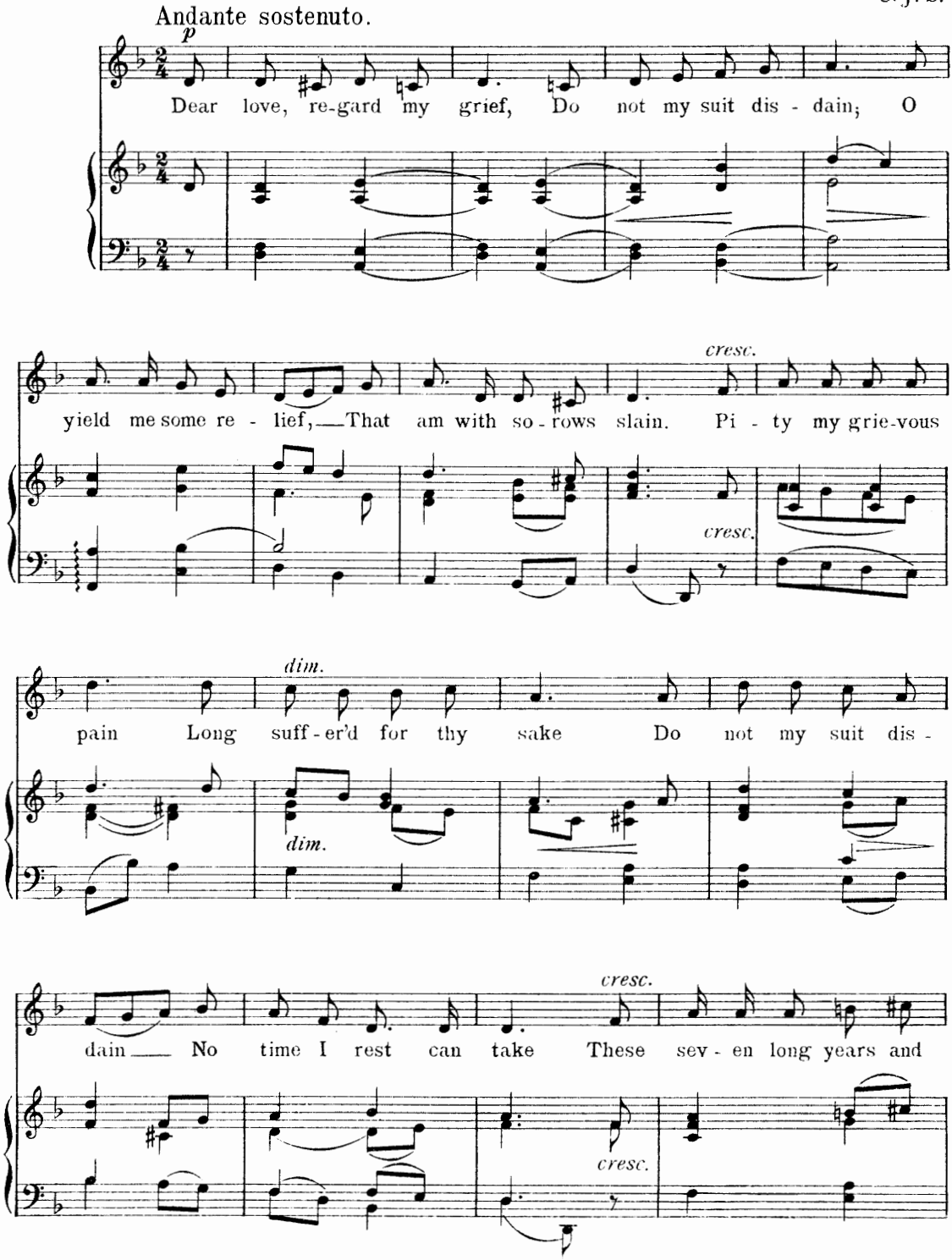
7

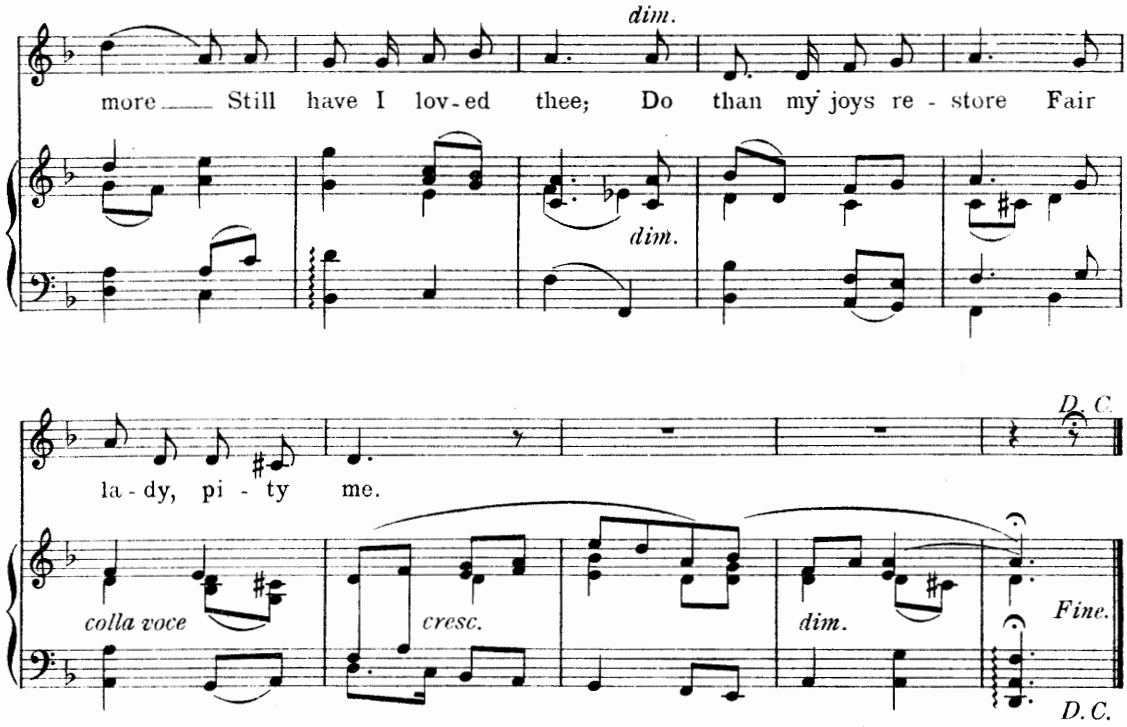
Then she pullèd out a store,
Of five hundred crowns and more,
And she strewed them on the deck, did she,
Then she took him by the hand,
And she rowed him to the land,
Where she wed the simple Ploughboy back from sea.

*) May be omitted in singing.

Nº 60 FAIR LADY, PITY ME

C. J. S.





Nº 60 FAIR LADY, PITY ME

1

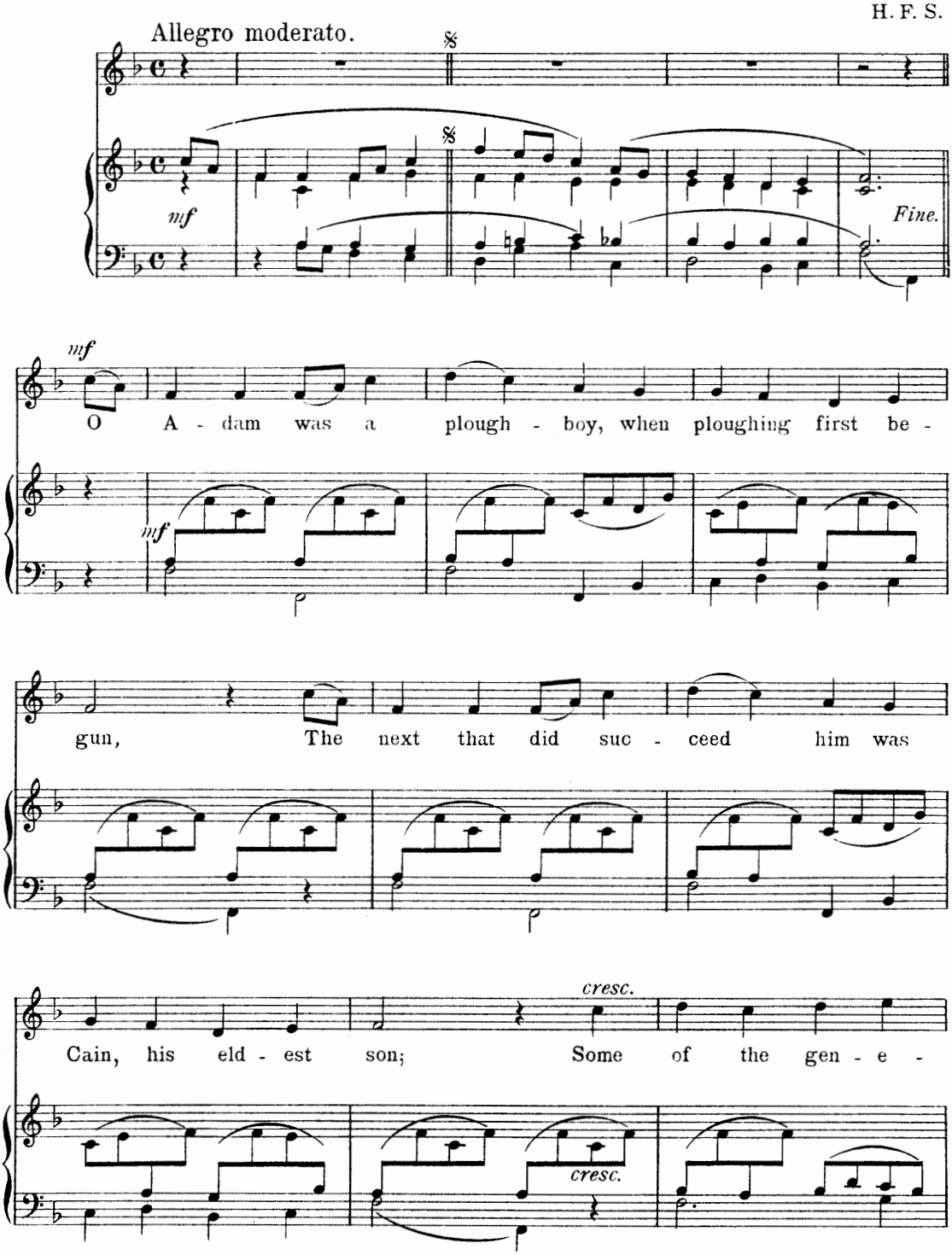
Dear love, regard my grief,
Do not my suit disdain;
O yield me some relief,
That am with sorrows slain.
Pity my grievous pain
Long suffer'd for thy sake,
Do not my suit disdain
No time I rest can take.
These seven long years and more
Still have I loved thee;
Do thou my joys restore
Fair lady, pity me.

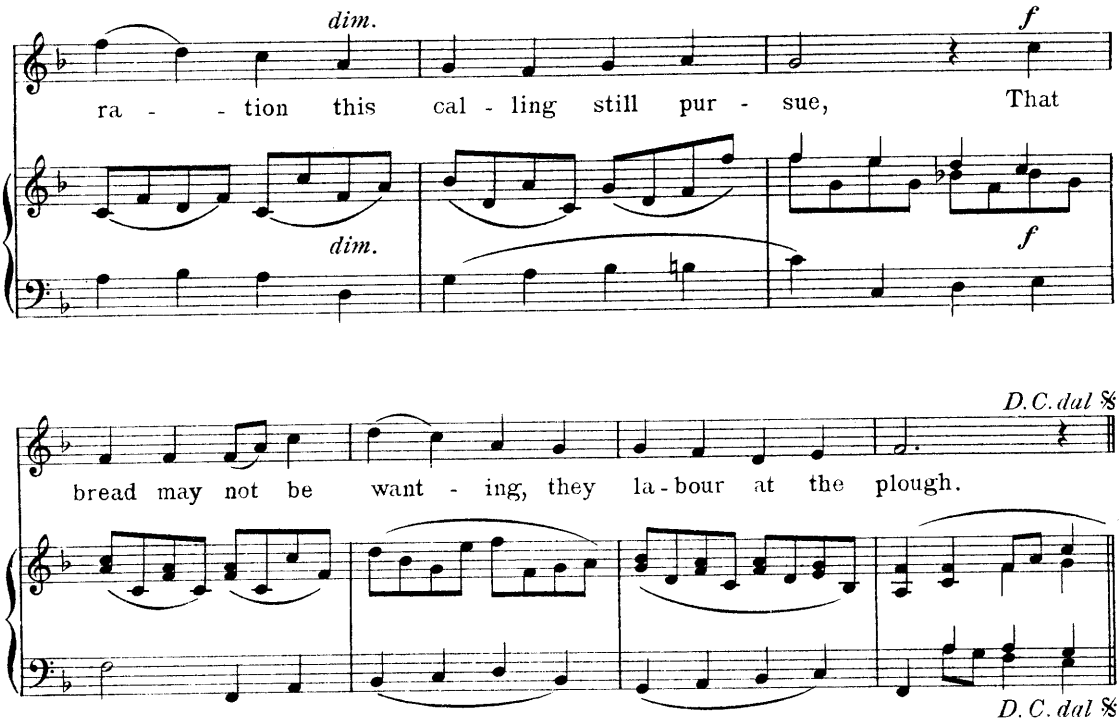
2

While that I live I love
So fancy urgeth me;
My mind can not remove
Such is my constancy.
My mind is nobly bent
Tho' I'm of low degree;
Sweet lady, give consent
To love and pity me.
These seven long years and more
Still have I loved thee;
Do thou my joys restore
Fair lady, pity me.

Nº 61 THE PAINFUL PLOUGH

H. F. S.





Nº 61 THE PAINFUL PLOUGH

1

O Adam was a ploughboy, when ploughing first begun,
The next that did succeed him was Cain, his eldest son;
Some of the generation the calling still pursue,
That bread may not be wanting, they labour at the plough.

2

Samson was the strongest man, and Solomon was wise,
And Alexander conquering, he made the world his prize,
King David was a valiant man, and many thousands slew,
Yet none of all these heroes bold could live without the plough.

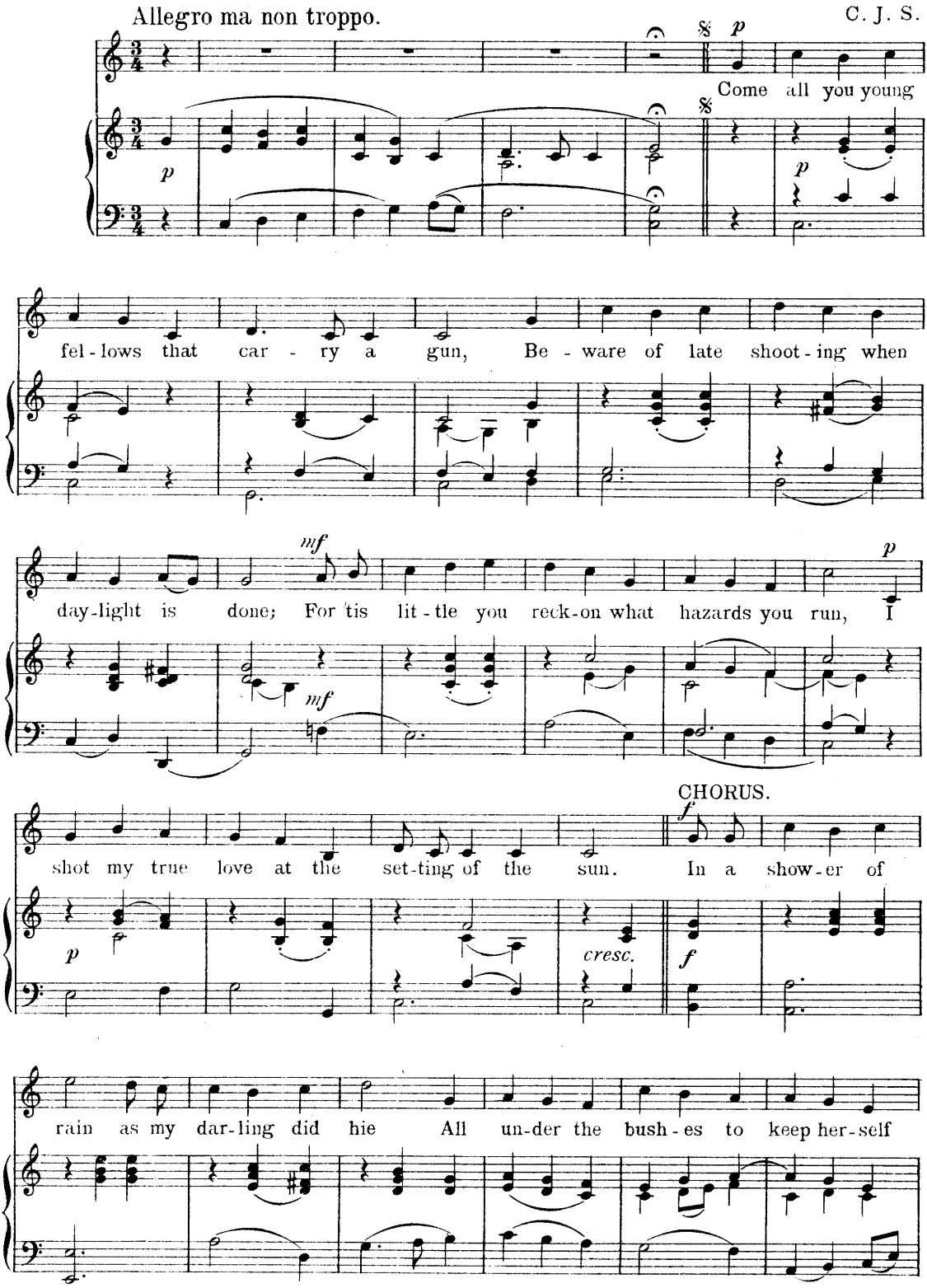
3

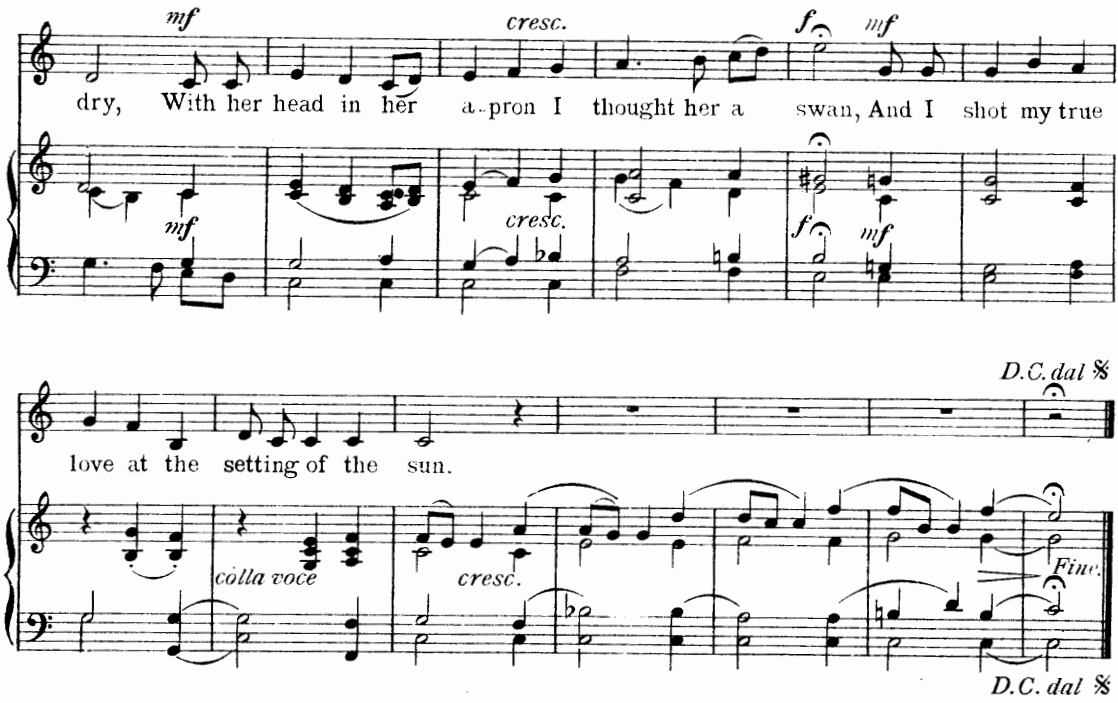
Behold the wealthy merchant, that trades on foreign seas,
And brings home gold and treasure, for such as live at ease,
With spices and with cinnamon, and oranges also,
They're brought us from the Indies, by virtue of the plough.

4

I hope there's none offended at me for singing this,
For never I intended to sing you ought amiss.
And if you well consider, you'll find the saying true,
That all mankind dependeth upon the painful plough.

№ 62 AT THE SETTING OF THE SUN





Nº 62 AT THE SETTING OF THE SUN

1

Come all you young fellows that carry a gun,
Beware of late shooting when daylight is done;
For 'tis little you reckon what hazards you run,
I shot my true love at the setting of the sun
In a shower of rain as my darling did hie
All under the bushes to keep herself dry,
With her head in her apron I thought her a swan,
And I shot my true love at the setting of the sun.

2

I'll fly from my country, I nowhere find rest
I've shot my true love, like a bird in her nest.
Like lead on my heart lies the deed I have done,
I shot my true love at the setting of the sun.
In a shower, etc.

3

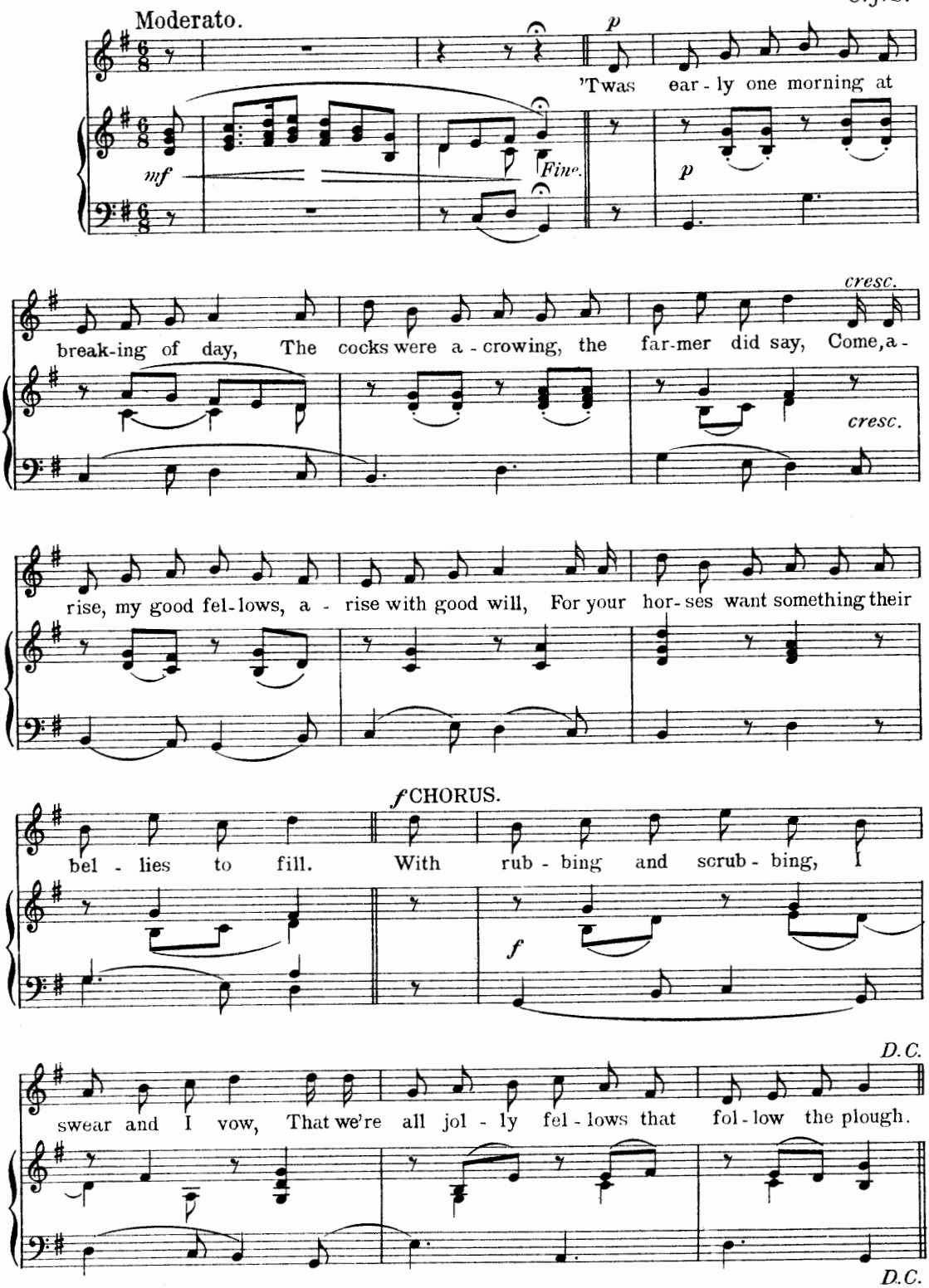
In the night the fair maid as a white swan appears,
She says, O my true love, quick dry up your tears,
I freely forgive you, I have Paradise won,
I was shot by my love at the setting of the sun.
In a shower, etc.

4

O the years as they pass leave me lonely and sad,
I can ne'er love another, and naught makes me glad.
I wait and expect till life's little span done
I meet my true love at the rising of the sun
In a shower, etc.

Nº 63 JOLLY FELLOWS THAT FOLLOW THE PLOUGH

C.J.S.



Nº 63 JOLLY FELLOWS THAT FOLLOW THE PLOUGH

1

'Twas early one morning at breaking of day,
The cocks were a crowing, the farmer did say,
Come, arise, my good fellows, arise with good will,
For your horses want something their bellies to fill.
With rubbing and scrubbing, I swear and I vow,
That we're all jolly fellows that follow the plough.

2

We jump'd out of bed and slipp'd into our clothes,
Away to the stable each merrily goes.
When six o'clock cometh, to breakfast we go,
To good bread and cheese and the best of stingo.
With rubbing and scrubbing, I swear and I vow,
That we're all jolly fellows that follow the plough.

3

When seven o'clock soundeth to work we do go,
We hitch up our horses and halloo Wee Woo!
At eight o' clock, lads, we are merry and bold,
To see of us which the best furrow can hold.
With rubbing and scrubbing, I swear and I vow,
That we're all jolly fellows that follow the plough.

4

The farmer came to us, and thus did he say,
"What have you been doing lads, all the long day?
You've not ploughed your acre, I swear and I vow,
You are all lazy fellows that follow the plough."
With rubbing and scrubbing, I swear and I vow,
That we're all jolly fellows that follow the plough.

5

The carter turns round with a twinkling eye,
"We have all ploughed our acre, I tell you no lie,
We have all ploughed our acre, I swear and I vow,
So we're the right fellows that follow the plough."
With rubbing and scrubbing, I swear and I vow,
That we're all jolly fellows that follow the plough.

6

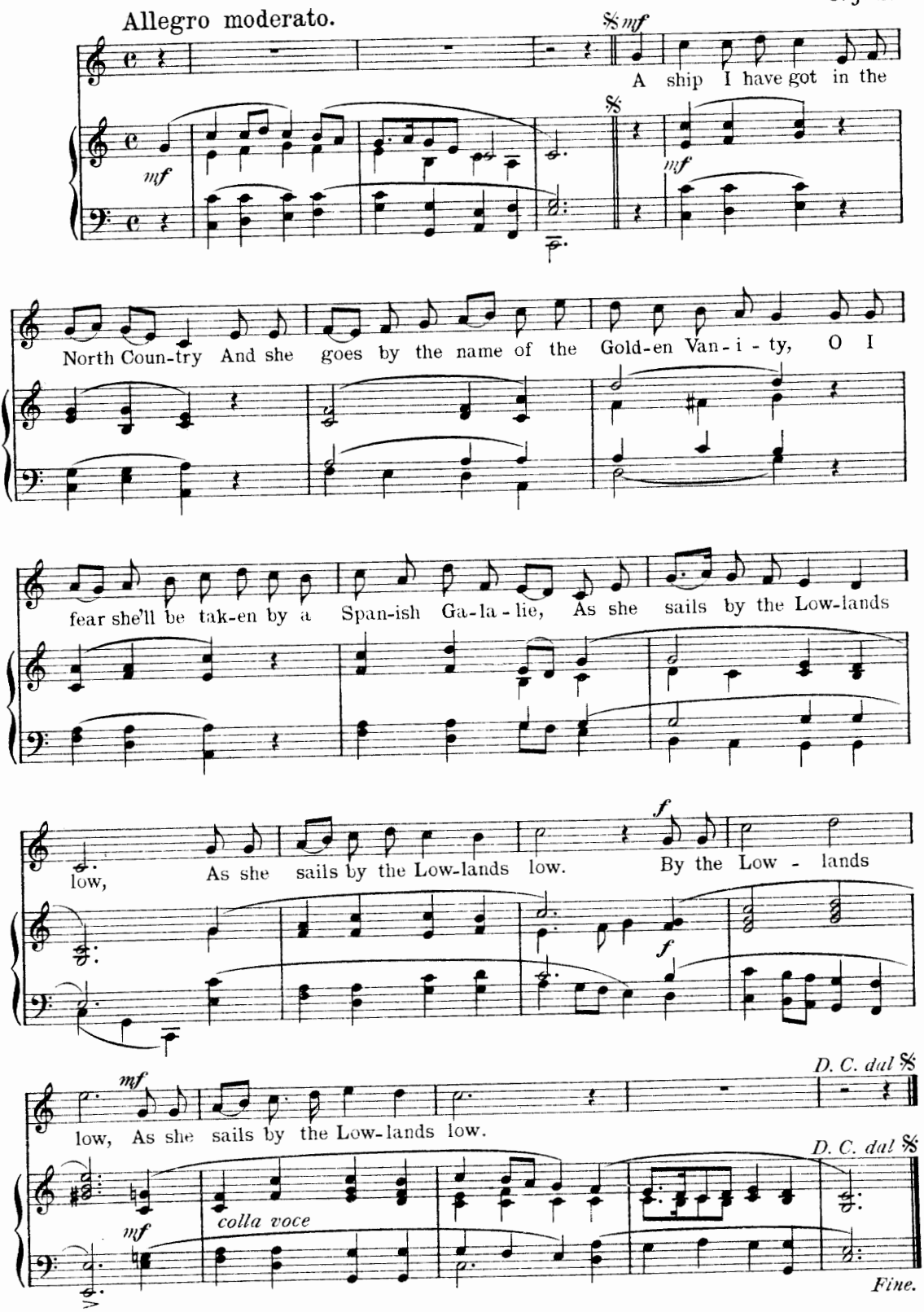
The farmer he laughed for he lovéd a joke
"It is past two o'clock, boys, 'tis time to unyoke.
Unharness your horses and rub them down well,
And so I will give you a jug of brown ale."
With rubbing and scrubbing, I swear and I vow,
That we're all jolly fellows that follow the plough.

7

So, all my fine fellows, wherever you be,
Come take my advice and be ruléd by me.
Draw your furrows aright; plough your acre and know
That such are the fellows to follow the plough.
With rubbing and scrubbing, I swear and I vow,
That we're all jolly fellows that follow the plough.

№ 64 THE GOLDEN VANITY

C. J. S.



Nº 64 THE GOLDEN VANITY

1

A ship I have got in the North Country
And she goes by the name of the Golden Vanity,
O I fear she'll be taken by a Spanish Ga-la-lie,
As she sails by the Low-lands low.

2

To the Captain then upspake the little Cabin-boy,
He said, What is my fee, if the galley I destroy?
The Spanish Ga-la-lie, if no more it shall anoy,
As you sail by the Low-lands low.

3

Of silver and gold I will give to you a store;
And my pretty little daughter that dwelleth on the shore,
Of treasure and of fee as well, I'll give to thee galore,
As we sail by the Low-lands low.

4

Then the boy bared his breast, and straightway leaped in,
And he held all in his hand, an augur sharp and thin,
And he swam until he came to the Spanish galleon,
As she lay by the Low-lands low.

5

He bore'd with the augur, he bored once and twice,
And some were playing cards, and some were playing dice,
When the water flowed in it dazzled their eyes,
And she sank by the Low-lands low.

6

* So the Cabin-boy did swim all to the larboard side,
Saying Captain! take me in, I am drifting with the tide!
I will shoot you! I will kill you! the cruel Captain cried,
You may sink by the Low-lands low.

7

Then the Cabin-boy did swim all to the starboard side
Saying, Messmates take me in, I am drifting with the tide!
Then they laid him on the deck, and he closed his eyes and died,
As they sailed by the Low-lands low.

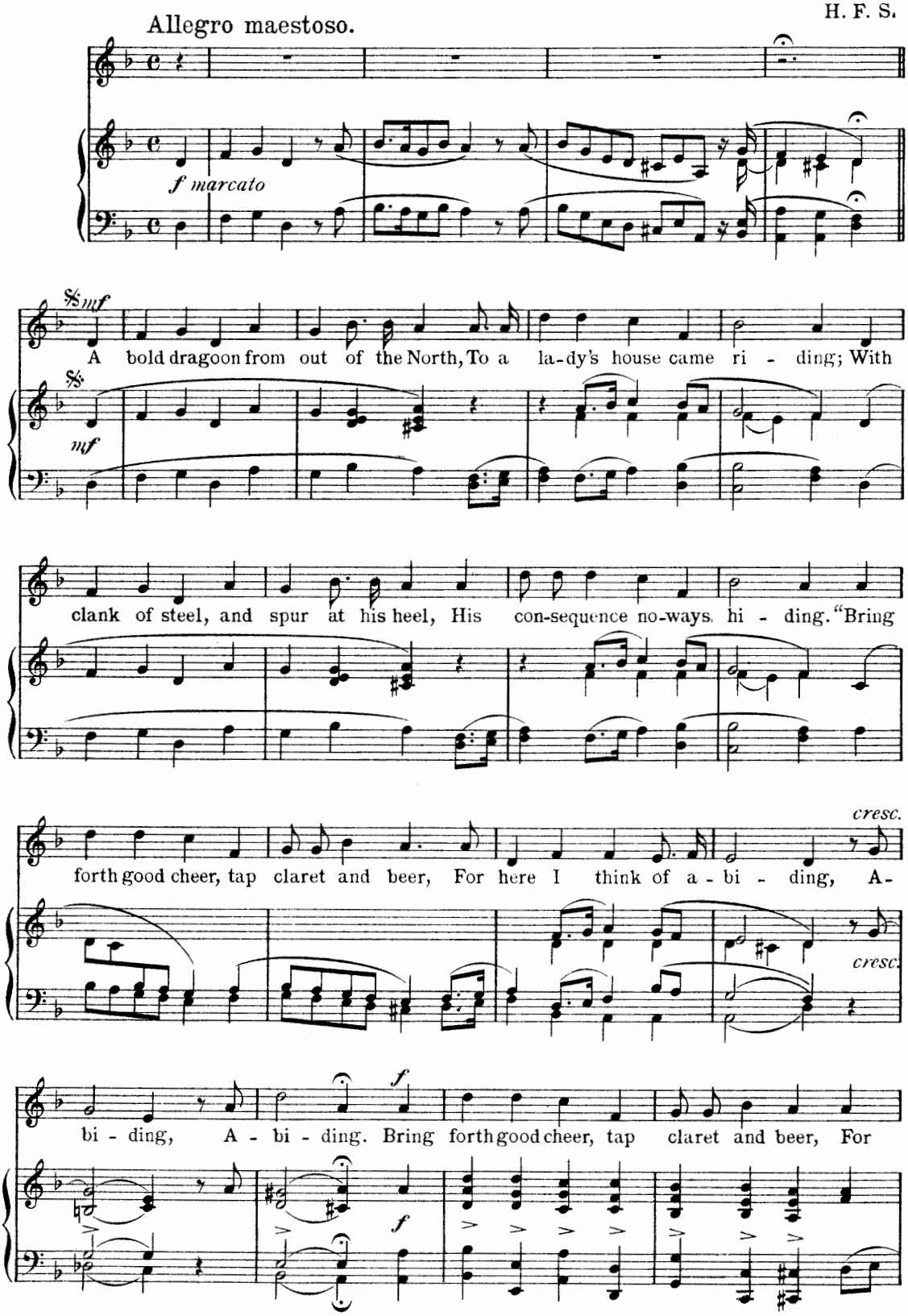
8

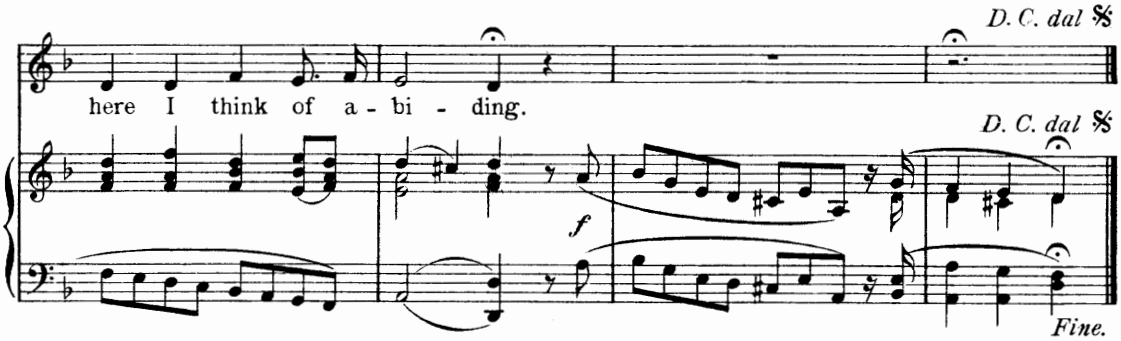
* They sewed his body up, all in an old cow's hide,
And they cast the gallant cabin-boy, over the ship's side,
And left him without more ado adrifting with the tide,
And to sink by the Low-lands low.

* May be omitted in singing

№ 65 THE BOLD DRAGOON

H. F. S.





Nº 65 THE BOLD DRAGOON

1

A bold dragoon from out of the North,
To a lady's house came riding;
With clank of steel, and spur at his heel,
His consequence noways hiding.
"Bring forth good cheer, tap claret and beer,
For here I think of abiding,
Abiding, Abiding.

2

"The chamber best with arras be dress'd
I intend to be comfortable.
Such troopers as we always make ourselves free,
Heigh! — lead my horse to the stable!
Give him corn and hay, but for me Tockay,
We'll eat and drink whilst able,
Able, aye! Able.

3

"The daintiest meat upon silver plate,
And wine that sparkles and fizzes.
Wax candles light, make the chamber bright,
And — as soldiers love sweet Misses,
My moustache I curl with an extra twirl,
The better to give you kisses,
Kisses, aye! Kisses."

4

"There's cake and wine," said the lady fine,
There's oats for the horse, and litter.
There's silver plate, there are servants to wait,
And drinks, sweet, sparkling, bitter.
Tho, bacon and pease, aye! and mouldy cheese,
For such as you were fitter,
Fitter aye! Fitter.

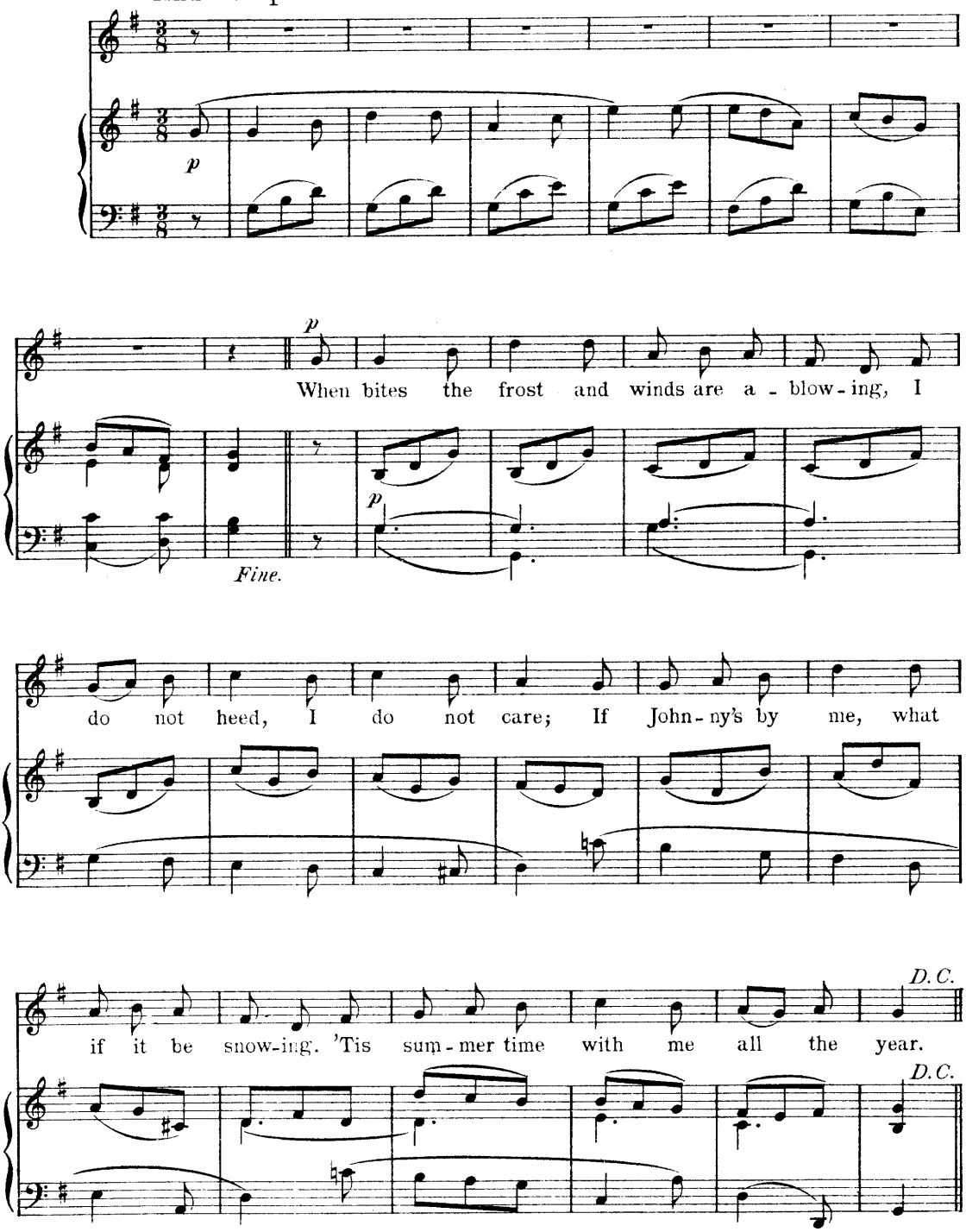
5

"Your distance keep, I esteem you cheap
Tho' your wishes I've granted, partly.
But no kisses for me from a Chimpanzee,"
The lady responded tartly.
"Why! a rude dragoon is a mere Baboon."
And she boxed his ears full smartly,
Smartly, aye! smartly.

Nº 66 TRINITY SUNDAY

H. F. S.

Andante pastorale.



№ 66 TRINITY SUNDAY

1

When bites the frost and winds are a blowing,
I do not heed, I do not care;
If Johnny's by me, what if it be snowing.
'Tis summer time with me all the year.

2

The icicles they may hang on the fountain,
And frozen over the farm yard pool.
The bleak wind whistle across the mountain,
No wintry blast our love can cool.

3

O what to me the wind and the weather?
O what to me the wind and the rain?
My Johnny loves me, and being together,
Why let it bluster — it blows in vain.

4

I never tire, I never am weary,
I drudge and think it is only play;
As Johnny loves me, and I am his deary,
Why — all the year it is holiday.

5

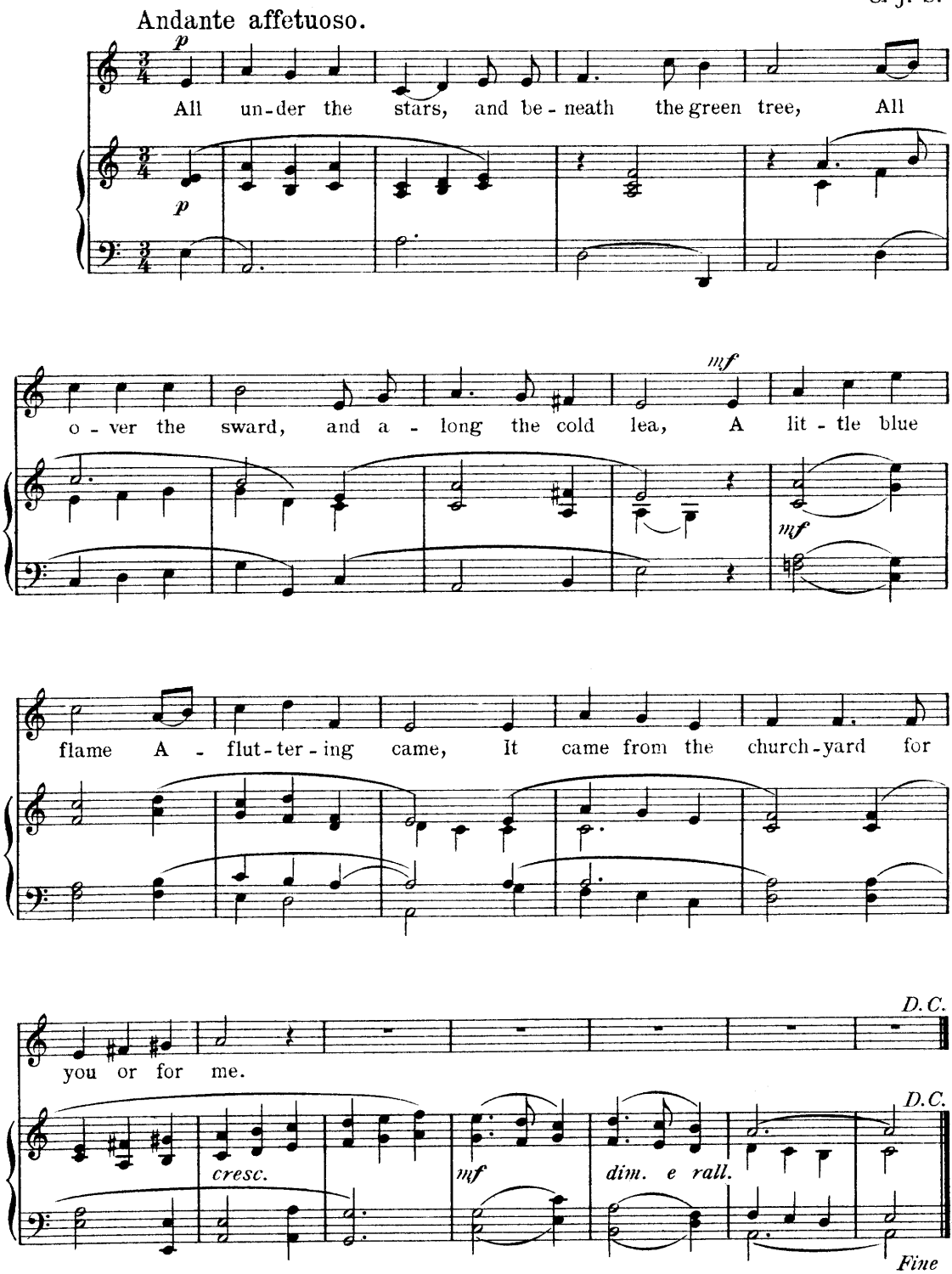
I shall be wed upon Trinity Sunday,
And then adieu to my holiday.
Come frost and frown the following Monday.
Why then beginneth my workaday.

6

If drudge and smudge begins on the Monday,
If scold and grumble — I do not care,
My winter follow Trinity Sunday.
I can't have summertime all the year.

Nº 67 THE BLUE FLAME

C. J. S.



Nº 67 THE BLUE FLAME

1

All under the stars, and beneath the green tree,
All over the sward, and along the cold lea,
A little blue flame
A fluttering came,
It came from the churchyard for you or for me.

2

I sit by the cradle, my baby's asleep,
And rocking the cradle, I wonder and weep.
O little blue light,
In the dead of the night,
O prithee, O prithee no nearer to creep.

3

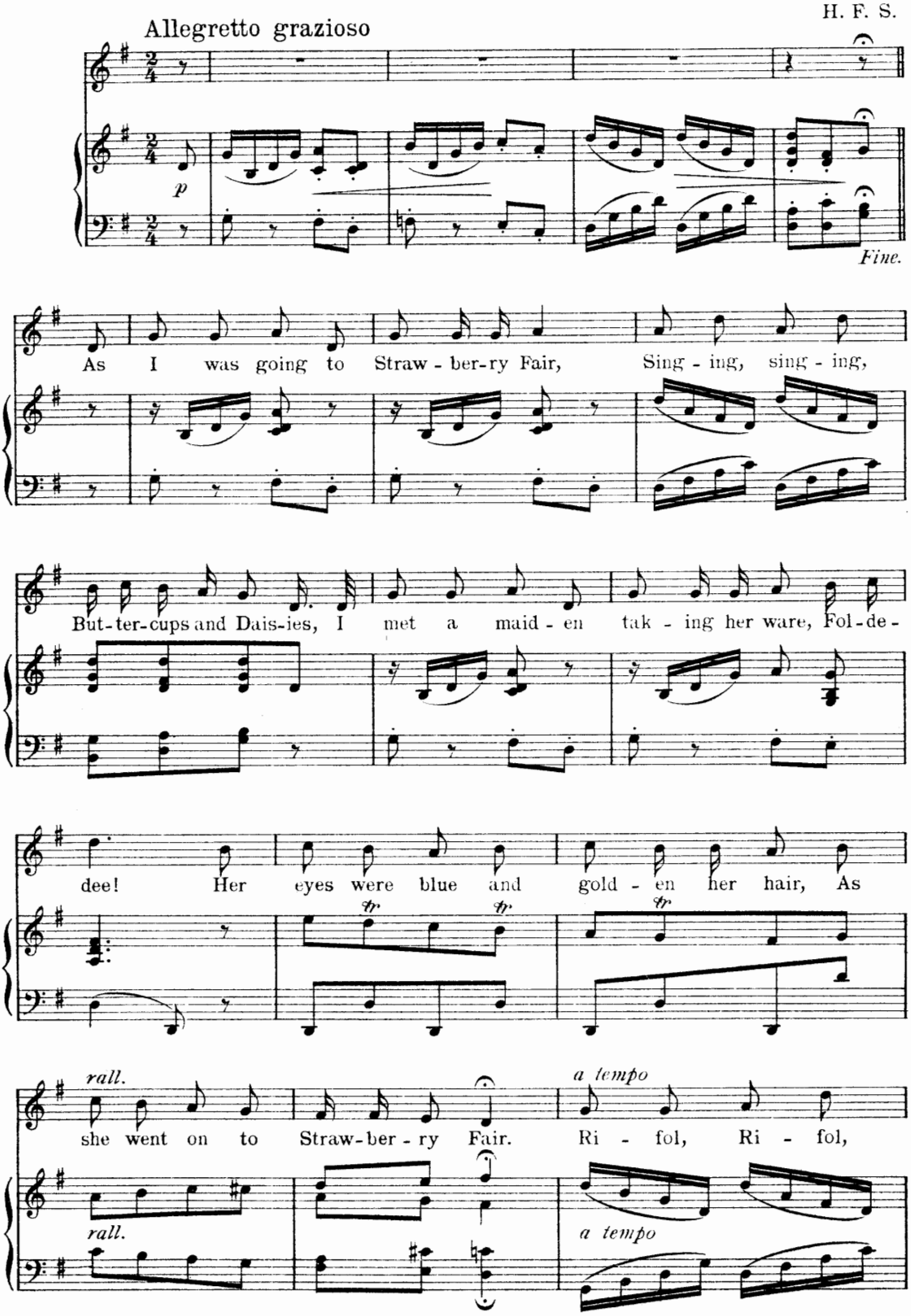
Why follow the church path, why steal you this way?
Why halt in your journey, on threshold why stay?
With flicker and flare,
Why dance up my stair!
O I would, O I would, it were dawning of day.

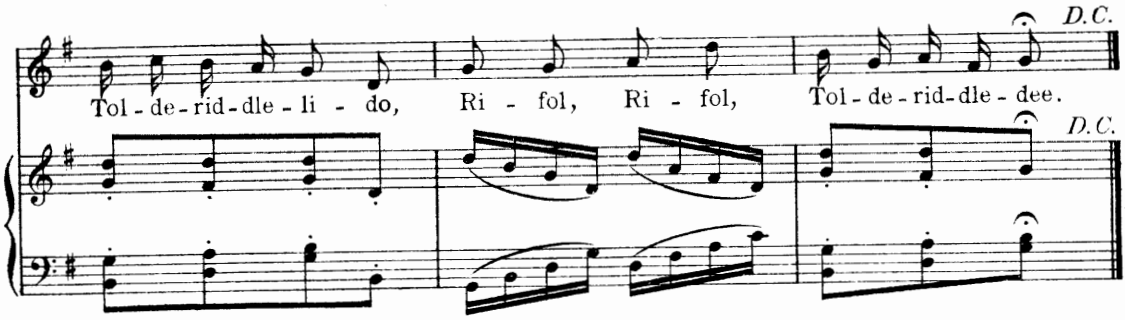
4

All under the stars, and along the green lane,
Unslaked by the dew, and unquenched by the rain,
Of little flames blue
To the churchyard steal two,
The soul of my baby! now from me is ta'en.

Nº 68 STRAWBERRY FAIR

H. F. S.





Nº 68 STRAWBERRY FAIR

1

As I was going to Strawberry Fair,
Singing, singing, Butter-cups and Daisies
I met a maiden taking her ware,
Fol-de-dee!
Her eyes were blue and golden her hair,
As she went on to Strawberry Fair,
Ri-fol, Ri-fol, Tol-de-riddle-li-do,
Ri-fol, Ri-fol, Tol-de-riddle-dee.

2

"Kind Sir, pray pick of my basket!" she said,
Singing, &c.
"My cherries ripe, or my roses red,
Fol-de-dee!
My strawberries sweet, I can of them spare,
As I go on to Strawberry Fair."
Ri-fol &c.

3

Your cherries soon will be wasted away,
Singing, &c.
Your roses wither and never stay,
Tol-de-dee!
'Tis not to seek such perishing ware,
That I am tramping to Strawberry Fair.
Ri-fol &c.

4

I want to purchase a generous heart,
Singing, &c.
A tongue that neither is nimble nor tart.
Tol-de-dee!
An honest mind, but such trifles are rare
I doubt if they're found at Strawberry Fair.
Ri-fol &c.

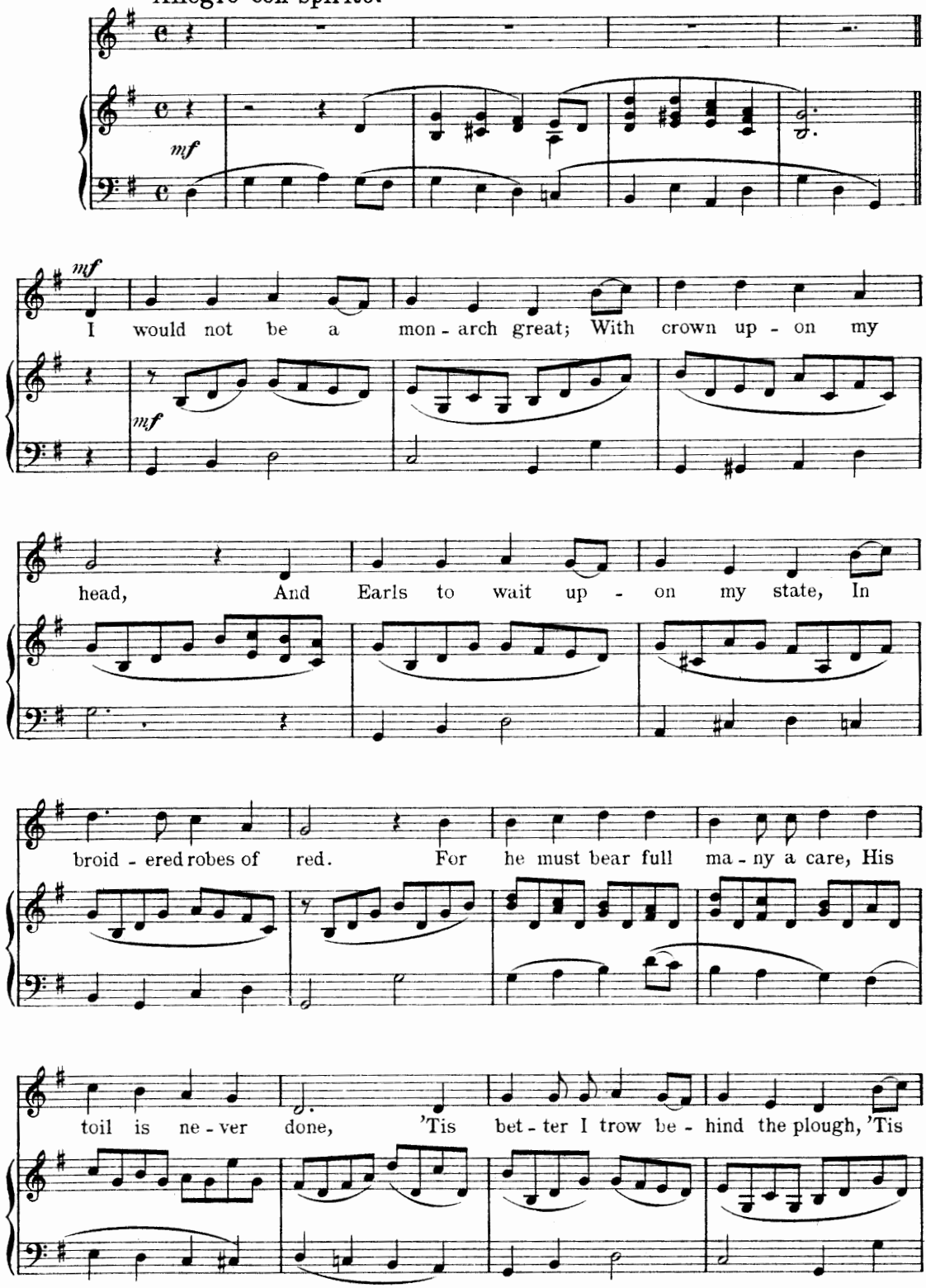
5

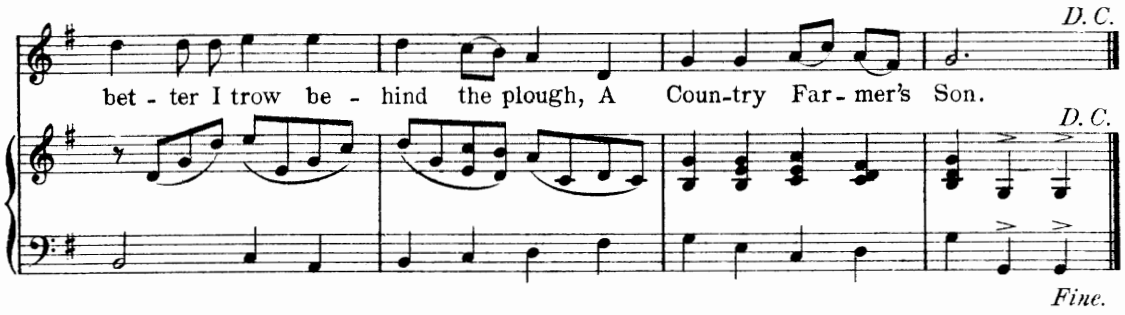
The price I offer, my sweet pretty maid
Singing, &c.
A ring of gold on your finger displayed,
Tol-de-dee!
So come make over to me your ware,
In church today at Strawberry Fair.
Ri-fol &c.

№ 69 THE COUNTRY FARMER'S SON

H. F. S.

Allegro con spirito.





Nº 69 THE COUNTRY FARMER'S SON

1

I would not be a monarch great;
With crown upon my head,
And Earls to wait upon my state,
In broidered robes of red.
For he must bear full many a care,
His toil is never done,
Tis better I trow behind the plough,
A Country Farmer's Son.

2

* I would not be the Pope of Rome,
And sit in Peter's chair;
With priests to bow and kiss my toe,
No wife my throne to share.
And never know what 'tis to go,
With beagles for a run;
'Tis better for me at liberty
A Country Farmer's Son.

3

I would not be a merchant rich,
And eat off silver plate.
And ever dread, when laid abed
Some freakish turn of fate.
One day on high, then ruin nigh,
Now wealthy, now undone,
'Tis better for me at ease to be
A Country Farmer's Son.

4

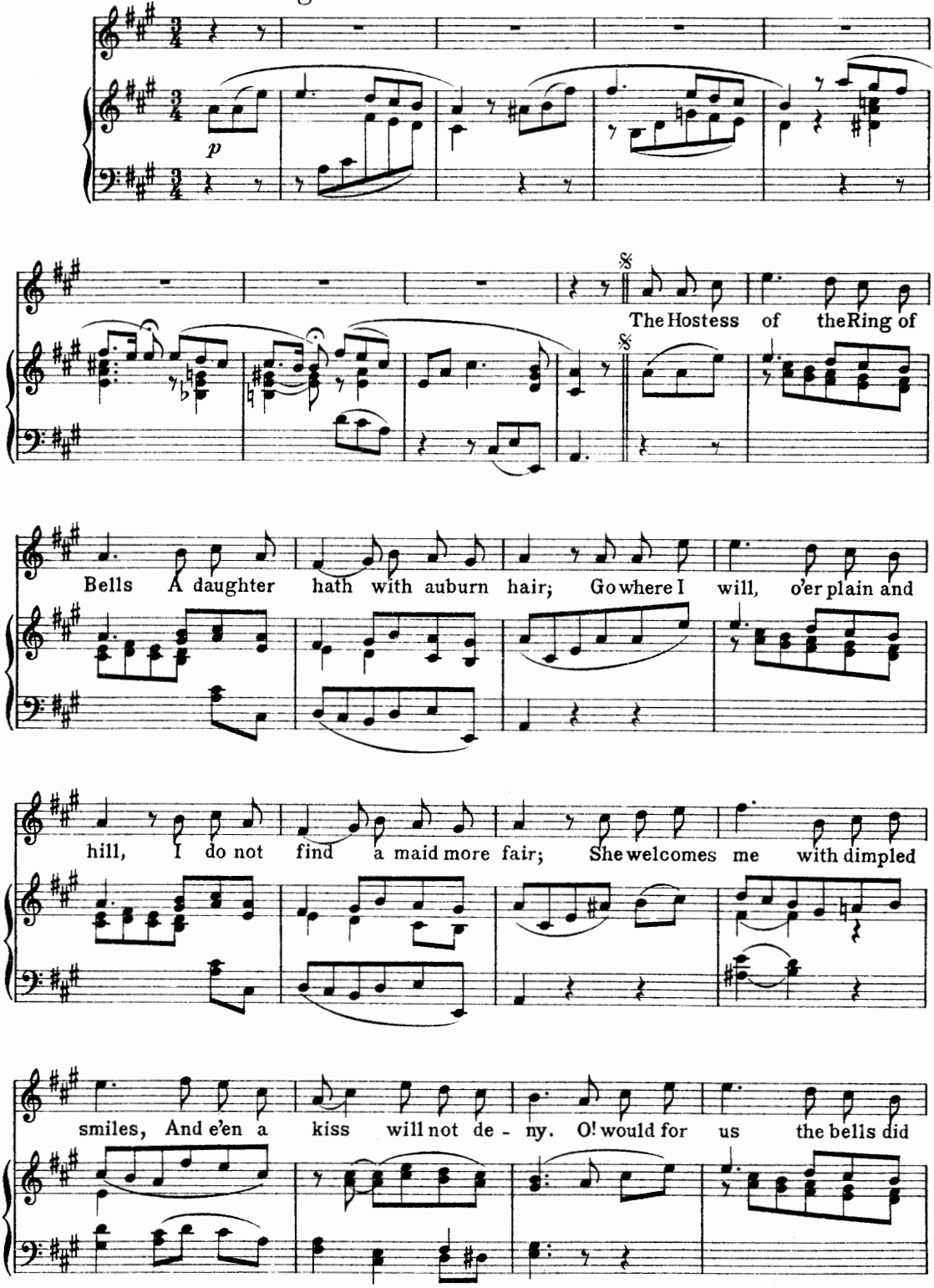
I trudge about the farm, all day,
To know that all things thrive.
A maid I see that pleaseth me,
Why then I'm fain to wive.
Not over rich, I do not itch,
For wealth, but what is won,
By honest toil, from out the soil,
A Country Farmer's Son.

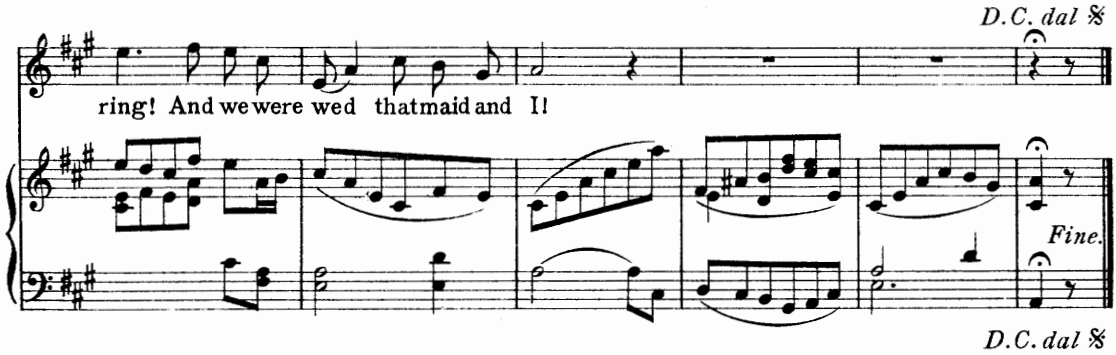
* May be omitted in singing.

№ 70 THE HOSTESS' DAUGHTER

Andante grazioso.

H. F. S.





№ 70 THE HOSTESS' DAUGHTER

1

The Hostess of the Ring of Bells
A daughter hath with auburn hair;
Go where I will, o'er plain and hill,
I do not find a maid more fair;
She welcomes me with dimpled smiles,
And e'en a kiss will not deny
O! would for us the bells did ring!
And we were wed — that maid and I!

2

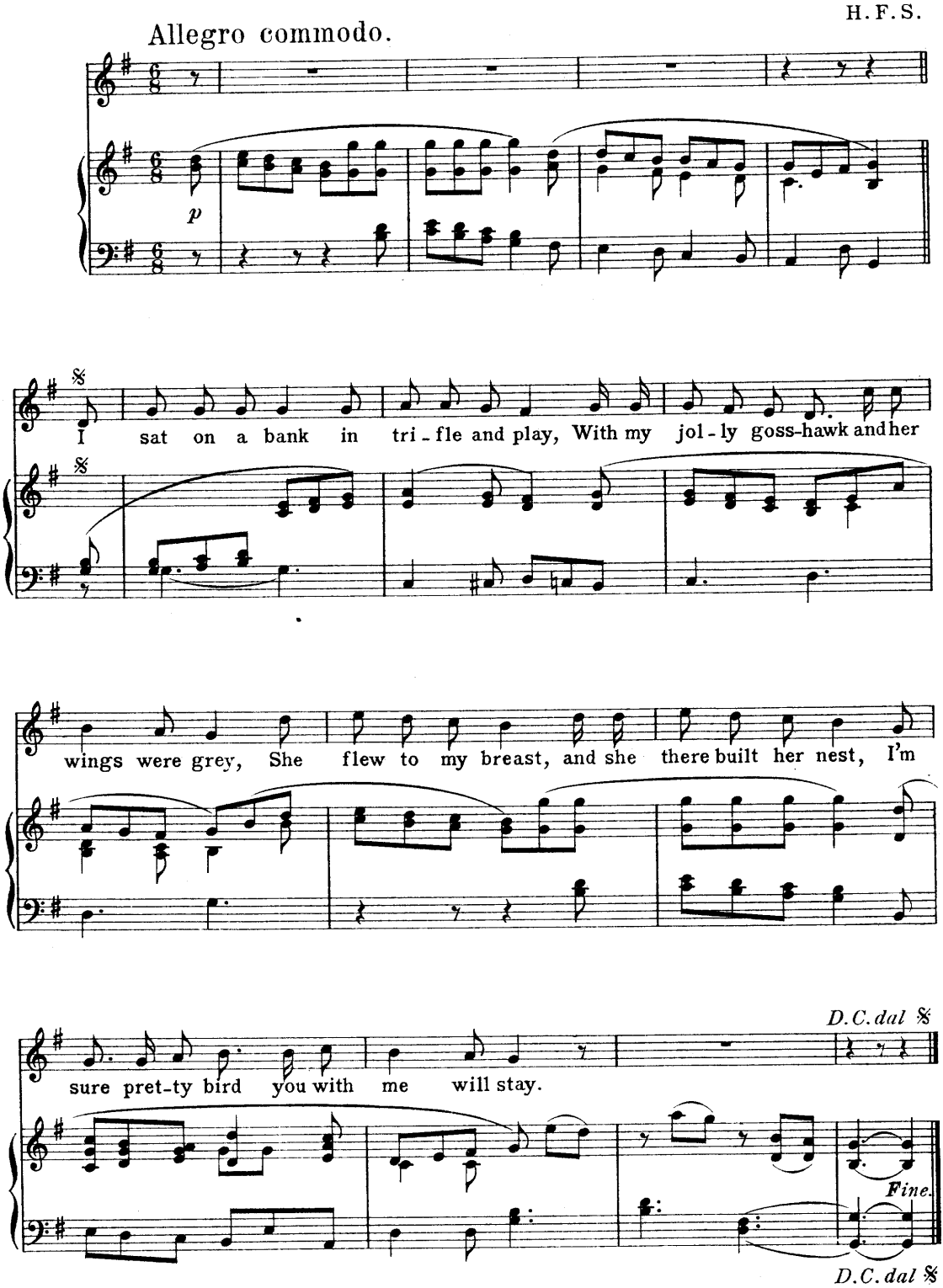
But as I travelled down the road,
There went by me a packer-train;
T'was Roger Rawle, and Sandy Paul,
And Hunchback Joe, and Philip Mayne.
Says Roger, I have had a kiss,
From that sly maiden at the Bell,
And I, said Joe, and Paul said so,
And so did Philip Mayne as well.

3

Till weather-beaten as the sign
That doth before the tavern swing,
That maid will stay, and none essay,
To make her his with bell and ring.
Methinks I'll take another road,
Where hap some modest maiden dwells,
No saucy miss, with ready kiss,
And then for us shall ring the Bells.

№ 71 THE JOLLY GOSS-HAWK

H. F. S.



№ 71 THE JOLLY GOSS-HAWK

1

I sat on a bank in trifle and play,
With my jolly goss-hawk, and her wings were grey;
She flew to my breast, And she there built her nest,
I am sure pretty bird you with me will stay.

2

She builded within, and she builded without,
My jolly goss-hawk and her wings were grey;
She fluttered her wings, And she jingled her rings,
So merry was she, and so fond of play.

3

I got me a bell, to tie to her foot,
My jolly goss-hawk, and her wings were grey;
She mounted in flight, And she flew out of sight,
My bell and my rings she carried away.

4

I ran up the street, with nimblest feet,
My jolly goss-hawk, and her wings were grey;
I whooped and hallo'd, But never she shewed,
And I lost my pretty goss-hawk that day.

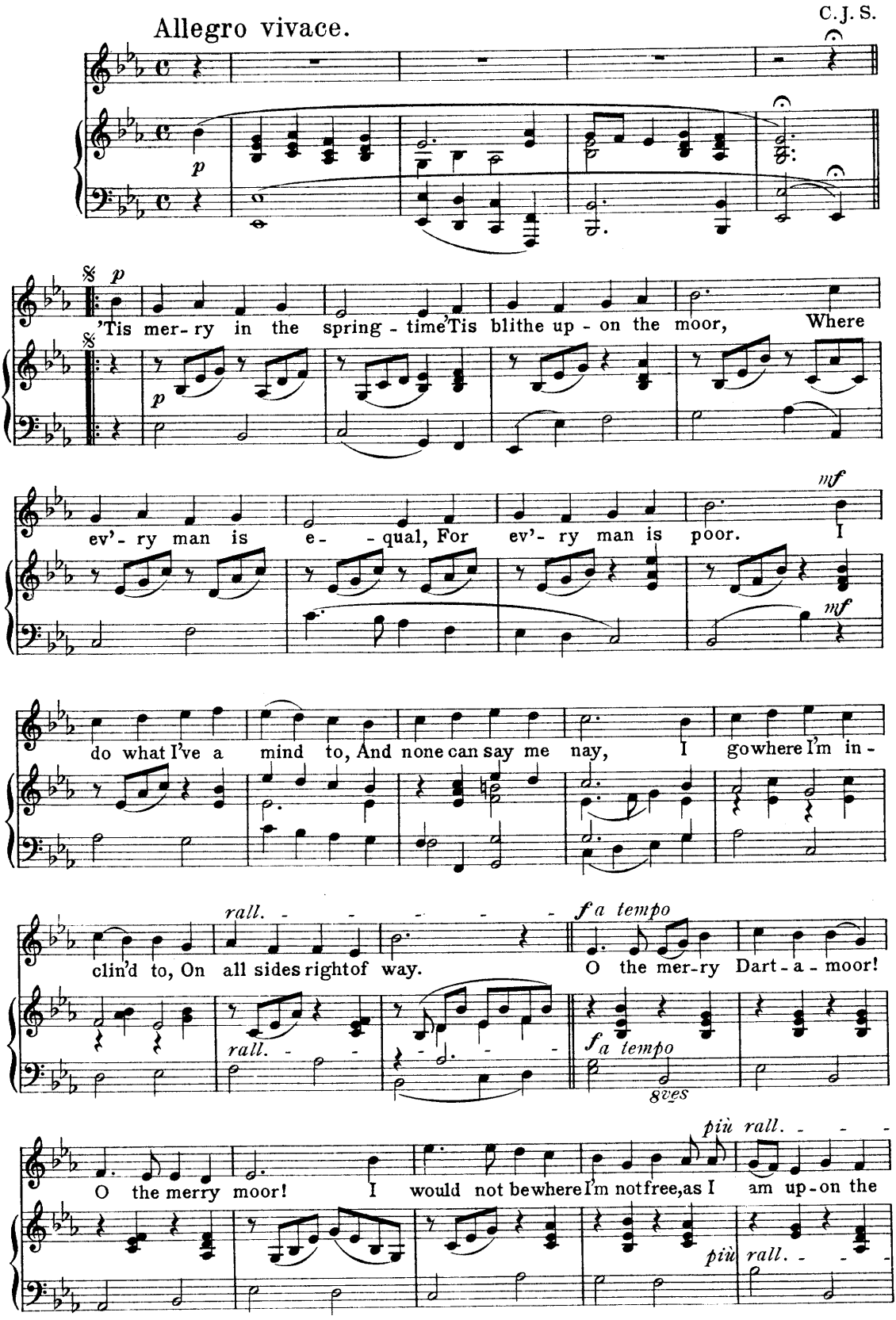
5

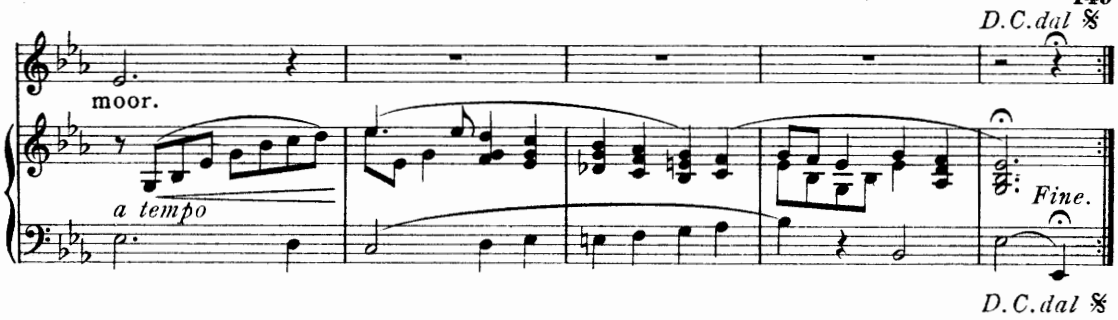
In a meadow so green, the hedges between,
My jolly goss-hawk, and her wings were grey;
Upon a man's hand, She perch'd did stand,
In sport, and trifle, and full array.

6

Who's got her may keep her as best he can,
My jolly goss-hawk, and her wings were grey;
To every man she is frolic and free,
I'll cast her off if she come my way.

Nº 72 THE SONG OF THE MOOR





Nº 72 THE SONG OF THE MOOR

1

'Tis merry in the Spring-time
'Tis blithe upon the moor,
Where every man is equal,
For every man is poor.
I do what I've a mind to,
And none can say me Nay,
I go where I'm inclin'd to,
On all sides right of way.
O the merry Dartamoor!
O the merry moor!
I would not be where I'm not free,
As I am upon the moor.

2

'Tis merry in the Summer,
When furze is out and sweet,
The bees about it humming,
In honey bathe their feet.
The plover and the peewit
How cheerily they pipe,
And underfoot the whortle
Is waxing blue and ripe.
O the merry &c.

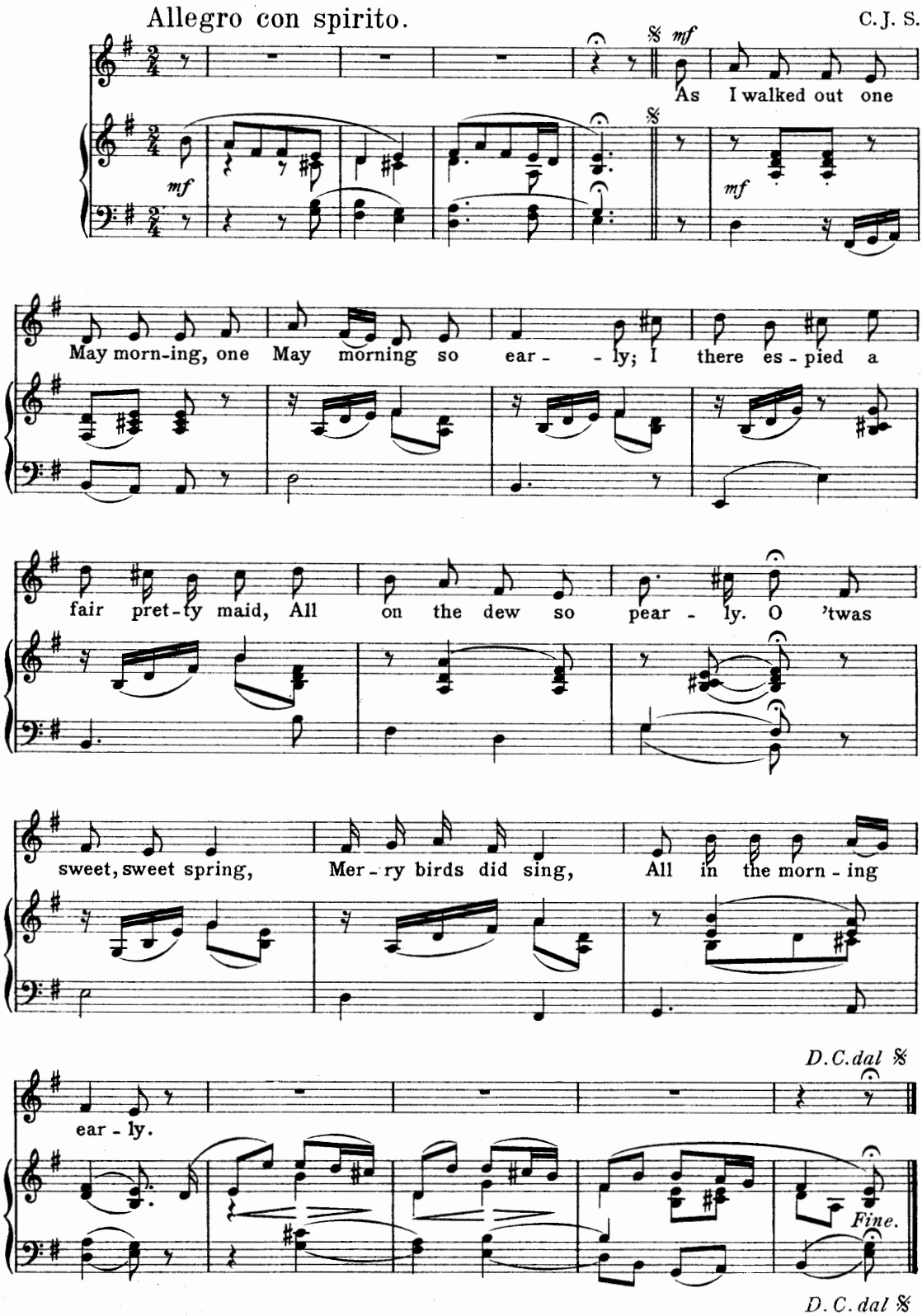
3

'Tis merry in the Fall-time
When snipe and cock appear,
And never see a keeper
To say, No shooting here!
The turf we stock for fuel
And ask no better fire,
And never pay a farthing,
For all that we require.
O the merry &c.

4

'Tis merry in the Winter
The wind is on the moor,
For twenty miles to leeward
The people hear the roar.
'Tis merry in the ingle
Beside a Moorland lass,
When watching turves a-glowing,
The brimming bumpers pass.
O the merry &c.

Nº 73 ON A MAY MORNING SO EARLY



Nº 73 ON A MAY MORNING SO EARLY

1

As I walked out one May morning,
One May morning so early;
I there espied a fair pretty maid,
All on the dew so pearly.
O! 'twas sweet, sweet spring,
Merry birds did sing,
All in the morning early.

2

Stay, fair one, stay! Thus did I say,
On a May morning so early;
My tale of love, your heart will move,
All on the dew so pearly.
O! 'tis sweet, sweet spring, Merry birds do sing,
All in the morning early.

3

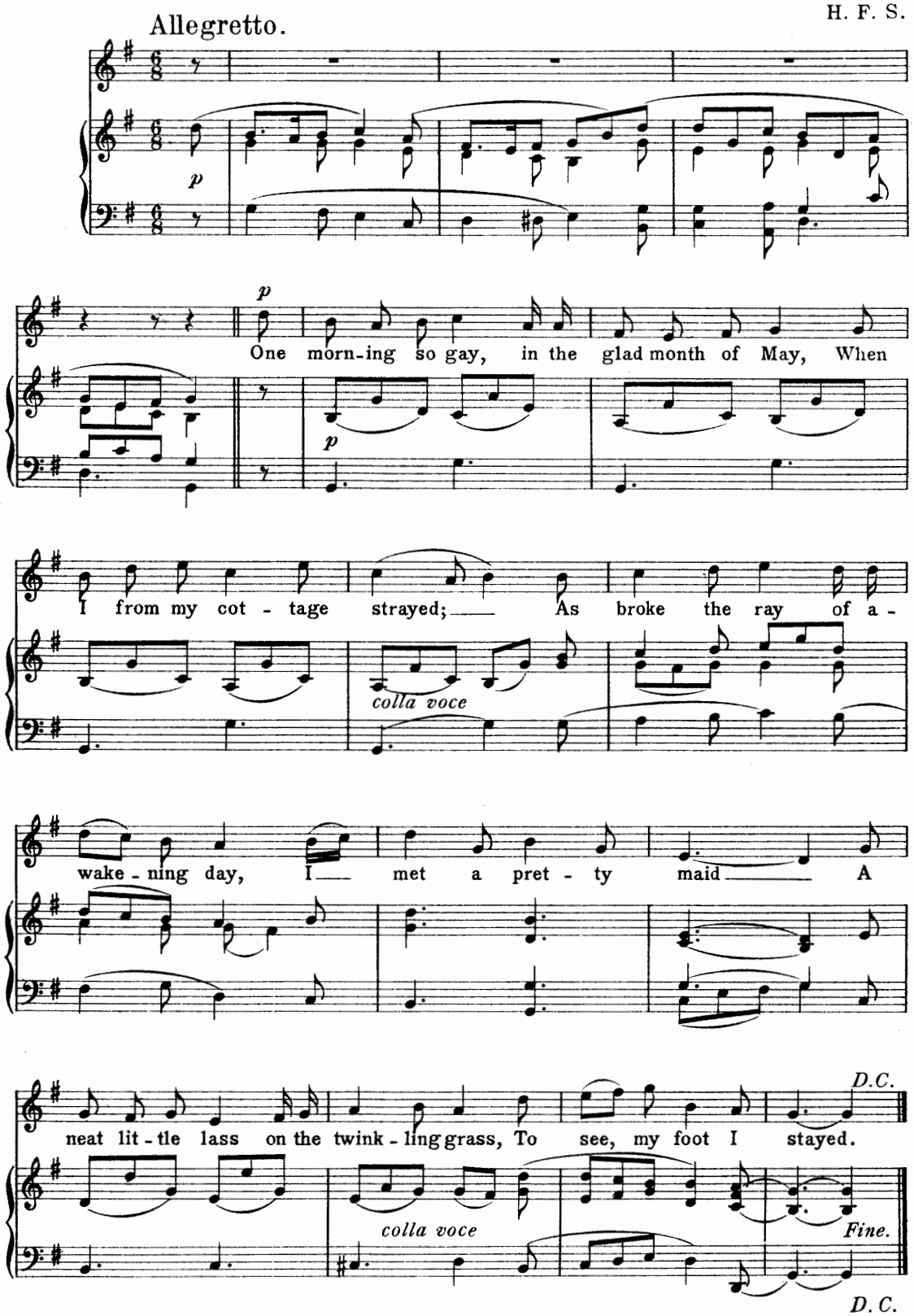
No tales for me, Kind sir, said she
On a May morning so early;
My swain is true, I dont want two
All on the dew so pearly.
O! 'twas sweet, sweet spring, Merry birds did sing,
All in the morning early.

4

With lightsome tread, away she sped,
This May morning so early;
To meet her lad, and left me sad,
All on the dew so pearly.
O! 'twas sweet, sweet spring, Merry birds did sing,
All in the morning early.

№ 74 THE SPOTTED COW

H. F. S.



Nº 74 THE SPOTTED COW

1

One morning so gay, in the glad month of May,
When I from my cottage strayed;
As broke the ray of awakening day,
I met a pretty maid.
A neat little lass on the twinkling grass,
To see, my foot I stayed.

2

"My fair pretty maid, why wander?" I said,
"So early, tell me now?"
The maid replied, "Pretty Sir!" and sighed,
"I've lost my Spotted Cow.
She's stolen," she said, many tears she shed,
"Or lost, I can't tell how."

3

"No further complain in dolorous strain,
I've tidings will you cheer.
I know she's strayed, in yonder green glade,
Come, love! I'll shew you where.
So dry up your tears and banish fears,
And bid begone despair."

4

"I truly confess in my bitter distress,
You are most good," said she
"With help so kind, I am certain to find,
My cow, so I'll with thee.
Four eyes, it is true, are better than two,
And friend, four eyes have we."

5

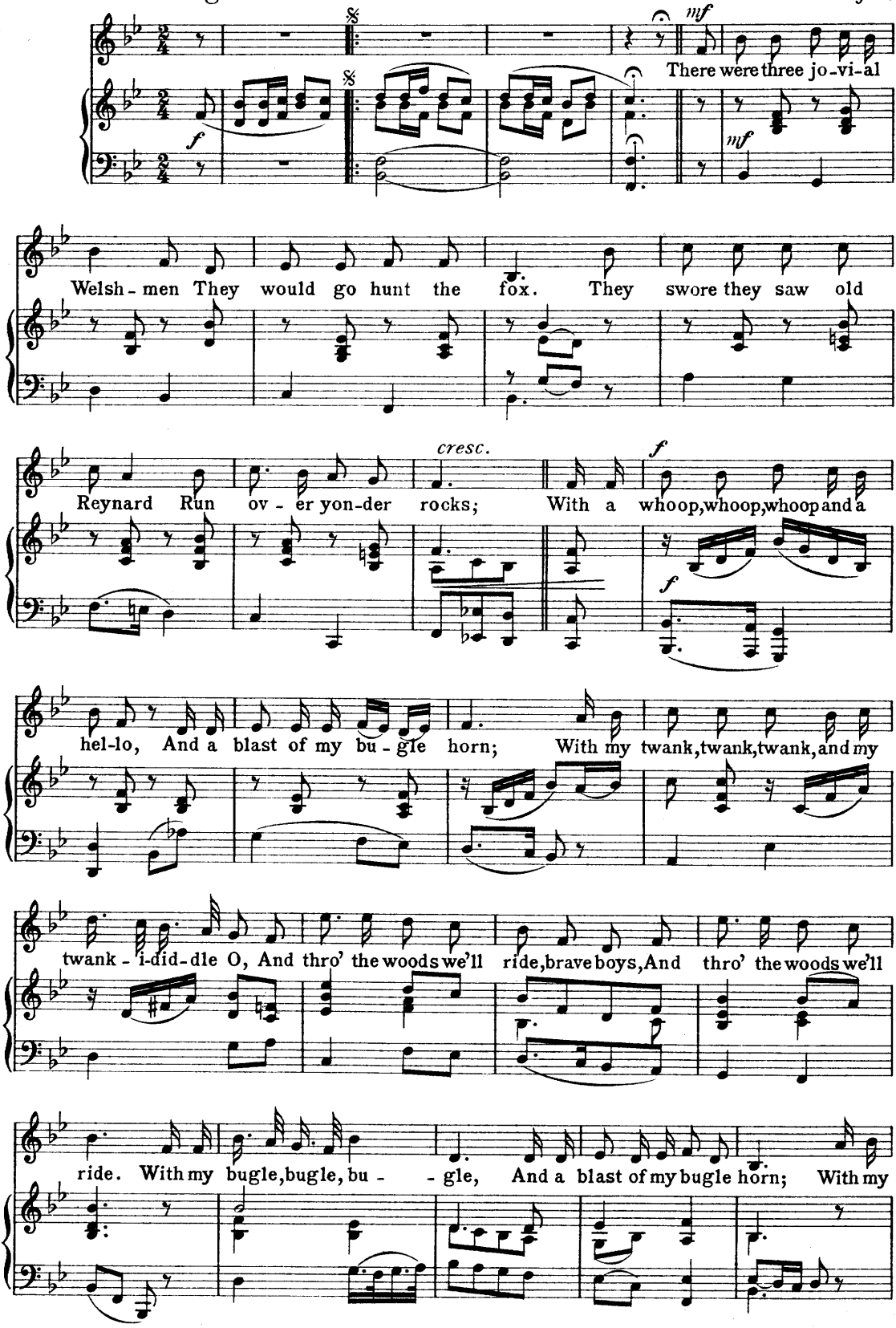
Through meadow and grove, we together did rove,
We crossed the flow'ry dale,
Both morn and noon, we strayed till the moon
Above our heads did sail.
The old Spotted Cow, clean forgotten was now,
For love was all our tale.

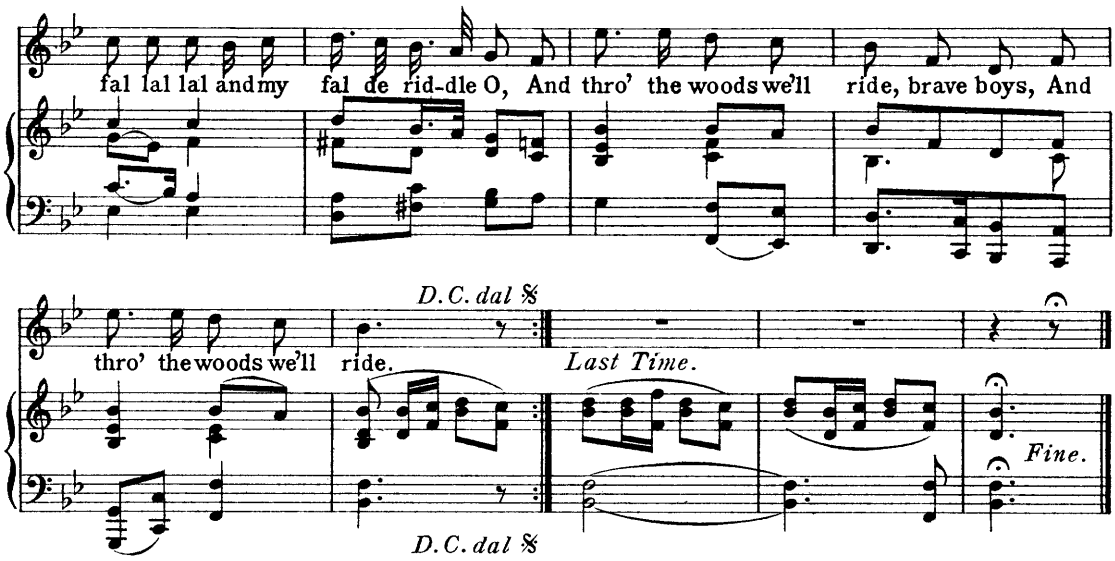
6

Now never a day, do I go my way,
To handle flail or plough.
She comes again, and whispers, "Sweet swain
I've lost my Spotted Cow."
I pretend not to hear, she shouts "My dear,
I've lost my Spotted Cow."

№ 75 THREE JOVIAL WELSHMEN

Allegro moderato. C. J. S.





№ 75 THREE JOVIAL WELSHMEN

1

There were three jovial Welshmen
They would go hunt the fox.
They swore they saw old Reynard
Run over yonder rocks;
With a whoop, whoop, whoop and a hel-lo,
And a blast of my bugle horn;
With my twank, twank, twank and my twank-i-diddle O,
And thro' the woods we'll ride, brave boys,
And thro' the woods we'll ride.
With my bugle, bugle, bugle,
And a blast of my bugle horn;
With my fal-lal-lal and my fal-de-riddle O,
And thro' the woods we'll ride, brave boys,
And thro' the woods we'll ride.

2

The first they espied was a woman,
A combing up her locks.
She swore she saw old Reynard
Among the geese and ducks.
With a &c.

3

The second he was a Parson,
And he was dressed in black,
He swore he saw old Reynard
Hang on a huntsman's back.
With a &c.

4

The third he was a Miller
Was grinding at his mill,
He swore he saw old Reynard
Run over yonder hill.
With a &c.

5

The fourth he was a blind man,
As blind as blind could be,
He swore he saw old Reynard
Run up a hollow tree.
With a &c.

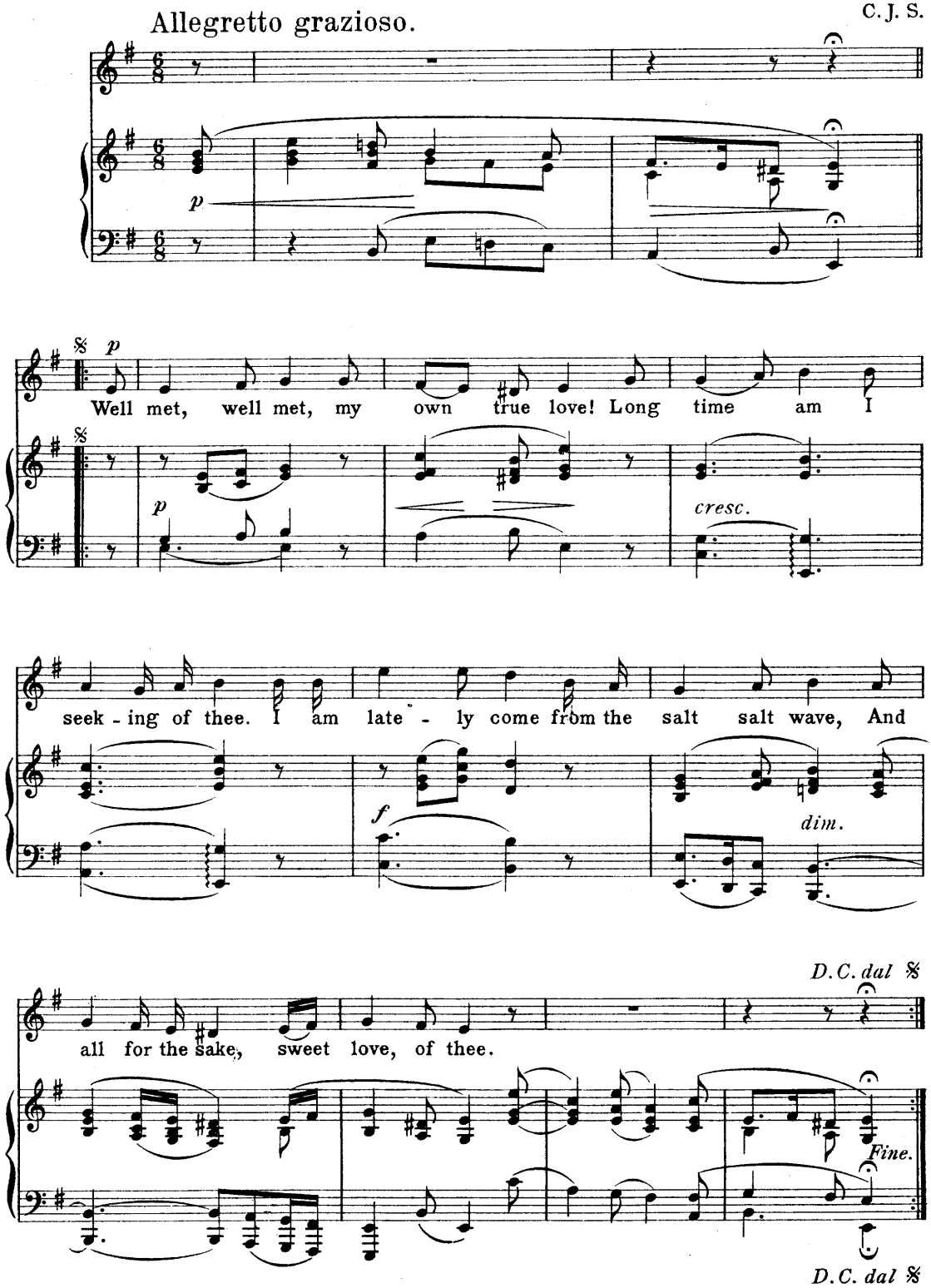
6

There never was a Reynard
Run out that day at all,
'Twas naught but one grey pussy
Sat purring on a wall.
With a &c.

7

O what a world of liars
This is, as well appears.
Henceforth I'll trust my own eyes,
And none but mine own ears.
With a &c.

№ 76 WELL MET! WELL MET



№ 76 WELL MET! WELL MET

1

Well met, well met, my own true love!
Long time am I seeking of thee.
I am lately come from the salt, salt wave,
And all for the sake, sweet love, of thee.

2

I might have had a king's daughter,
She fain would have married me,
But I did not hold for her crown of gold,
And all for the sake, sweet love, of thee.

3

I have seven ships that sail on the sea,
It was one brought me to the land;
I have mariners many to wait on thee
To be all, sweet love, at thy command.

4

A pair of slippers, love, thou shalt have
They are made of the beaten gold,
They are lined within with a coney's skin,
To keep thy feet, sweet love, from cold.

5

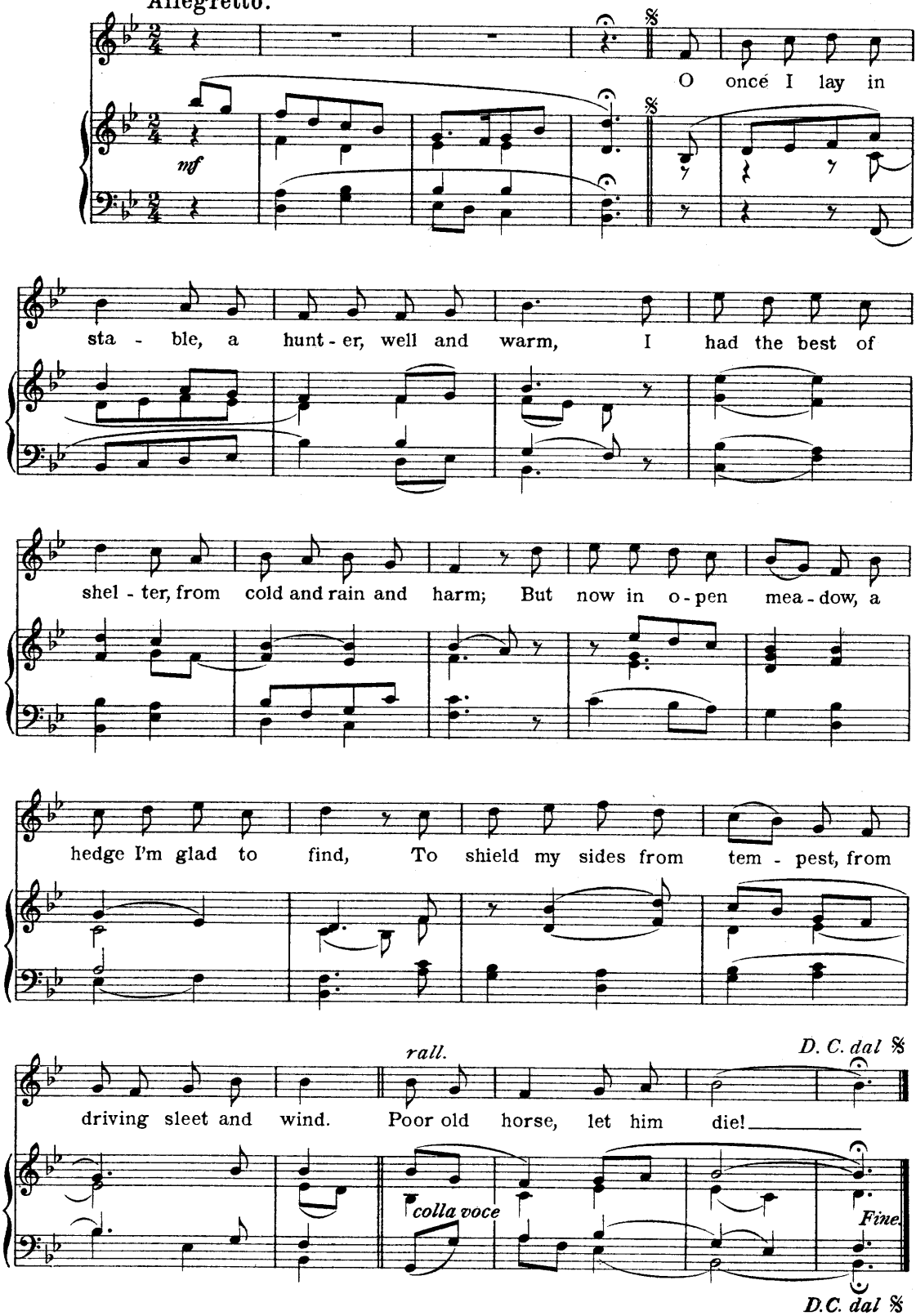
A gilded boat thou too shalt have,
And the oars be gilded also,
And the mariners they shall pipe and sing
As through the salt waves, sweet love, we go.

6

A way of gold lies over the sea
Where the sun doth set in the west.
And along that way thou shalt sail with me,
To the land of lands, sweet love, that's best.

№ 77 POOR OLD HORSE

C. J. S.



№ 77 POOR OLD HORSE

1

O once I lay in stable, a hunter, well and warm,
I had the best of shelter, from cold and rain and harm;
But now in open meadow, a hedge I'm glad to find,
To shield my sides from tempest, from driving sleet and wind.
Poor old horse, let him die!

2

My shoulders once were sturdy, were glossy, smooth and round,
But now, alas! they're rotten, I'm not accounted sound.
As I have grown so aged, my teeth gone to decay,
My master frowns upon me; I often hear him say,
Poor old horse, let him die!

* 3

A groom upon me waited, on straw I snugly lay,
When fields were full of flowers, the air was sweet with hay;
But now there's no good feeding prepared for me at all,
I'm forced to munch the nettles upon the kennel wall.
Poor old horse, let him die!

4

My shoes and skin, the huntsman, that covets them shall have,
My flesh and bones the hounds, Sir! I very freely give,
I've followed them full often, aye! many a score of miles,
O'er hedges, walls and ditches, nor blinked at gates and stiles.
Poor old horse, let him die!

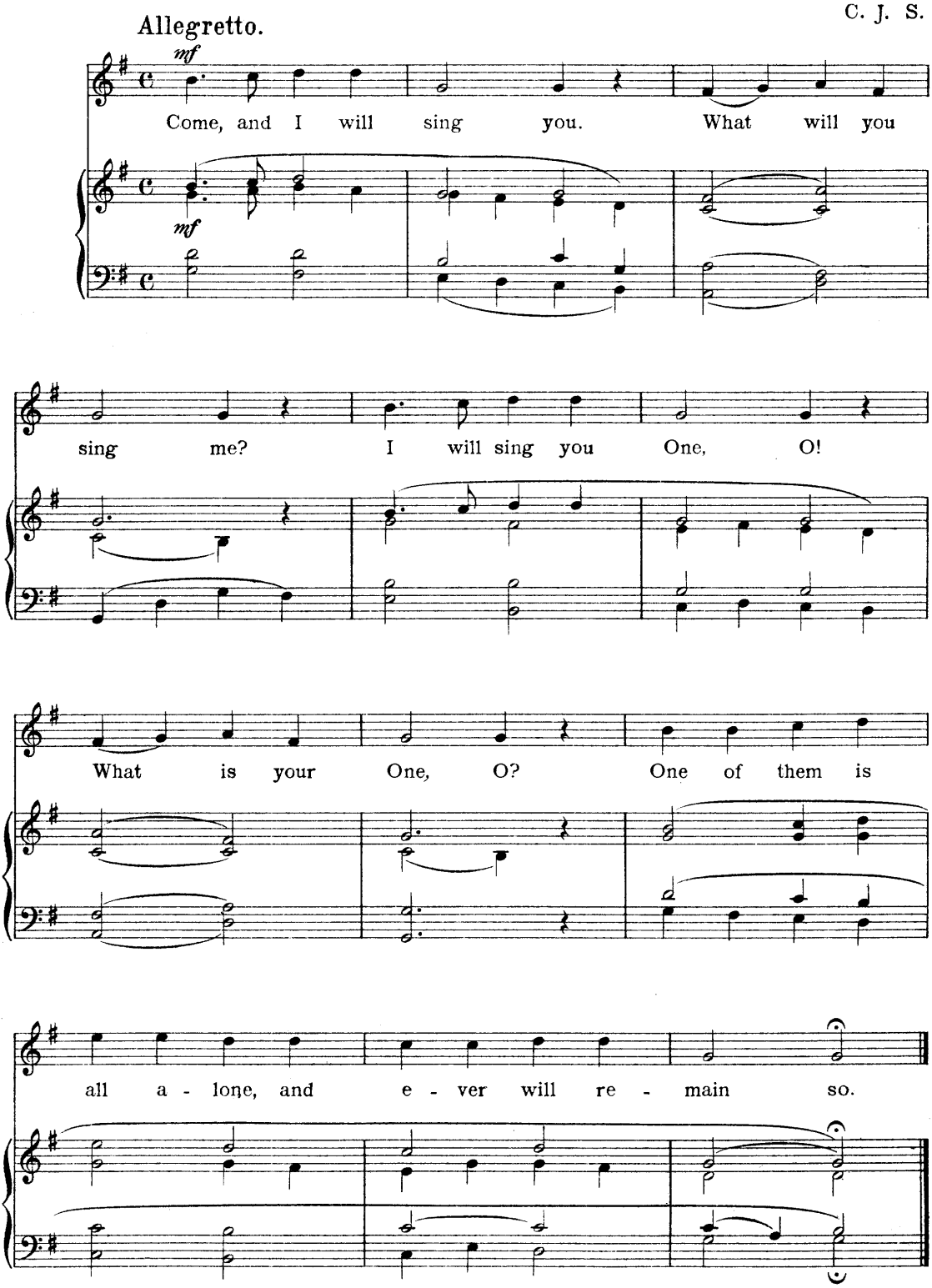
5

Ye gentlemen of England, ye sportsmen good and bold,
All you that love a hunter, remember him when old,
O put him in your stable, and make the old boy warm,
And visit him and pat him, and keep him out of harm,
Poor old horse, till he die!

* May be omitted in singing.

№ 78 THE DILLY SONG

C. J. S.



№ 78 THE DILLY SONG

1

Come, and I will sing you.
What will you sing me?
I will sing you One, O!
What is your One, O?
One of them is all alone, and ever will remain so.

2

Come, and I will sing you.
What will you sing me?
I will sing you Two, O!
What is your Two, O?
Two of them are lily-white babes, and dress'd all in green, O.

3

Come, &c.
I will sing you Three, O!
What is your Three, O?
Three of them are strangers, o'er the wide world they are rangers.

4

Come, &c.
I will sing you Four, O!
What is your Four, O?
Four it is the Dilly Hour, when blooms the gilly flower.

5

Come, &c.
I will sing you Five, O!
What is your Five, O?
Five it is the Dilly Bird, that's never seen, but heard, O!

6

Come, &c.
I will sing you Six, O!
What is your Six, O?
Six the Ferryman in the Boat, that doth on the river float, O!

7

Come, &c.
I will sing you Seven, O!
What is your Seven, O?
Seven it is the crown of Heaven, the shining stars be seven, O!

8

Come, &c.
I will sing you Eight, O!
What is your Eight, O?
Eight it is the morning break, when all the world's awake, O!

9

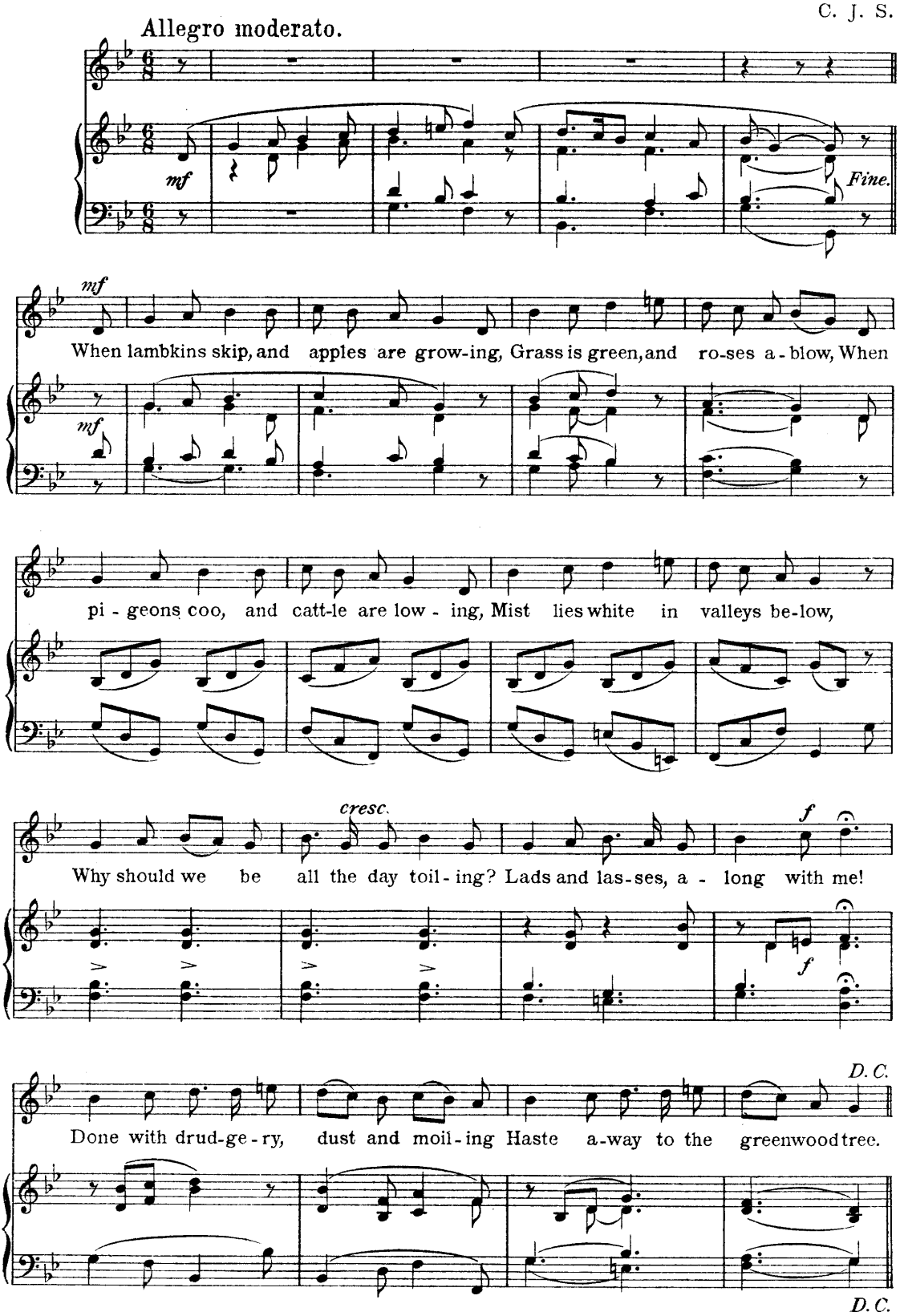
Come, &c.
I will sing you Nine, O!
What is your Nine, O?
Nine it is the pale moonshine, the pale moonlight is nine, O!

10

Come, &c.
I will sing you Ten, O!
What is your Ten, O?
Ten forbids all kind of sin, from ten again begin, O!

№ 79 A COUNTRY DANCE

C. J. S.



№ 79 A COUNTRY DANCE

1

When lambkins skip, and apples are growing,
Grass is green, and roses ablow,
When pigeons coo, and cattle are lowing,
Mist lies white in valleys below,
Why should we be all the day toiling?
Lads and lasses, along with me!
Done with drudgery, dust and moiling
Haste away to the greenwood tree.

2

The cows are milked, the team's in the stable,
Work is over, and play begun,
Ye farmer lads all lusty and able,
Ere the moon rises, we'll have our fun,
Why should we, &c.

3*

The glow-worm lights, as day is afailing,
Dew is falling over the field,
The meadow-sweet its scent is exhaling,
Honeysuckles their fragrance yield.
Why should we, &c.

4

There's Jack o'lantern lustily dancing
In the marsh with flickering flame,
And Daddy-long-legs, spinning and prancing,
Moth and midge are doing the same,
Why should we, &c.

5

So Bet and Prue, and Dolly and Celie,
With milking pail 'tis time to have done.
And Ralph and Phil, and Robin and Willie,
The threshing flail must sleep with the sun.
Why should we, &c.

6

Upon the green beginneth our pleasure,
Whilst we dance we merrily sing.
A country dance, a jig, and a measure,
Hand in hand we go in a ring.
Why should we, &c.

7

O sweet it is to foot on the clover,
Ended work and revel begun.
Aloft the planets never give over,
Dancing, circling round of the sun.
Why should we, &c.

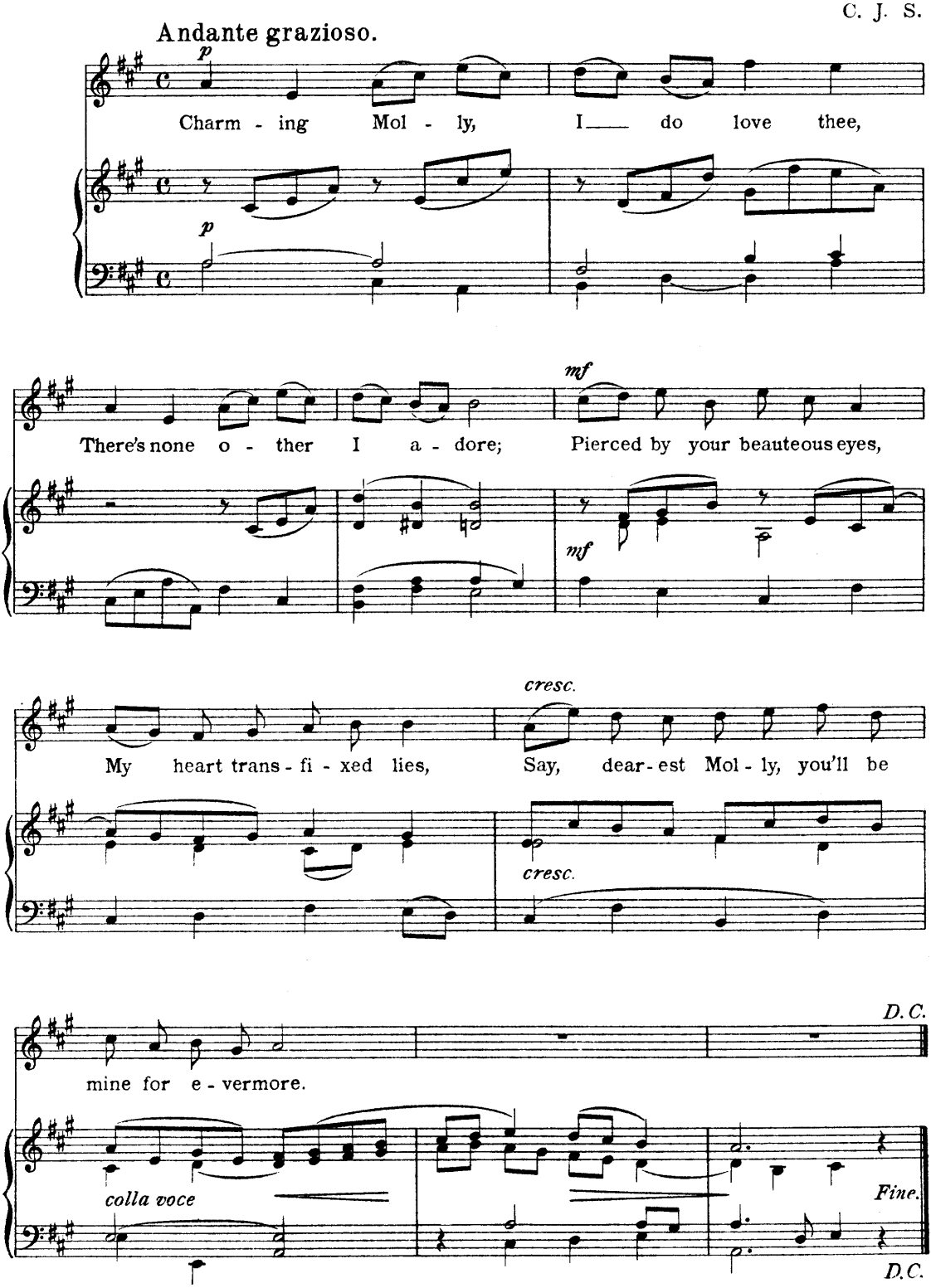
8

So Ralph and Phil, and Robin and Willie,
Take your partners each of you now.
And Bet and Prue, and Dolly and Celie,
Make a curtsey; lads! make a bow.
Why should we, &c.

* May be omitted in singing.

Nº 80 CONSTANT JOHNNY

C. J. S.



Nº 80 CONSTANT JOHNNY

1

Charming Molly, I do love thee,
There's none other I adore;
Pierced by your beauteous eyes,
My heart transfixed lies,
Say, dearest Molly, you'll be mine for evermore.

2

Constant Johnny I reject thee,
I thy fruitless suit deplore,
Your love I do decline,
I will be no love of thine
No Johnny, Constant Johnny, ne'er I'll see thee more.

3

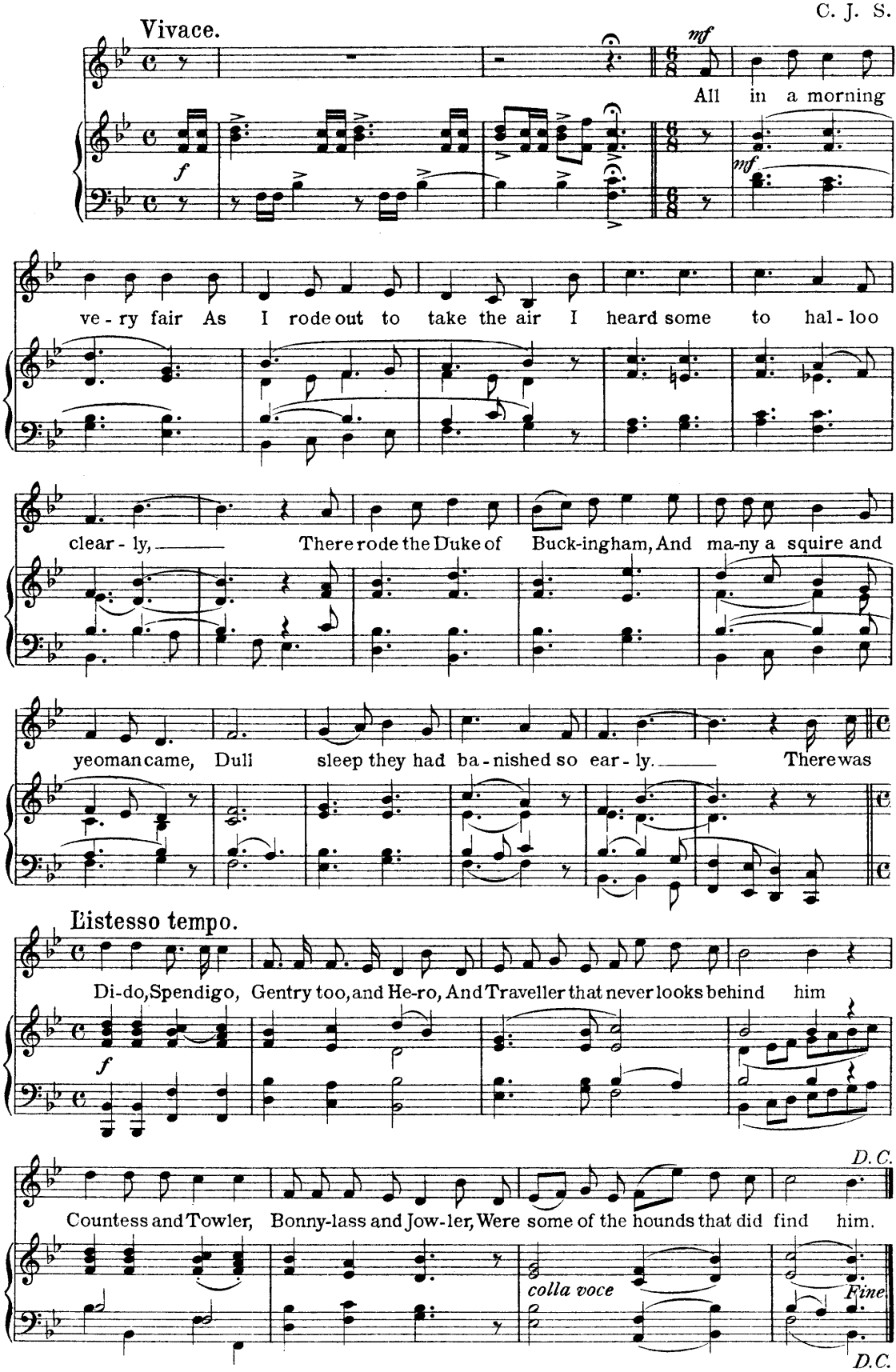
Canst thou see young Johnny bleeding
Down in Cupid's rosy bower,
See his transfixed heart,
Full of grief and full of smart,
Say, dearest Molly, thou'lt be mine for evermore.

4

Now the lovers are united,
Fast in wedlock's chains secure,
Happy as the livelong day,
Often she to him doth say,
O! Johnny, dearest Johnny, now we part no more.

№ 81 THE DUKE'S HUNT

C. J. S.



№ 81 THE DUKE'S HUNT

1

All in a morning very fair
As I rode out to take the air
I heard some to halioo clearly.
There rode the Duke of Buckingham,
And many a squire and yeoman came,
Dull sleep they had banished so early.
There was Dido, Spendigo
Gentry too, and Hero,
And Traveller that never looks behind him
Countess and Towler,
Bonny-lass and Jowler,
Were some of the hounds that did find him.

2

Old Jack he courses oe'r the plain,
Unwearied tries it back again,
His horse and his hounds fail never.
Our hearty huntsman he will say,
For ever and for e'er a day,
Hark! Forward! gallant hounds together.
There was Dido, &c.

3

The fox we followed, being young,
Our sport today is scarce begun,
Ere out of the cover breaking,
Away he runs o'er hill and dale,
Away we followed without fail.
Hark! Forward! sleeping echoes awaking!
There was Dido, &c.

4

Shy Reynard being well nigh spent,
His way he to the water bent,
And speedily crossed the river.
To save his life he sought to swim,
But Dido sharp went after him,
Heigh! Traveller destroyed his life for ever.
There was Dido, &c.

5

So, whoo-too-hoo! we did proclaim
God bless the Duke of Buckingham,
Our hounds they have gained great glory.
This maketh now the twentieth fox,
We've killed in river, dale and rocks,
So here's an end to my story.
There was Dido, &c.

No 82 THE BELL RINGING

H. F. S.

Moderato.

One day in Oc - to-ber, Neither drunken nor so-ber, O'er Broadbu-ry

Down I was wending my way, When I heard of some ring-ing, Some dancing and

rall. *a tempo*

sing-ing; I ought to re-member that Ju-bi-lee day. 'Twas in Ashwa-ter town, The

rall. *a tempo*

bells they did soun' They rung for a belt and a hat laced with gold, But the men of North

D.C.

Lew, Rang so stea-dy and true That there ne-ver were bet-ter in De-von, I hold.

Fine.

D. C.

Nº 82 THE BELL RINGING

1

One day in October,
Neither drunken nor sober,
O'er Broadbury Down I was wending my way.
When I heard of some ringing,
Some dancing and singing,
I ought to remember that Jubilee Day.

Refrain

'Twas in Ashwater Town,
The bells they did soun'
They rang for a belt and a hat laced with gold.
But the men of North Lew
Rang so steady and true,
That never were better in Devon, I hold.

2

'Twas misunderstood,
For the men of Broadwood,
Gave a blow on the tenor should never have been.
But the men of North Lew,
Rang so faultlessly true,
A difficult matter to beat them I ween.
'Twas in Ashwater Town &c.

3

They of Broadwood being naughty
Then said to our party,
We'll ring you a challenge again in a round,
We'll give you the chance,
At St Stephen's or Launce-
-ston the prize to the winner's a note of five pound.
'Twas in Callington Town
The bells next did soun'
They rang, &c.

4

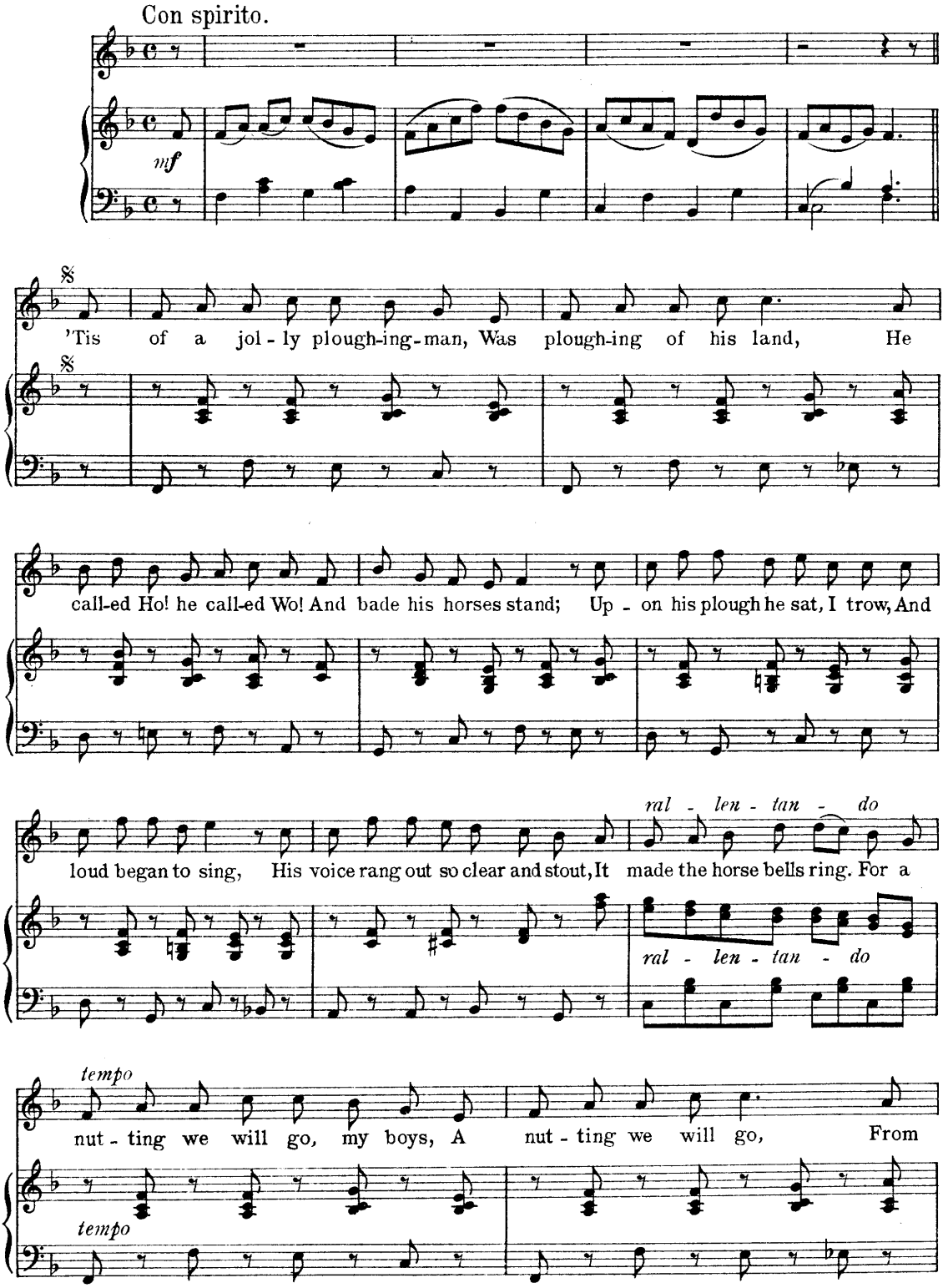
When the match it came on,
At good Callington,
The bells they rang out o'er the valleys below.
Then old and young people,
The hale and the feeble,
They came out to hear the sweet bell music flow.
'Twas at Callington town
The bells then did soun'
They rang, &c.

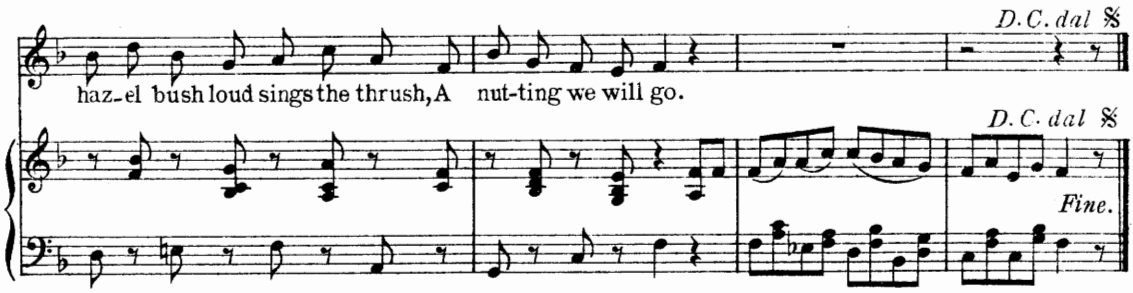
5

Those of Broadwood once more,
Were obliged to give o'er,
They were beaten completely and done in a round.
For the men of North Lew
Pull so steady and true,
That no better then they in the West can be found.
'Twas at Ashwater town
Then at Callington town
They rang, &c.

№ 83 A NUTTING WE WILL GO

H. F. S.





№ 83 A NUTTING WE WILL GO

1

'Tis of a jolly ploughing-man,
Was ploughing of his land,
He called, Ho! he called, Wo!
And bade his horses stand.
Upon his plough he sat, I trow,
And loud began to sing,
His voice rang out, so clear and stout,
It made the horse bells ring.
For a nutting we will go, my boys,
A nutting we will go,
From hazel bush, loud sings the thrush,
A nutting we will go!

2

A maiden sly was passing by
With basket on her arm,
She stood to hear his singing clear,
To listen was no harm.
The ploughboy stayed that pretty maid,
And clasped her middle small,
He kissed her twice, he kissed her thrice
Ere she could cry or call.
For a nutting &c:

3

Now all you pretty maidens that
Go nutting o'er the grass
Attend my rede, and give good heed,
Of ploughboys that you pass.
When lions roar, on Afric's shore,
No mortal ventures near,
When hoots the owl, and bears do growl,
The heart is full of fear.
For a nutting &c:

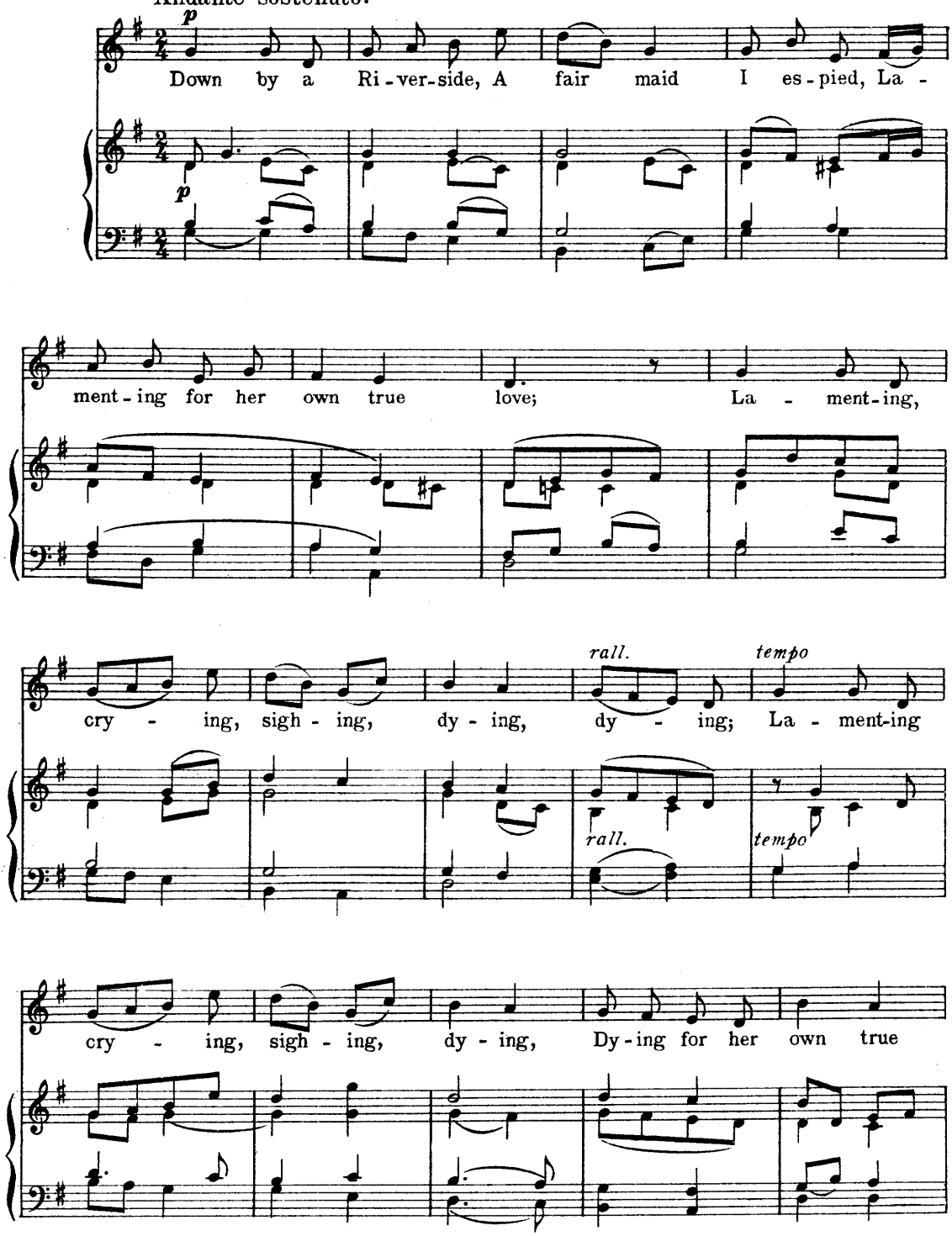
4

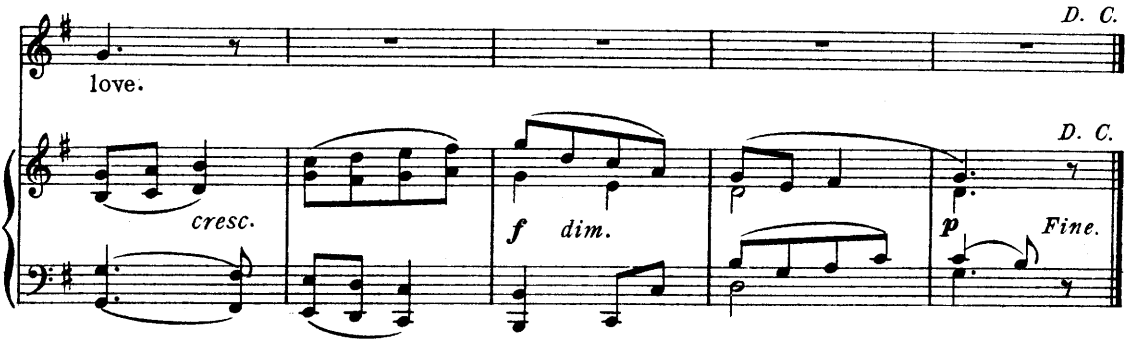
And yet, 'tis said, to pretty maid,
There is a graver thing,
In any clime, at any time,
-A ploughboy that doth sing.
So all you maidens, young and fair
Take lesson from my lay,
When you do hear a ploughman sing,
Then lightly run away.
For a nutting &c:

Nº 84 DOWN BY A RIVER SIDE

C. J. S.

Andante sostenuto.

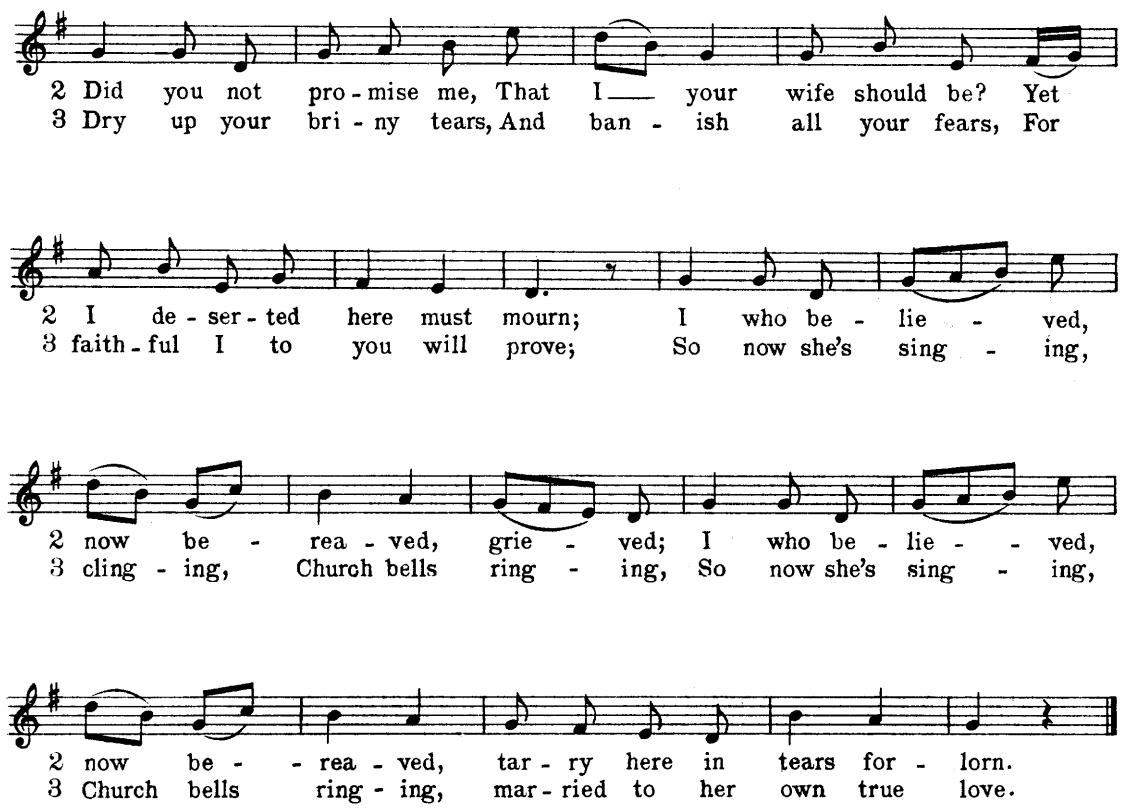




№ 84 DOWN BY A RIVER SIDE

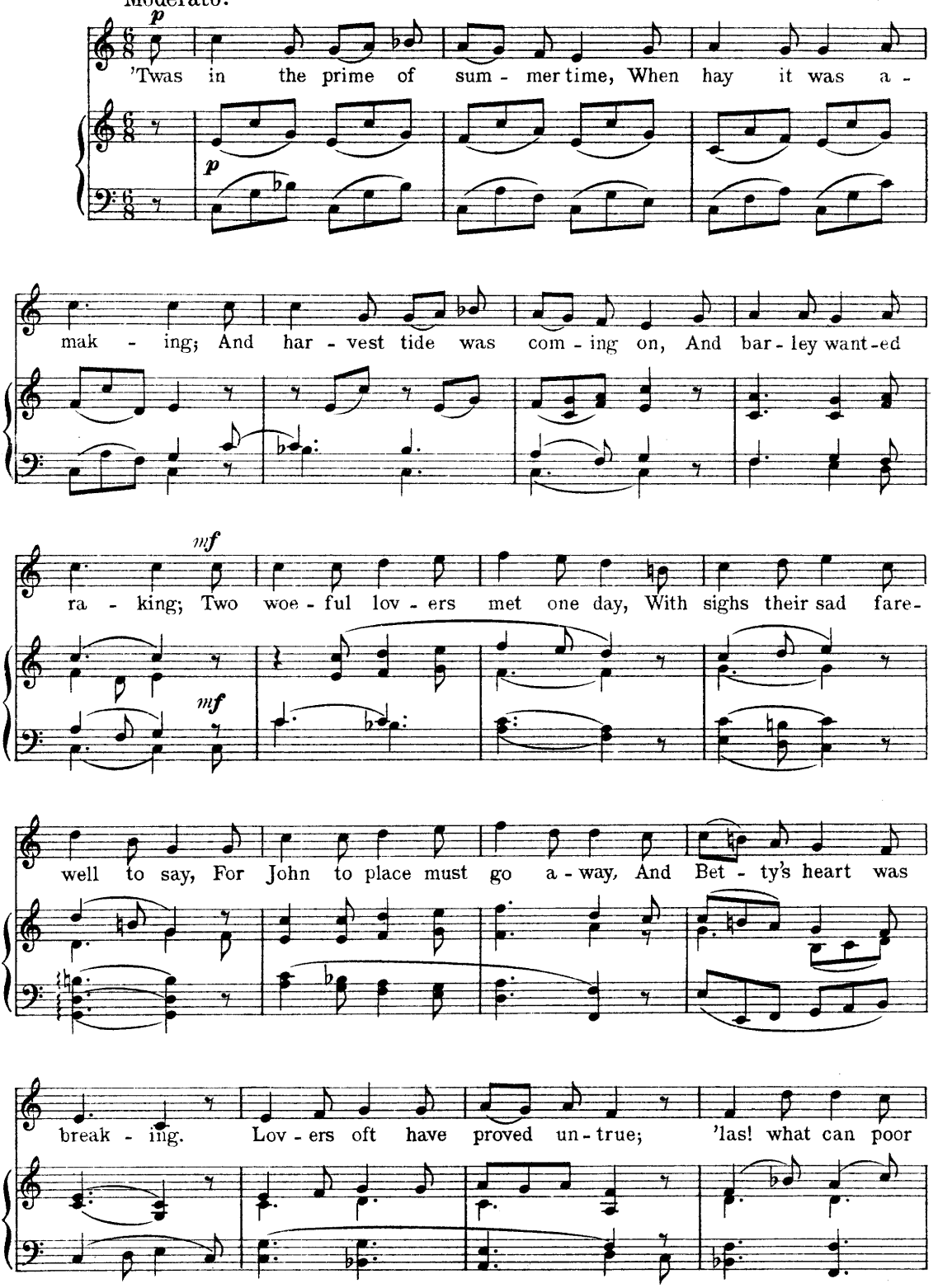
1

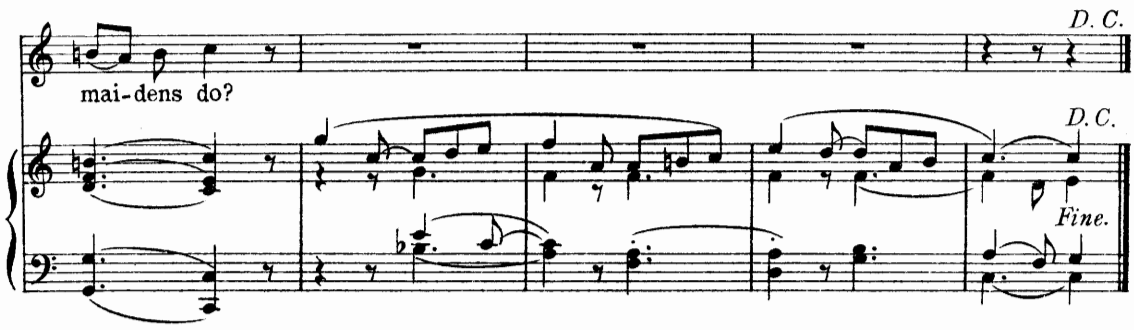
Down by a River-side,
A fair maid I espied,
Lamenting for her own true love;
Lamenting, crying, sighing, dying;
Dying for her own true love.



Nº 85 THE BARLEY RAKING

Moderato. C. J. S.





№ 85 THE BARLEY RAKING

1

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
When hay it was a making;
And harvest tide was coming on,
And barley wanted raking;
Two woeful lovers met one day,
With sighs their sad farewell to say,
For John to place must go away,
And Betty's heart was breaking.
Lovers oft have proved untrue;
'las! what can poor maidens do?

2

But hardly was her sweet-heart gone,
With vows of ne'er forsaking;
The foolish wench did so take on,
To ease her bosom's aching—
She sent a letter to her love,
Invoking all the powers above,
If he should e'er inconstant prove,
To her and the Barley raking.
Lovers oft have proved untrue;
'las! what can poor maidens do?

3

Now when this letter reached the youth,
It put him in a taking;
Sure of each other's love and truth,
Why such a fuss be making?
But being a tender hearted swain,
From hasty words he did refrain,
And wrote to her in gentle strain,
To bid her cease from quaking.
Lovers oft have proved untrue;
'las! what can poor maidens do?

4

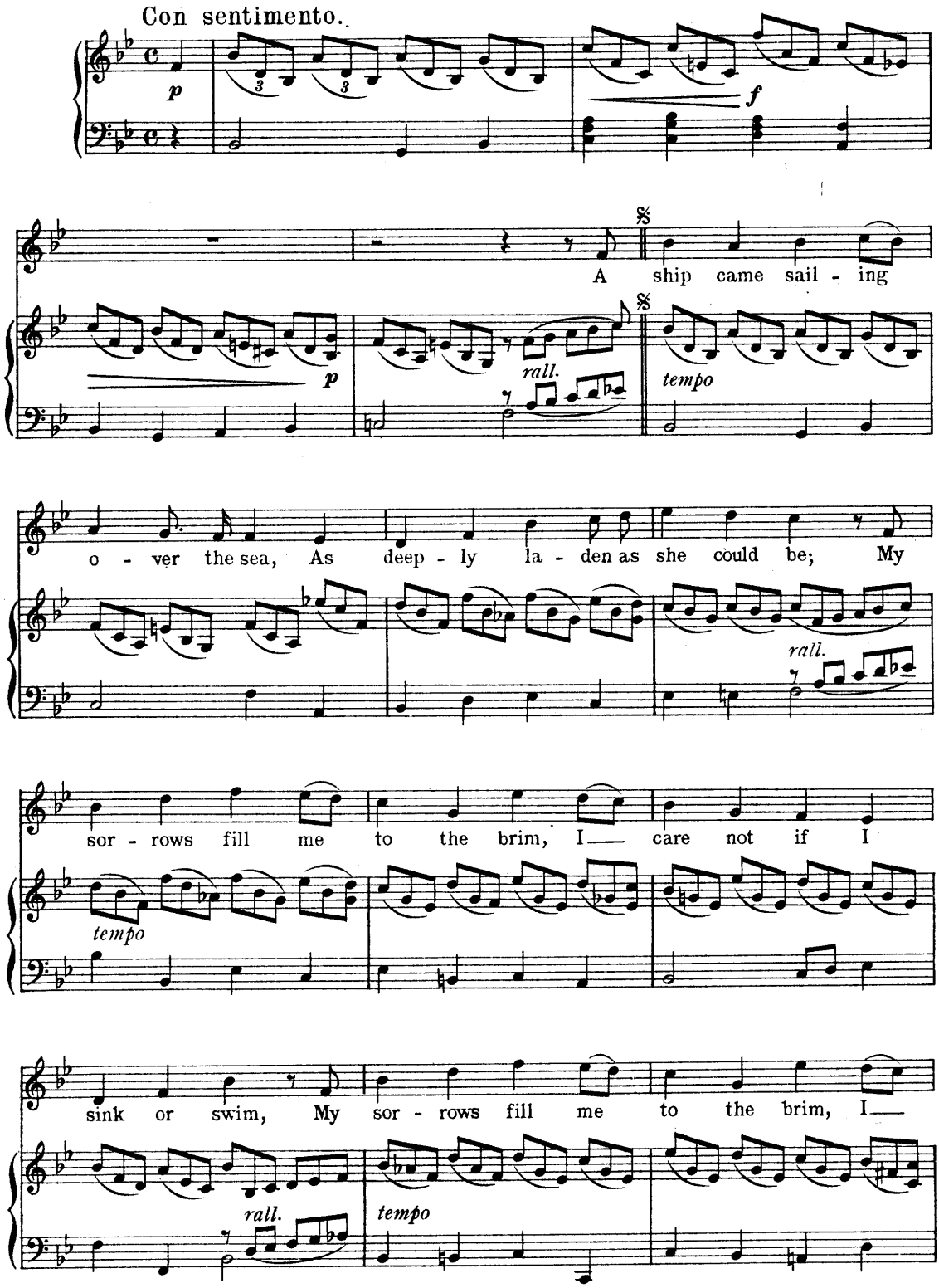
"I've got as good a pair of shoes
As e'er were made of leather;
I'll pull my beaver o'er my nose,
And face all wind and weather;
And when the year has run its race,
I'll seek a new and nearer place;
And hope to see your bonnie face
At time of the Barley raking."
Lovers oft have proved untrue;
'las! what can poor maidens do?

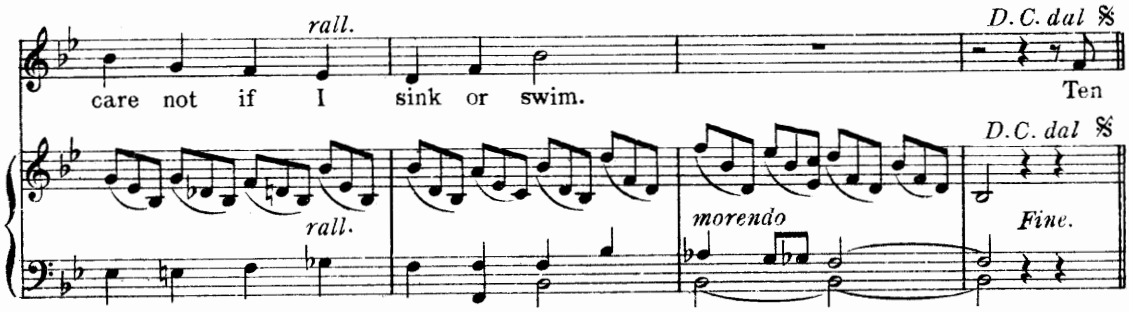
5

So when the year was past and gone,
And hay once more was making;
Back to his love came faithful John,
To find a rude awaking:
For Betty thought it long to wait,
So she had ta'en another mate,
And left her first love to his fate,
In spite of the Barley raking.
Damsels oft have proved untrue;
'las! what can poor lovers do?

№ 86 A SHIP CAME SAILING

H. F. S.





№ 86 A SHIP CAME SAILING

1

A ship came sailing over the sea
As deeply laden as she could be;
My sorrows fill me to the brim,
I care not if I sink or swim.

★2

Ten thousand ladies in the room,
But my true love's the fairest bloom,
Of stars she is my brightest sun,
I said I would have her or none,

3

I leaned my back against an oak,
But first it bent and then it broke,
Untrusty as I found that tree,
So did my love prove false to me.

4

Down in a mead the other day,
As carelessly I went my way,
And plucked flowers red and blue,
I little thought what love could do.

5

I saw a Rose with ruddy blush,
And thrust my hand into the bush,
I pricked my fingers to the bone,
I would I'd left that rose alone!

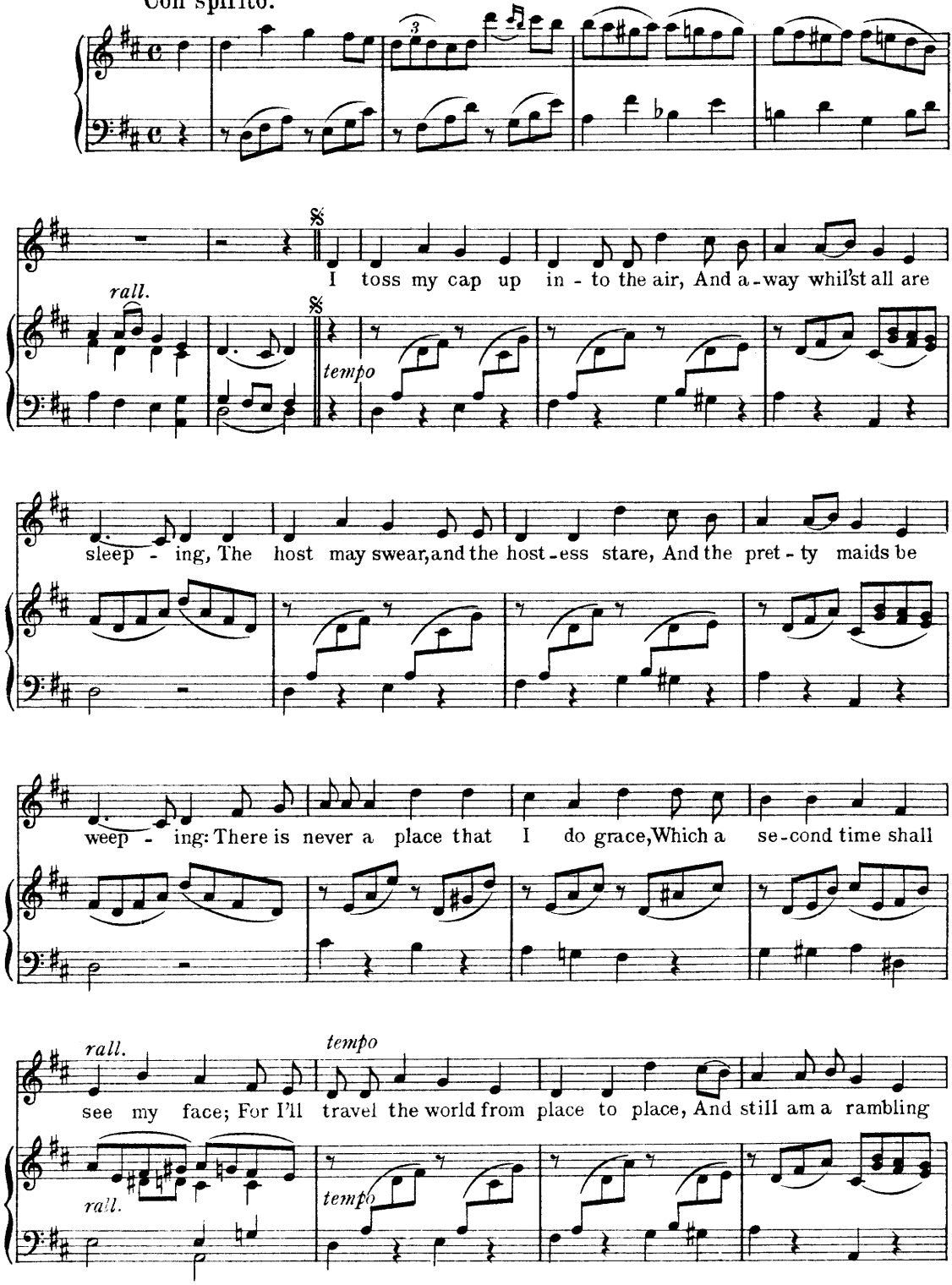
6

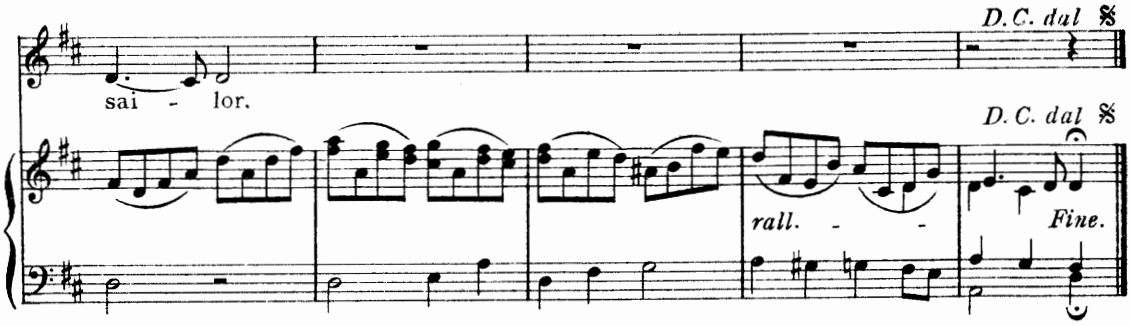
I wish! I wish! but 'tis in vain,
I wish I had my heart again!
With silver chain and diamond locks,
I'd fasten it in a golden box.

★ May be omitted in singing.

Nº 87 THE RAMBLING SAILOR

Con spirito. H. F. S.





№ 87 THE RAMBLING SAILOR

1

I toss my cap up into the air,
And away whil'st all are sleeping,
The host may swear, and the hostess stare,
And the pretty maids be weeping:
There is never a place that I do grace,
Which a second time shall see my face;
For I travel the world from place to place,
And still am a Rambling Sailor.

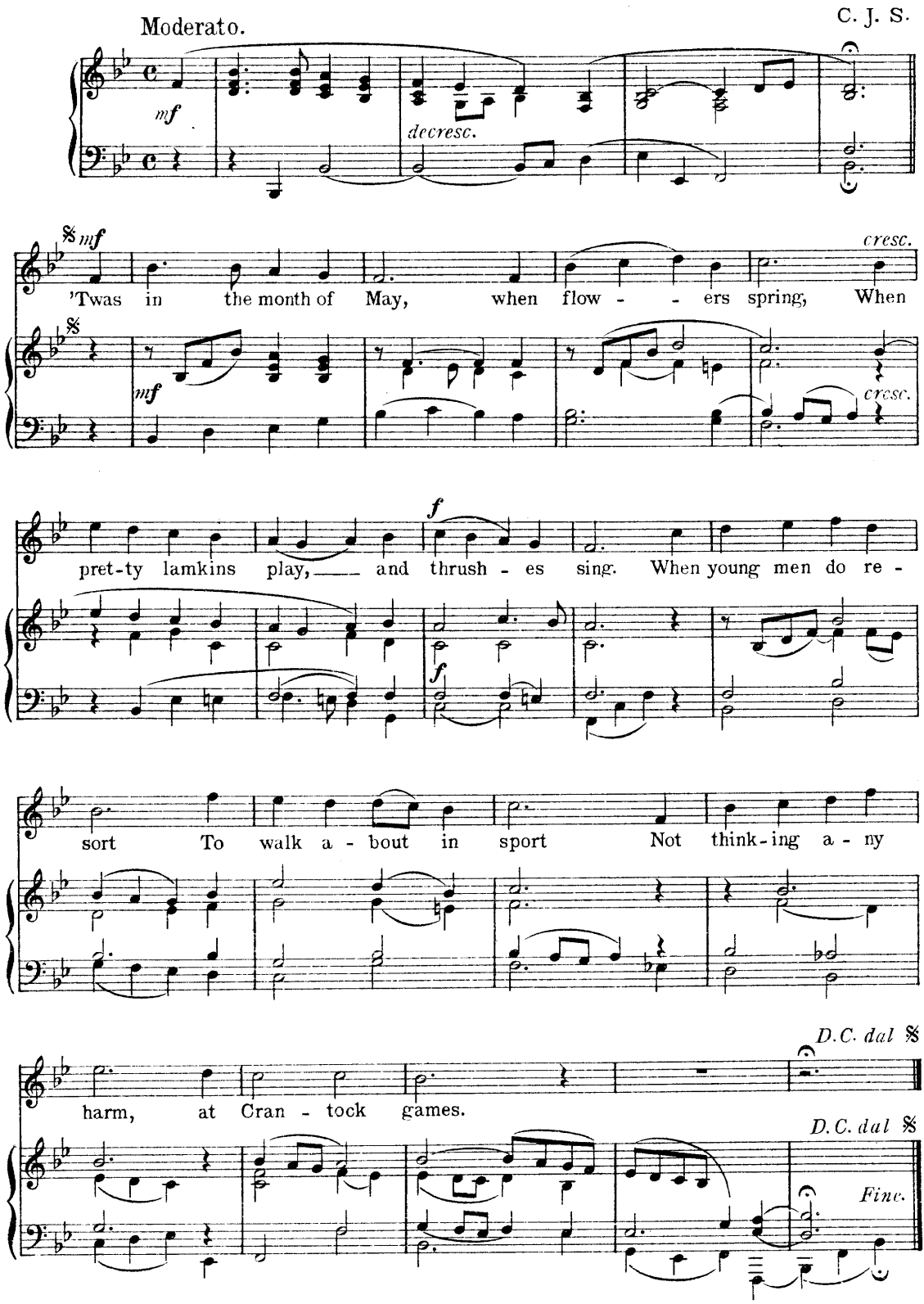
2

O when I come to London town,
Or enter any city,
I settle down at the Bell or Crown,
And court each lass that's pretty.
And I say, "My dear, be of good cheer,
I'll never depart, you need not fear!"
But I traved the county far and near
And still am a Rambling Sailor.

3

And if that you would know my name,
I've any that you fancy,
'Tis never the same, as I change my flame,
From Bet, to Joan, or Nancy.
I court maids all, marry none at all,
My heart is round, and rolls as a ball,
And I travel the land from Spring to Fall,
And still am a Rambling Sailor.

№ 88 WILLY COOMBE



Nº 88 WILLY COOMBE

1

'Twas in the month of May, when flowers spring,
When pretty lambkins play, and thrushes sing.
When young men do resort
To walk about in sport
Not thinking any harm, at Crantock games.

2

Crantock and Newlyn men, all in one room,
The first mark that was made, it proved my doom.
My name is Willy Coombe,
Just twenty, in my bloom;
Just twenty in my bloom when I was shot.

3

'Twas by a musket ball so swift did fly
Which pierced my body through, so I must die.
My brother swift did ride;
To Truro Town he hied.
Alas! alack-a-day, my cruel lot!

4

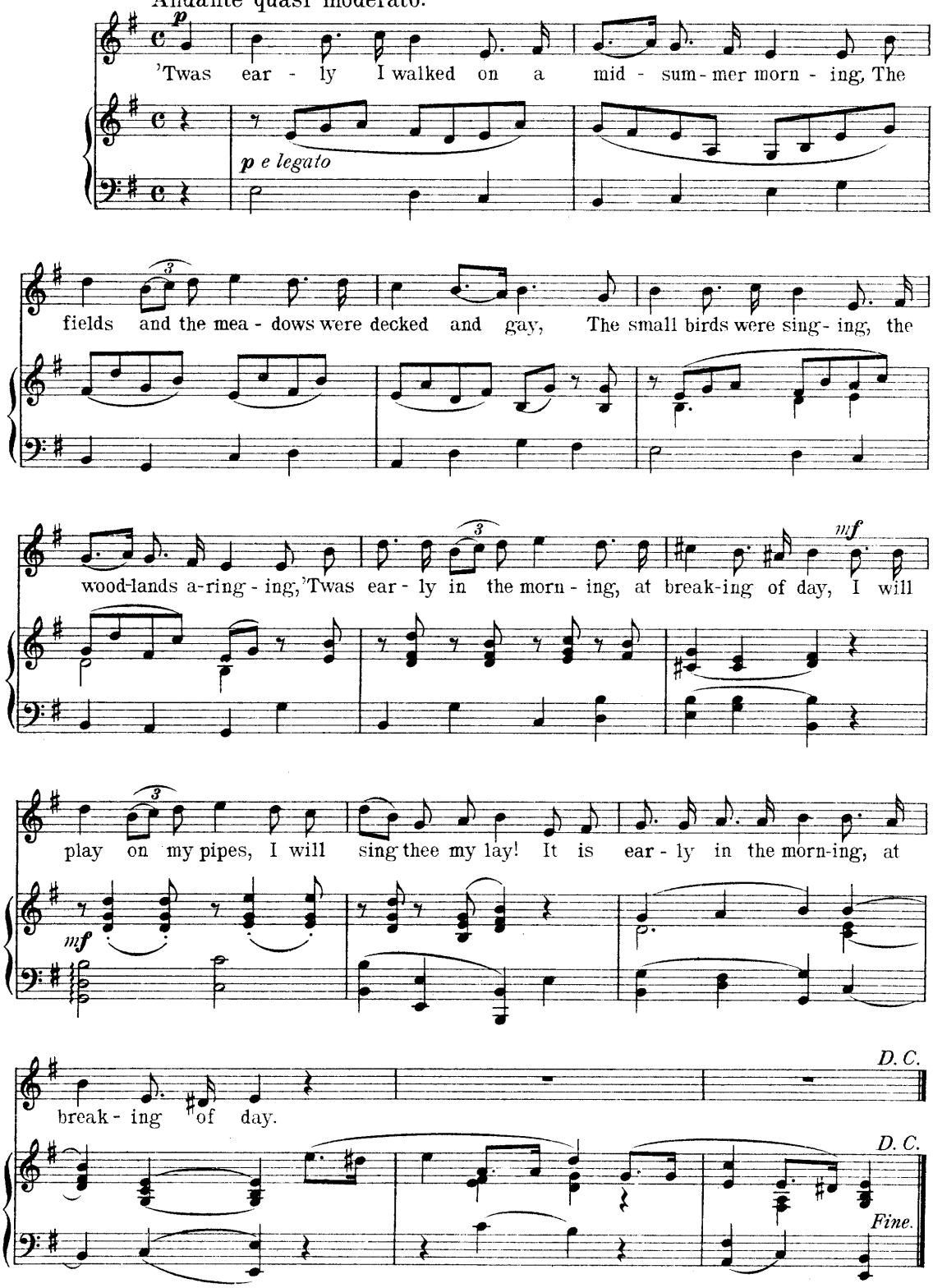
The surgeon said 'twas o'er, none could me cure,
Bleeding all night, great pains I did endure.
Coroner and jury true
My body well did view.
And from this wound I die at Crandock games.

5

Father, your son is dead, your sorrow bear
Mother, don't break your heart, O mother dear!
Sister, don't cry nor grieve,
It will not you relieve
No warning was I giv'n when I was shot.

Nº 89 MIDSUMMER CAROL

C. J. S.



Nº 89 MIDSUMMER CAROL

1

'Twas early I walked on a midsummer morning,
The fields and the meadows were deckéd and gay,
The small birds were singing, the woodlands a-ringing,
'Twas early in the morning, at breaking of day,
I will play on my pipes, I will sing thee my lay!
It is early in the morning, at breaking of day.

2

O hark! and O hark! to the nightingales wooing,
The lark is aloft piping shrill in the air.
In every green bower the turtle-doves cooing,
The sun is just gleaming, arise up my fair!
Arise, love, arise! none fairer I spie
Arise, love, arise! O why should I die?

3

Arise, love, arise! go and get your love posies,
The fairest of flowers in garden that grows,
Go gather me lilies, carnations and roses,
I'll wear them with thoughts of the maiden I chose
I stand at thy door, pretty love, full of care,
O why should I languish so long in despair?

*4

O why love, O why, should I banished be from thee?
O why should I see my own chosen no more?
O why look your parents so slightingly on me?
It is all for the rough ragged garments I wore,
But dress me with flowers, I'm gay as a king,
I'm glad as a bird, when my carol I sing.

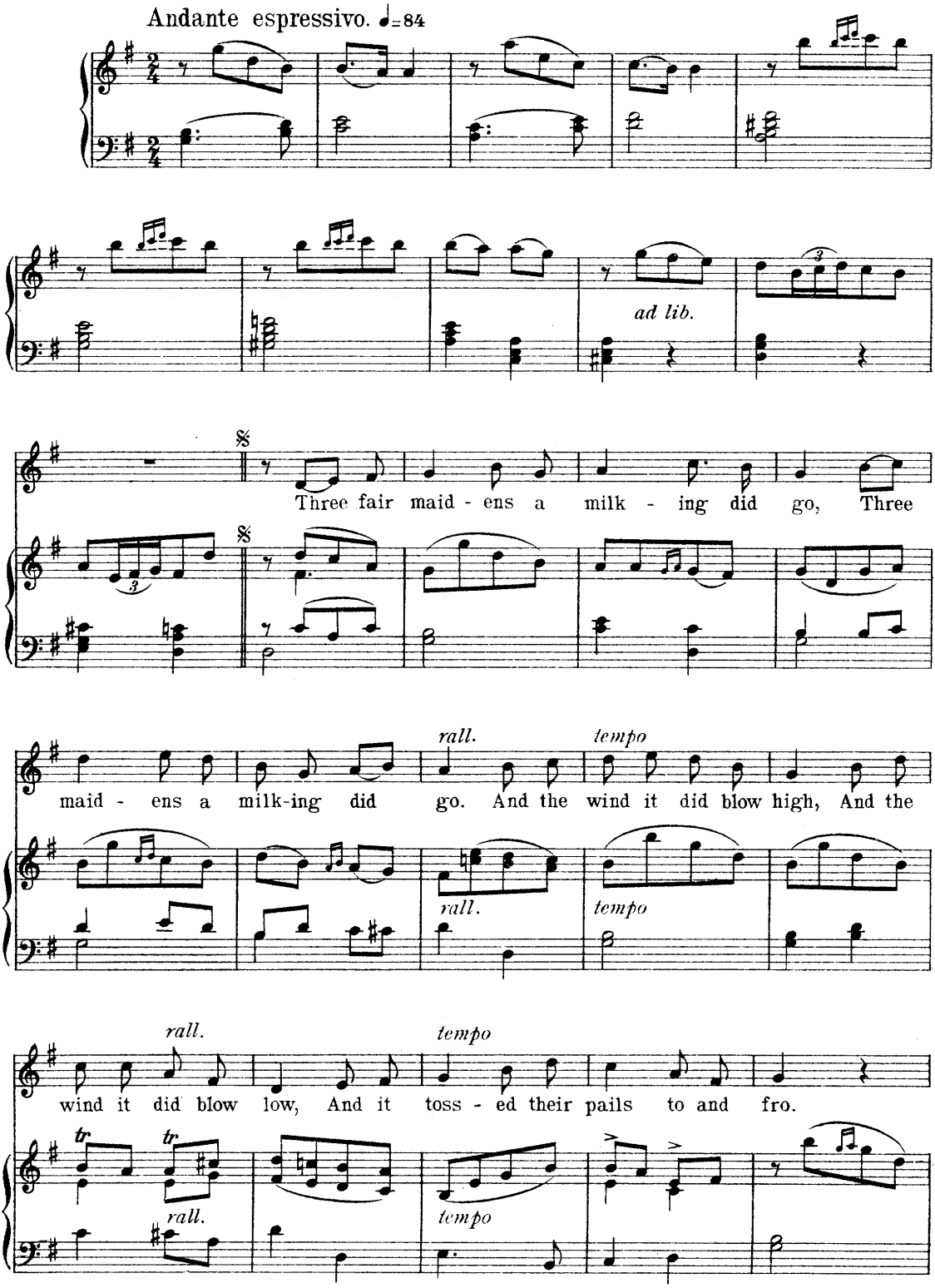
5

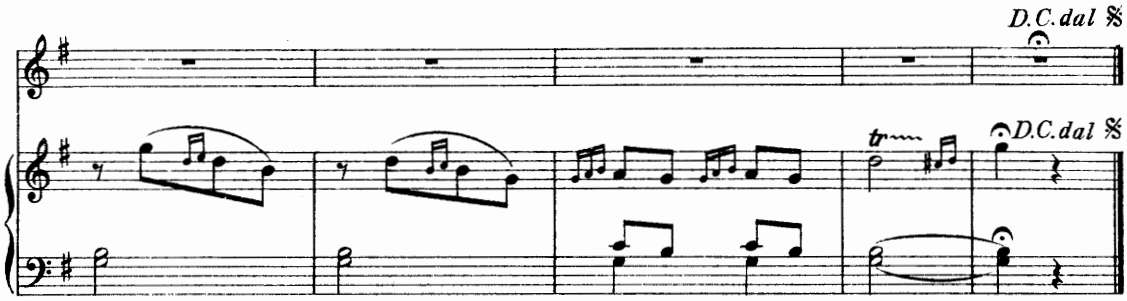
Arise, love, arise! in song and in story,
To rival thy beauty was never a may,
I will play thee a tune on my pipes of ivory,
It is early in the morning, at breaking of day,
I will play on my pipes, I will sing thee my lay!
It is early in the morning, at breaking of day.

*May be omitted in singing.

Nº 90 THE BLACKBIRD IN THE BUSH

H. F. S.





Nº 90 THE BLACKBIRD IN THE BUSH

1
Three fair maidens a milking did go,
Three maidens a milking did go,
And the wind it did blow high,
And the wind it did blow low,
And it tossed their pails to and fro.

2
Then they met with a man they did know,
O they met with a man they did know,
And they said, Have you the skill,
And they said, Have you the will,
For to catch us a small bird or two?

3
Here's a health to the blackbird in the bush
Likewise to the merry wood-do'e (dove).
If you'll go along with me
Unto yonder flow'ring tree,
I will catch you a small bird or two.

4
So they went till they stayéd at a bush,
So they went till they stayéd at two.
And the birds they flew about
Pretty birds flew in and out
And he caught them by one and by two.

5
So my boys we will drink down the sun
So my boys we will drink down the moon!
For we birds are of one feather,
And we surely flock together,
Let the people say little or none.

Nº 91 THE GREEN BED

H. F. S.

Allegro.

mf

Fine.

mf

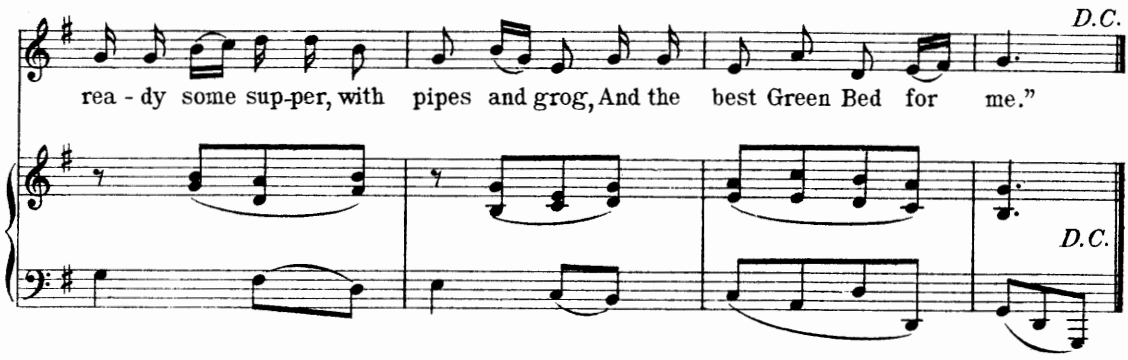
Young Sai-lor Dick, as he stepped on shore, To his quar-ters of old re - turn'd, The

mf

hos - tess glad, cries "Dick my lad! What prize mon - ey have you earn'd?" "Poor

luck! poor luck! yet Mol - ly my duck, Your daugh-ter I've come to see: ___ Get

read - y some sup-per, with pipes and grog, And the best Green Bed for me, Get



Nº 91 THE GREEN BED

1

Young Sailor Dick, as he stepped on shore,
To his quarters of old return'd,
The hostess glad, cries "Dick my lad!
What prize money have you earn'd?"
"Poor luck! poor luck! yet Molly, my duck,
Your daughter I've come to see:
Get ready some supper, with pipes and grog,
And the best Green Bed for me."

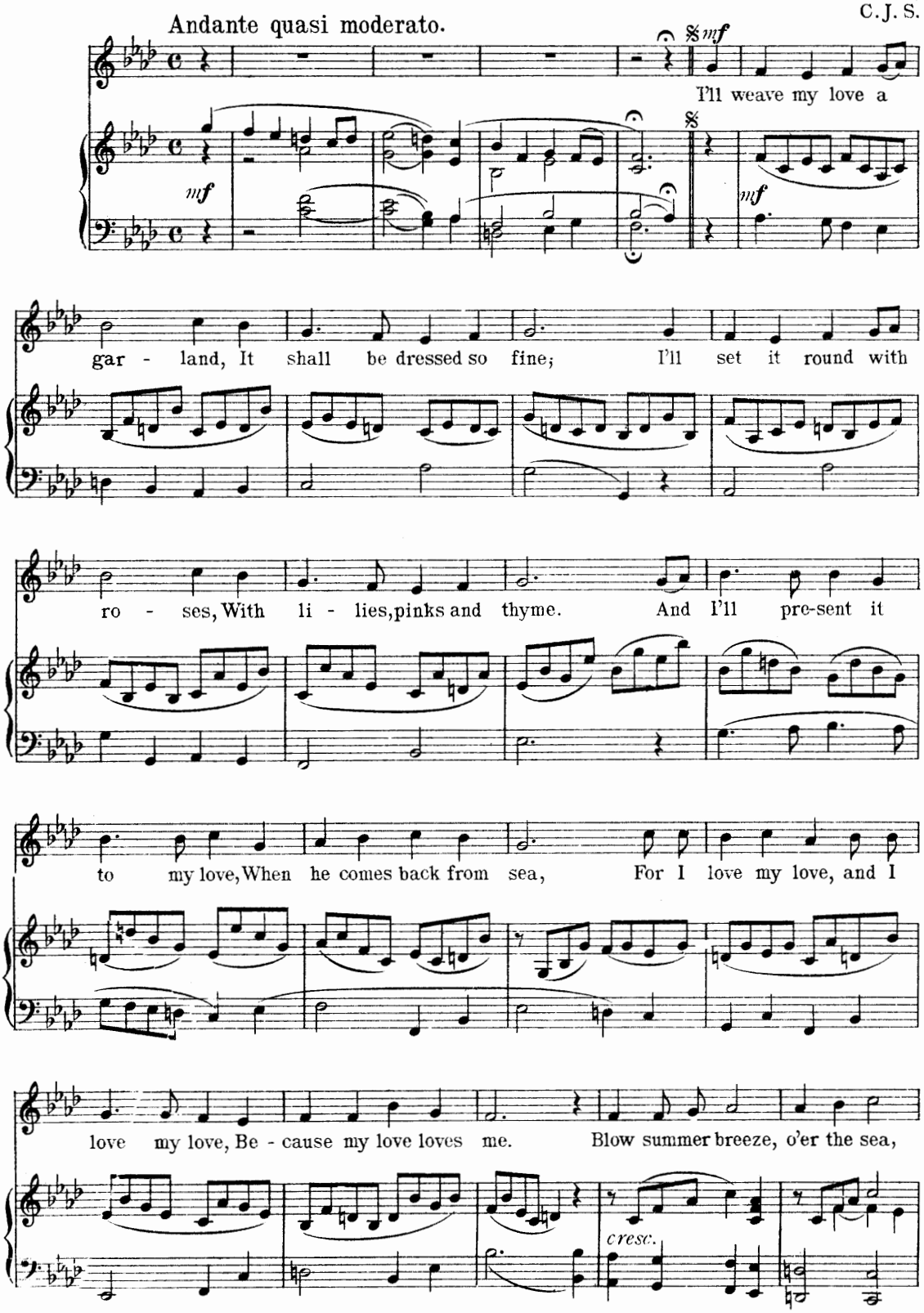
2

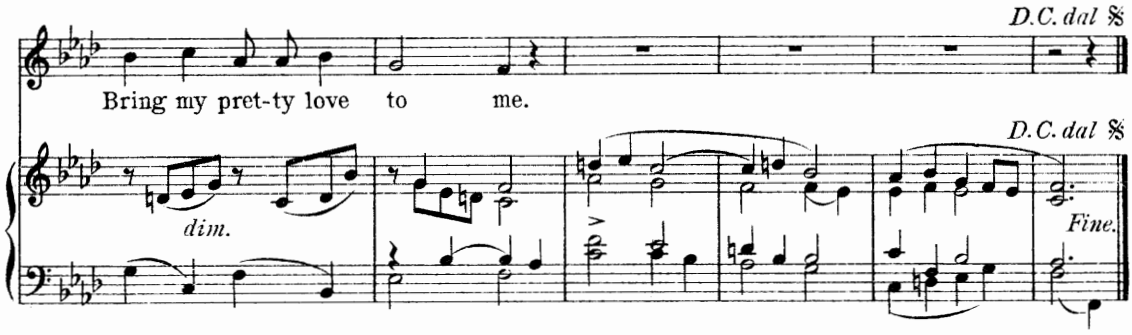
"My daughter, she's gone out for a walk;
My beds are all bespoken;
My larder's bare, like the rum-keg there,
And my baccy pipes all are broken."
Says Dick, "I'll steer for another berth,
I fear I have made too bold:
But I'll pay for the beer that I've just drunk here,"
And he pulled out a hand-ful of gold.

3

"Come down Molly, quick! here's your sweetheart Dick
Has just come back from sea:
He wants his supper, his grog and a bed,
The best Green Bed it must be."
"No bed," cries Dick, "no supper, no grog,
No sweetheart for me I swear!
You shewed me the door when you thought me poor,
So I'll carry my gold elsewhere."

Nº 92 THE LOYAL LOVER





Nº 92 THE LOYAL LOVER

1

I'll weave my love a garland,
It shall be dressed so fine;
I'll set it round with roses,
With lilies, pinks and thyme.
And I'll present it to my love
When he comes back from sea,
For I love my love, and I love my love,
Because my love loves me.
Blow summer breeze, o'er the sea
Bring my pretty love to me.

2

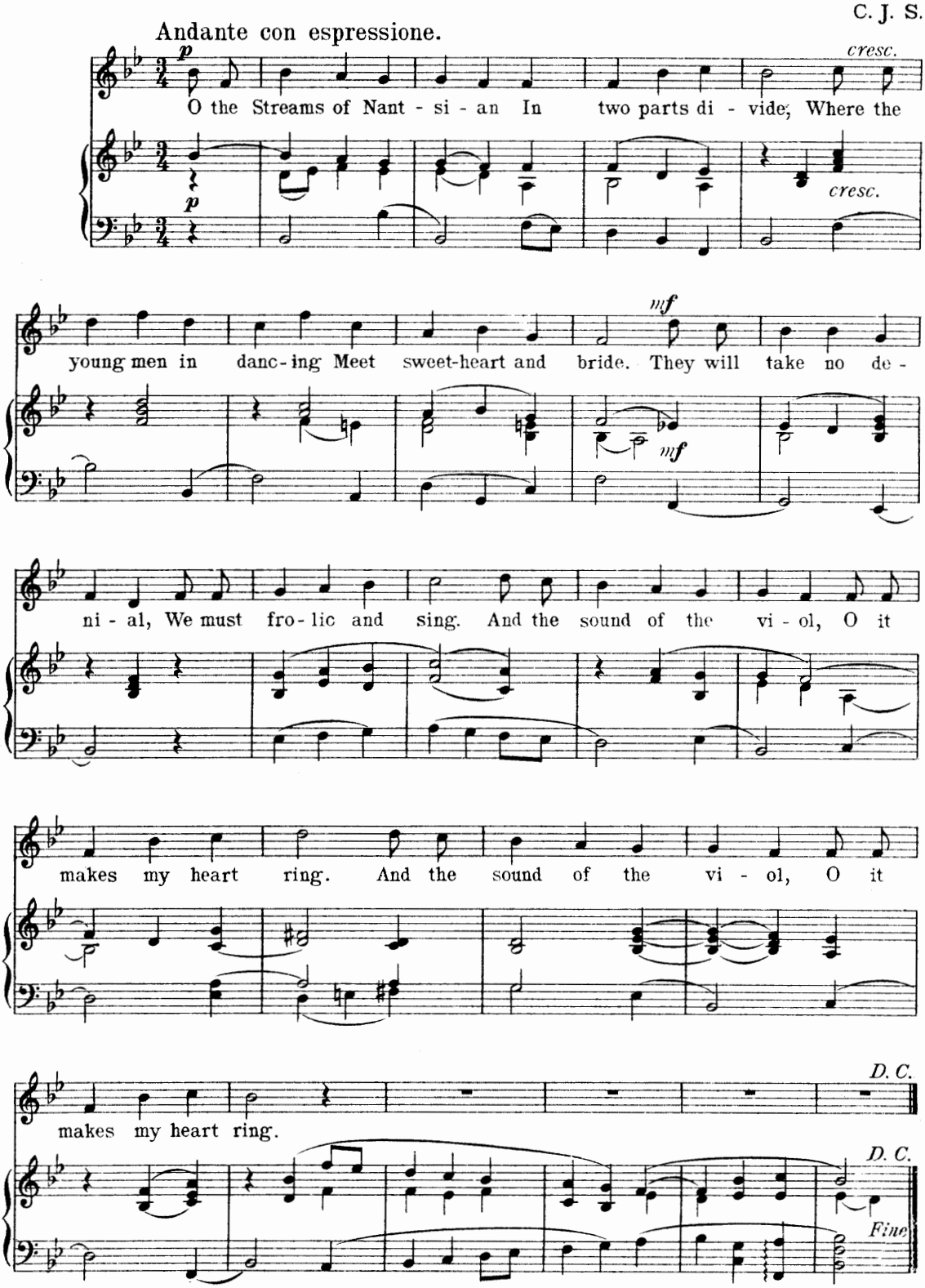
I wish I were an arrow,
That sped into the air;
To seek him as a sparrow,
And if he was not there,
Then quickly I'd become a fish
To search the raging sea;
For I love my love, and I love my love,
Because my love loves me.
Blow &c.

3

I would I were a reaper,
I'd seek him in the corn;
I would I were a keeper,
I'd hunt him with my horn.
I'd blow a blast, when found at last,
Beneath the greenwood tree,
For I love my love, and I love my love,
Because my love loves me.
Blow &c.

Nº 93 THE STREAMS OF NANTSIAN

C. J. S.



Nº 93 THE STREAMS OF NANTSIAN

1

O the Streams of Nant-si-an
In two parts divide,
Where the young men in dancing
Meet sweetheart and bride.
They will take no denial,
We must frolic and sing.
And the sound of the viol
O it makes my heart ring.

2

On the rocky cliff yonder
A castle up-stands;
To the seamen a wonder
Above the black sands.
'Tis of ivory builded
With diamonds glazed bright,
And with gold it is gilded,
To shine in the night.

3

Over yonder high mountain
The wild fowl do fly;
And in ocean's deep fountain,
The fairest pearls lie.
On eagle's wings soaring,
I'll speed as the wind;
Ocean's fountain exploring,
My true love I'll find.

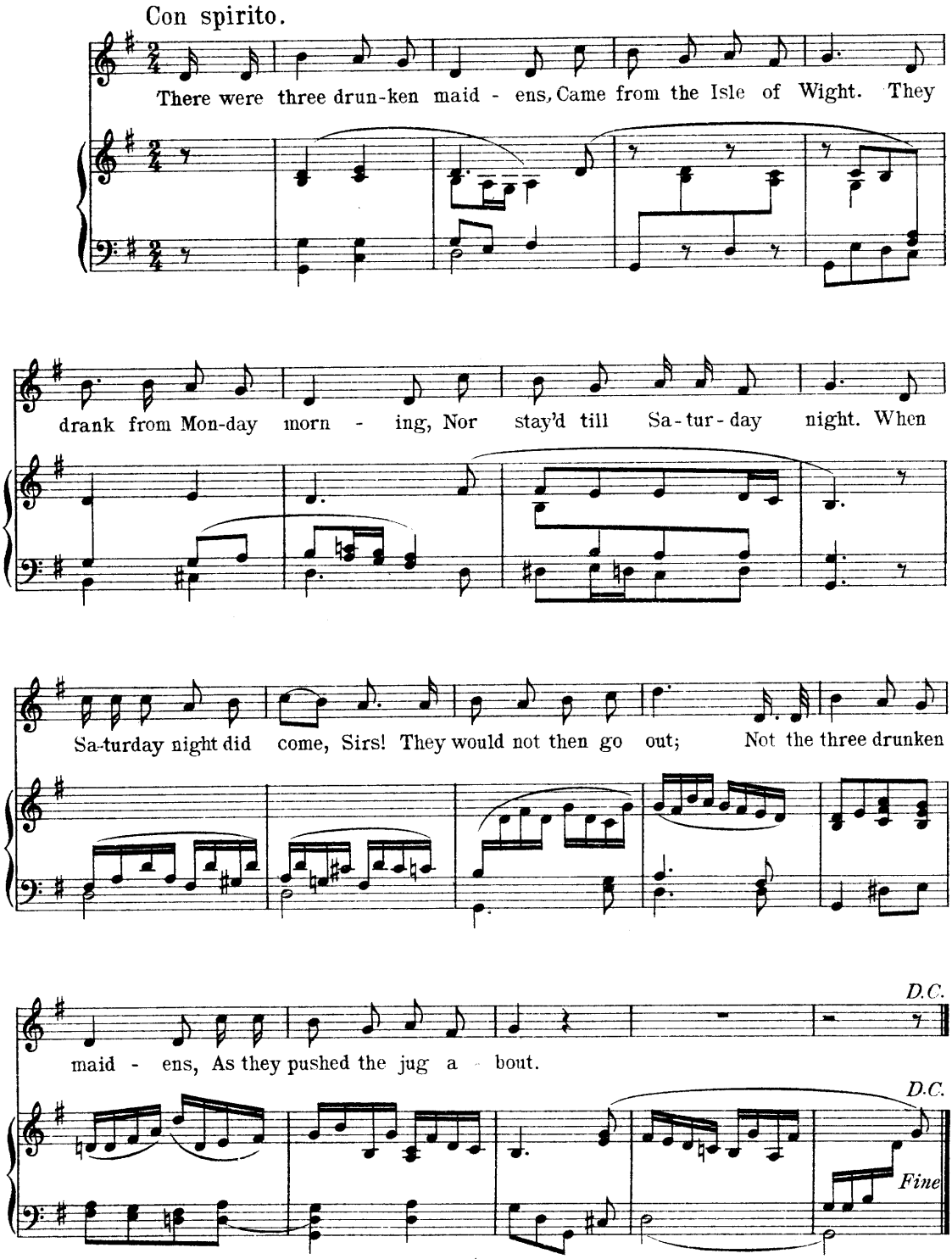
4

O the streams of Nant-si-an
Divide in two parts,
And rejoin as in dancing
Do lads their sweethearts.
So the streams, bright and shining
Tho' parted in twain,
Re-unite, intertwining,
One thenceforth remain.

№ 94 THE DRUNKEN MAIDENS

F. W. B.

Con spirito.



Nº 94 THE DRUNKEN MAIDENS

1

There were three drunken maidens,
Came from the Isle of Wight.
They drank from Monday morning,
Nor stayed till Saturday night.
When Saturday night did come, Sirs!
They would not then go out;
Not the three drunken maidens,
As they pushed the jug about.

2

Then came in Bouncing Sally,
With cheeks as red as bloom.
"Make space my jolly sisters,
Now make for Sally room.
For that I will be your equal,
Before that I go out."
So now four drunken maidens,
They pushed the jug about.

3

It was woodcock and pheasant,
And partriges and hare,
It was all kinds of dainties,
No scarcity was there.
It was four quarts of Malaga,
Each fairly did drink out,
So the four drunken maidens,
They pushed the jug about.

4

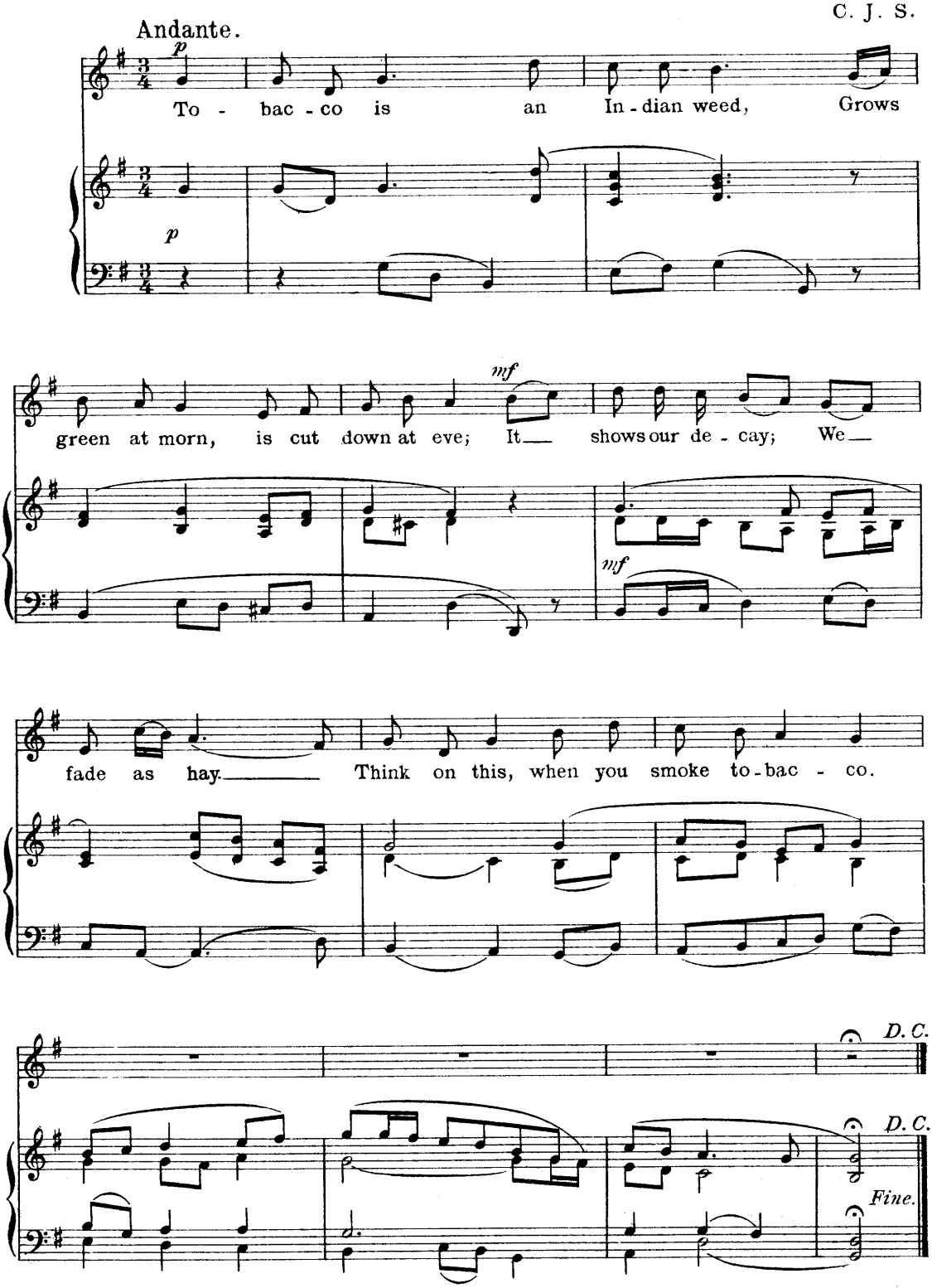
Then down came the landlord,
And asked for his pay.
O! a forty-pound bill, Sirs!
The damsels drew that day.
It was ten pounds apiece, Sirs!
But yet, they would not out.
So the four drunken maidens,
They pushed the jug about.

5

"O where be your spencers?
Your mantles rich and fine?"
"They all be a swallowed
In tankards of good wine."
"O where be your characters
Ye maidens brisk and gay?"
"O they be a swallowed!
We've drunk them clean away."

№ 95 TOBACCO IS AN INDIAN WEED

C. J. S.



Nº 95 TOBACCO IS AN INDIAN WEED

1

Tobacco is an Indian weed,
Grows green at morn, is cut down at eve;
It shows our decay;
We fade as hay.
Think on this,—when you smoke tobacco.

2

The pipe that is so lily-white,
Wherein so many take delight,
Gone with a touch;
Man's life is such,
Think on this,—when you smoke tobacco.

3

The pipe that is so foul within,
Shews how the soul is stained with sin;
It doth require
The purging fire.
Think on this,—when you smoke tobacco.

4

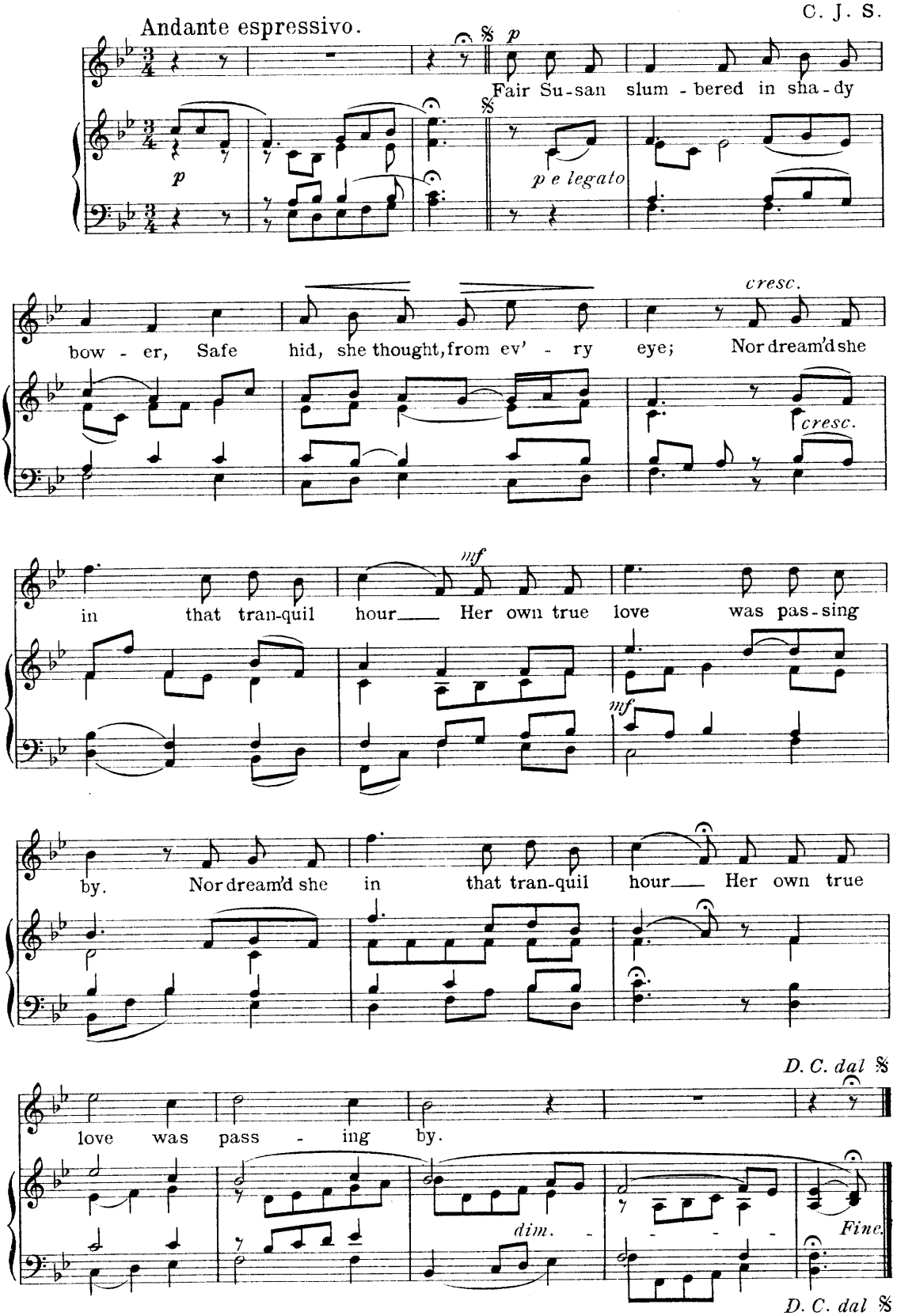
The ashes that are left behind,
Do serve to put us all in mind,
That unto dust,
Return we must.
Think on this,—when you smoke tobacco.

5

The smoke that doth so high ascend,
Shows that our life must have an end;
The vapours' gone,
Man's life is done.
Think on this,—when you smoke tobacco.

Nº 96 FAIR SUSAN

C. J. S.



Nº 96 FAIR SUSAN

1

Fair Susan slumbered in shady bower,
Safe hid, she thought, from every eye;
Nor dreamed she in that tranquil hour
Her own true love was passing by.

2

He gazed in rapture upon her beauty,
Sleep did her charms but more reveal;
He deemed it sure a lover's duty
From those sweet lips a kiss to steal.

3

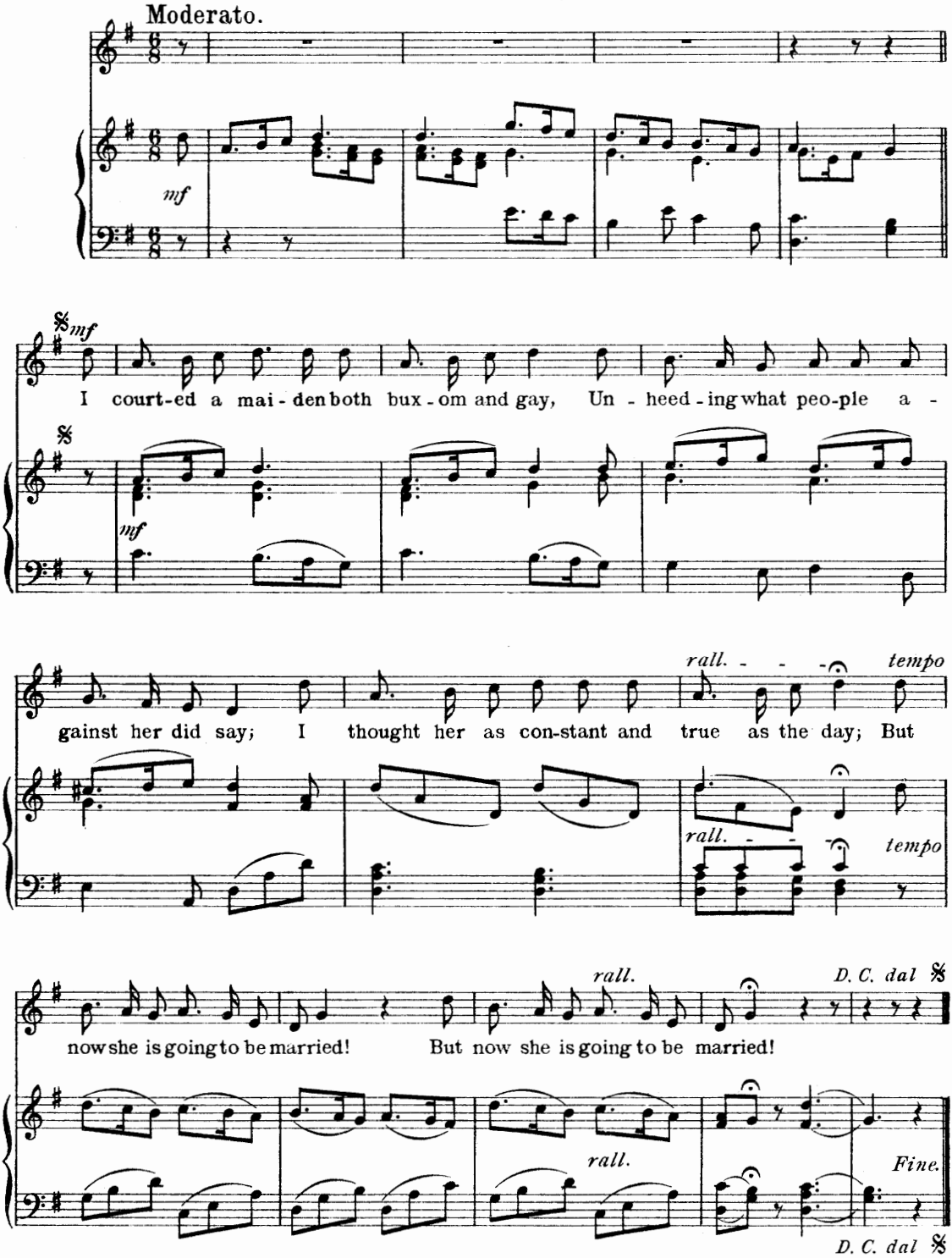
In shame and anger poor Susan started,
With eyes aflame she bade him go;
"Return no more!—for ever parted;
Cruel and base to use me so!"

4

"By too much love I have offended,
Forgive me if I cause you pain;
But if indeed our love be ended,
Pray give me back my kiss again."

№ 97 THE FALSE BRIDE

H. F. S.



Nº 97 THE FALSE BRIDE

1
I courted a maiden both buxom and gay,
Unheeding what people against her did say,
I thought her as constant and true as the day;
But now she is going to be married.

2
O when to the church I my fair love saw go,
I followed her up with a heart full of woe,
And eyes that with tears of grief did o'erflow,
To see how my suit had miscarried.

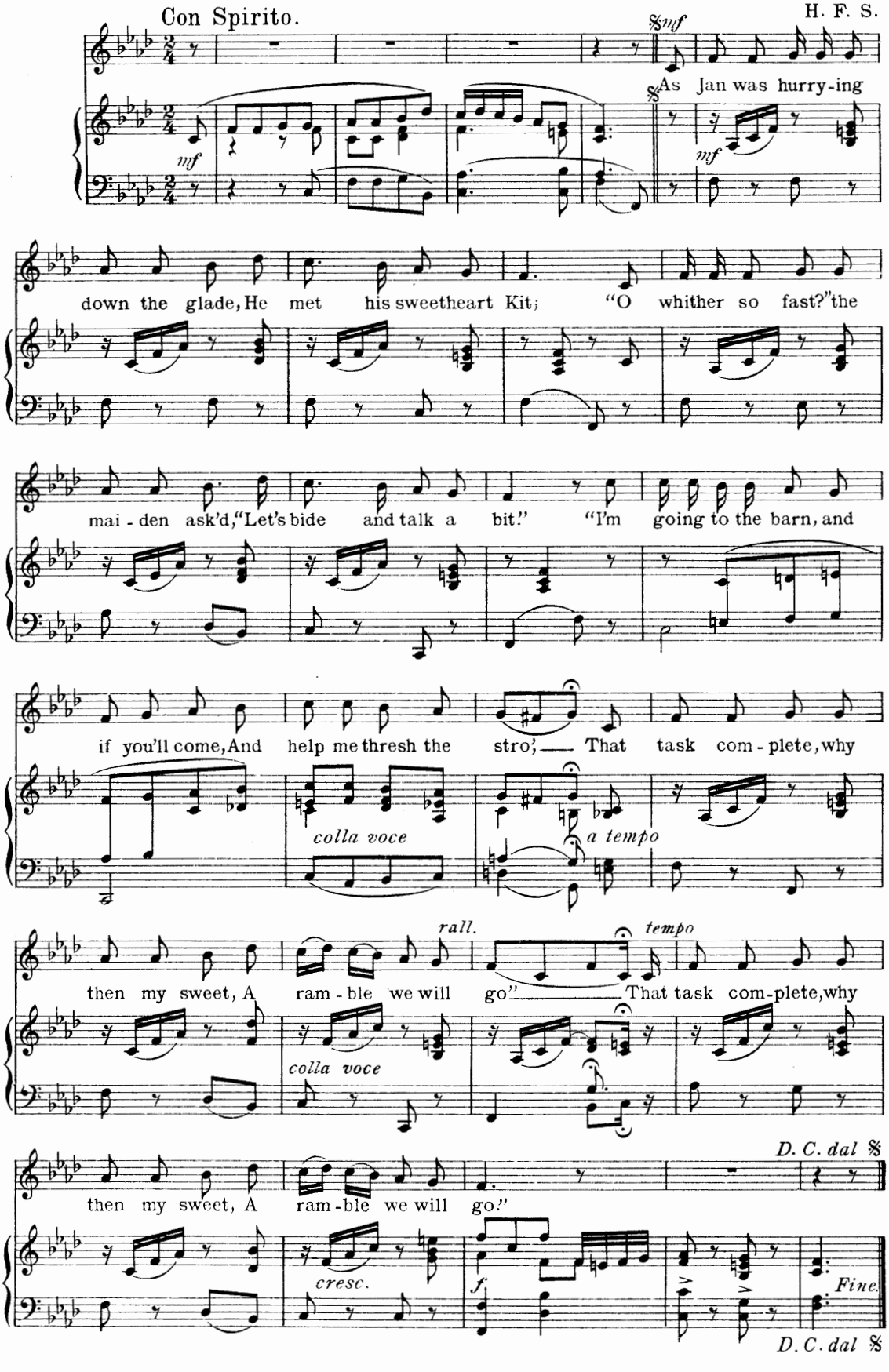
3
O when in the chancel I saw my love stan',
With ring on her finger, and true love in han',
I thought that for certain 'twas not the right man,
Although 'twas the man she was taking.

4
O when I my fair love saw sit in her seat
I sat myself by her, but nothing could eat;
Her company, thought I, was better than meat,
Although my heart sorely was aching.

5
O woe be the day that I courted the maid,
That ever I trusted a word that she said,
That with her I wander'd along the green glade,
Accurs'd be the day that I met her.

6
O make me a grave that is long, wide and deep,
And cover me over with flowers so sweet,
That there I may lie, and may take my last sleep;
For that is the way to forget her.

Nº 98 THE BARLEY STRAW



Nº 98 THE BARLEY STRAW

1

As Jan was hurrying down the glade,
He met his sweetheart Kit;
"O whither so fast?" the maiden ask'd,
"Let's bide and talk a bit."
"I'm going to the barn, and if you'll come,
And help me thresh the stro',
That task complete, why then my sweet,
A ramble we will go."

2

She gave consent, to work they went,
As if 'twere only play;
The flail he plied, whilst Kit untied,
The sheaves, and cleared away.
O willing hands made labour light,
And 'ere the sun was low,
With arms entwined, these lovers kind,
Did down the vallies go.

3

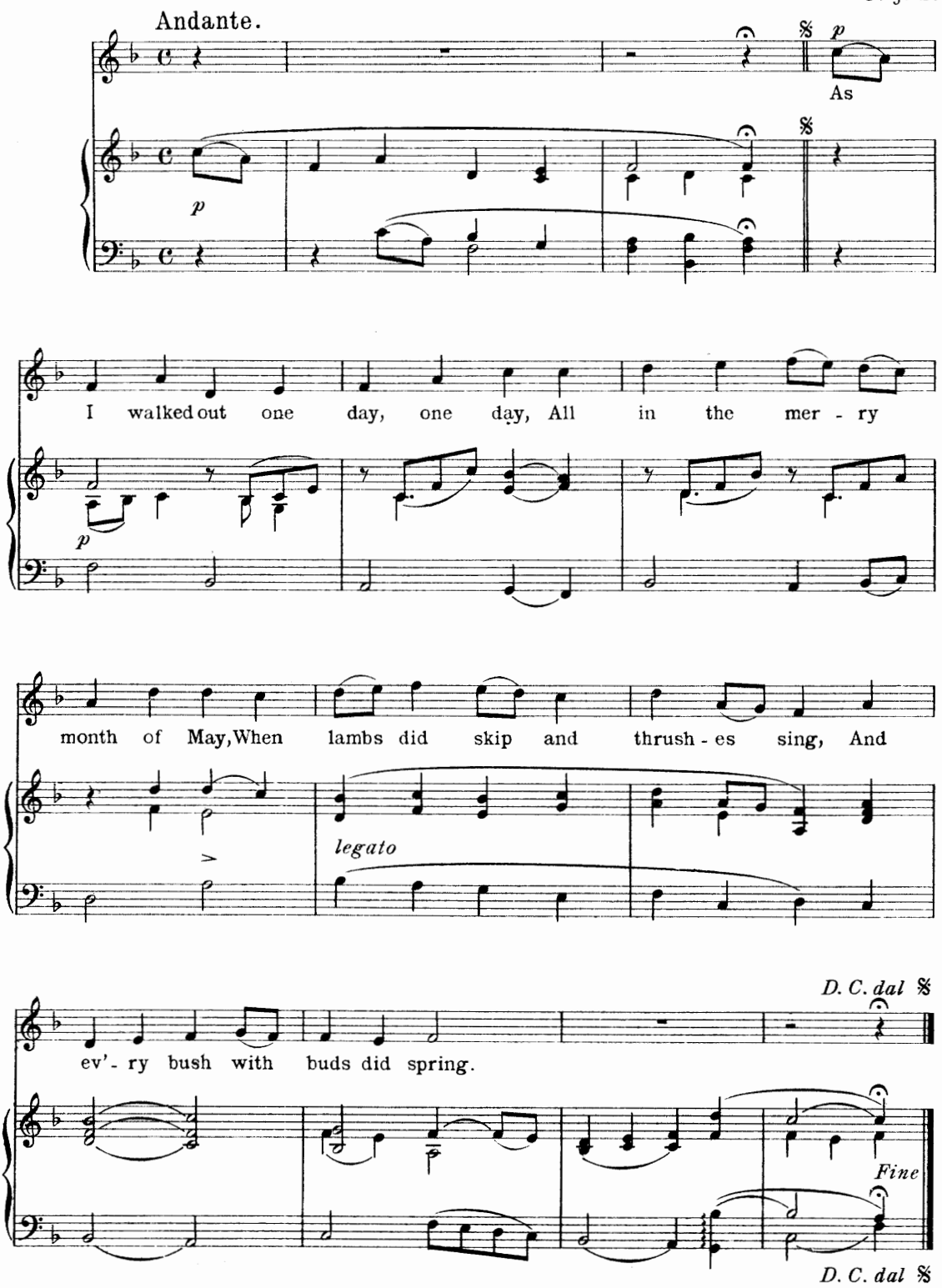
Said Jan, "thou art a helpful lass,
Wilt thou be mine for life?"
"For sure!" she said. To church they sped,
And soon were man and wife.
A lesson then, for all young men
Who would a courting go,
Your sweetheart ask to share your task,
And thresh the Barley Stro'.

4

Now many a year, this couple dear,
They lived in harmony;
And children had, both lass and lad,
I think 'twas thirty three.
The sons so hale did wield the flail,
And like their father grow;
The maidens sweet, like mother were neat:
And clean as the Barley Stro'.

Nº 99 DEATH AND THE LADY

C. J. S.



Nº 99 DEATH AND THE LADY

1

As I walked out one day, one day,
All in the merry month of May,
When lambs did skip and thrushes sing,
And ev'ry bush with buds did spring.

2

I met an old man by the way,
His head was bald his beard was grey,
His coat was of the Myrtle-green,
But underneath his ribs were seen.

3

He in his hand a glass did hold,
He shook as one that shakes with cold.
I asked of him what was his name,
And what strange place from which he came.

4

"My name is Death, fair maiden, see
Lords, Dukes and Squires bow down to me;
For of the Branchy Tree* am I
And you, fair maid, with me must hie."

5

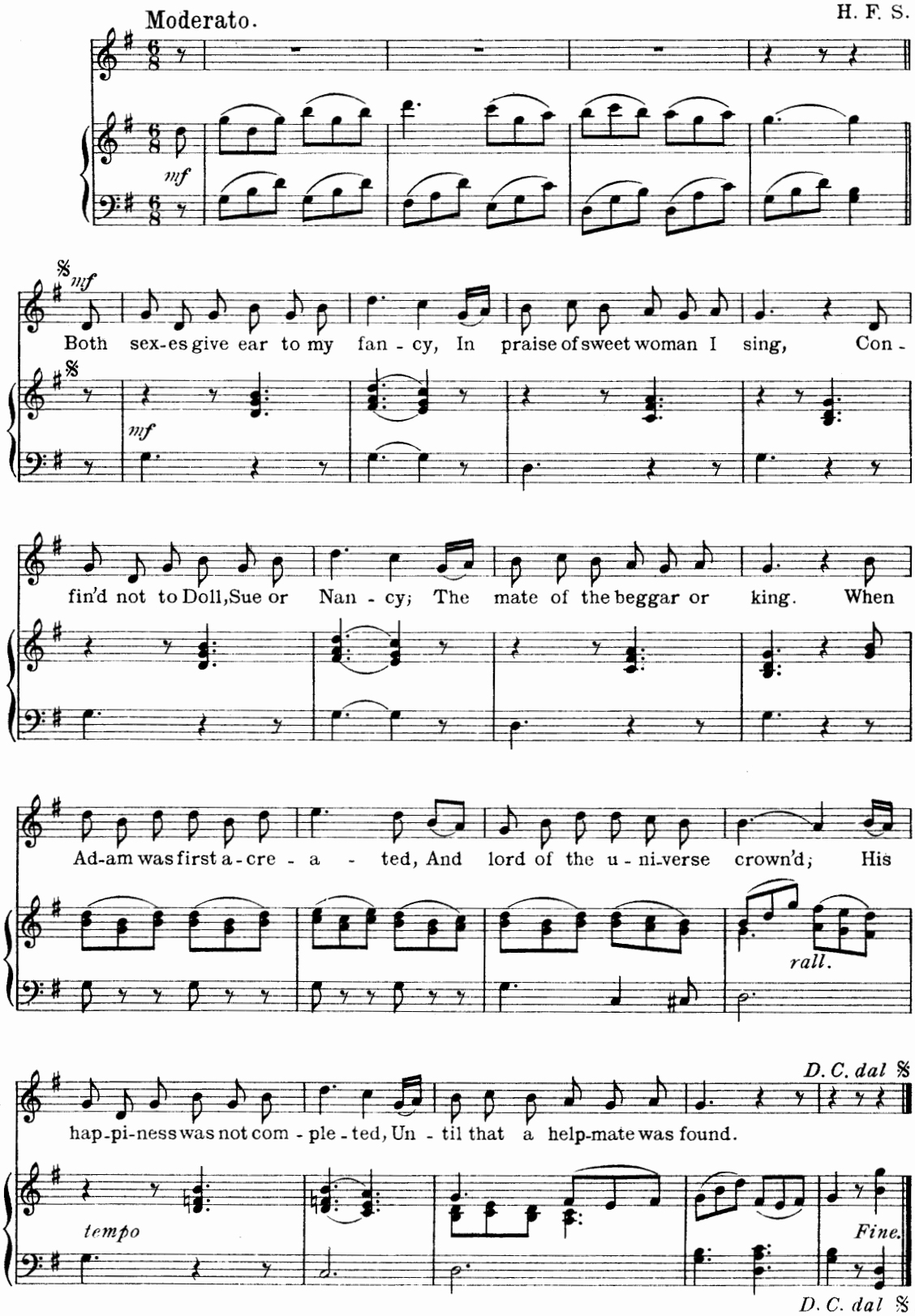
"I'll give you gold, if me you'll spare,
I'll give you costly robes to wear!"
"O no, sweet maid, make no delay
Your sand is run, you must away!"

6

Alas! alack! the fair maid died,
And these the last sad words she cried:
"Here lies a poor, distressed maid,
By Death — and Death alone betrayed."

*What is meant by the "Branchy Tree" I do not know, but so the words run in all versions.

Nº 100 BOTH SEXES GIVE EAR



Nº 100 BOTH SEXES GIVE EAR

1

Both sexes give ear to my fancy,
In praise of sweet woman I sing
Confined not to Doll, Sue, or Nancy,
The mate of the beggar or king.
When Adam was first a-created,
And lord of the universe crown'd,
His happiness was not completed,
Until that a helpmate was found.

2

A garden was planted by Nature,
Man could not produce in his life,
But no rest had he till his Creator
Discovered he wanted a wife
He had horses and foxes for hunting
Which most men love dearly as life,
No relishsome food was a wanting
But still—he was short of a wife.

3

As Adam was resting in slumber,
He lost a small rib from his side,
And when he awoke—'twas in wonder,
To see a most beautiful bride.
In transport he gazèd upon her,
His happiness now was complete
He praisèd the bountiful Donor,
Who to him had given a mate.

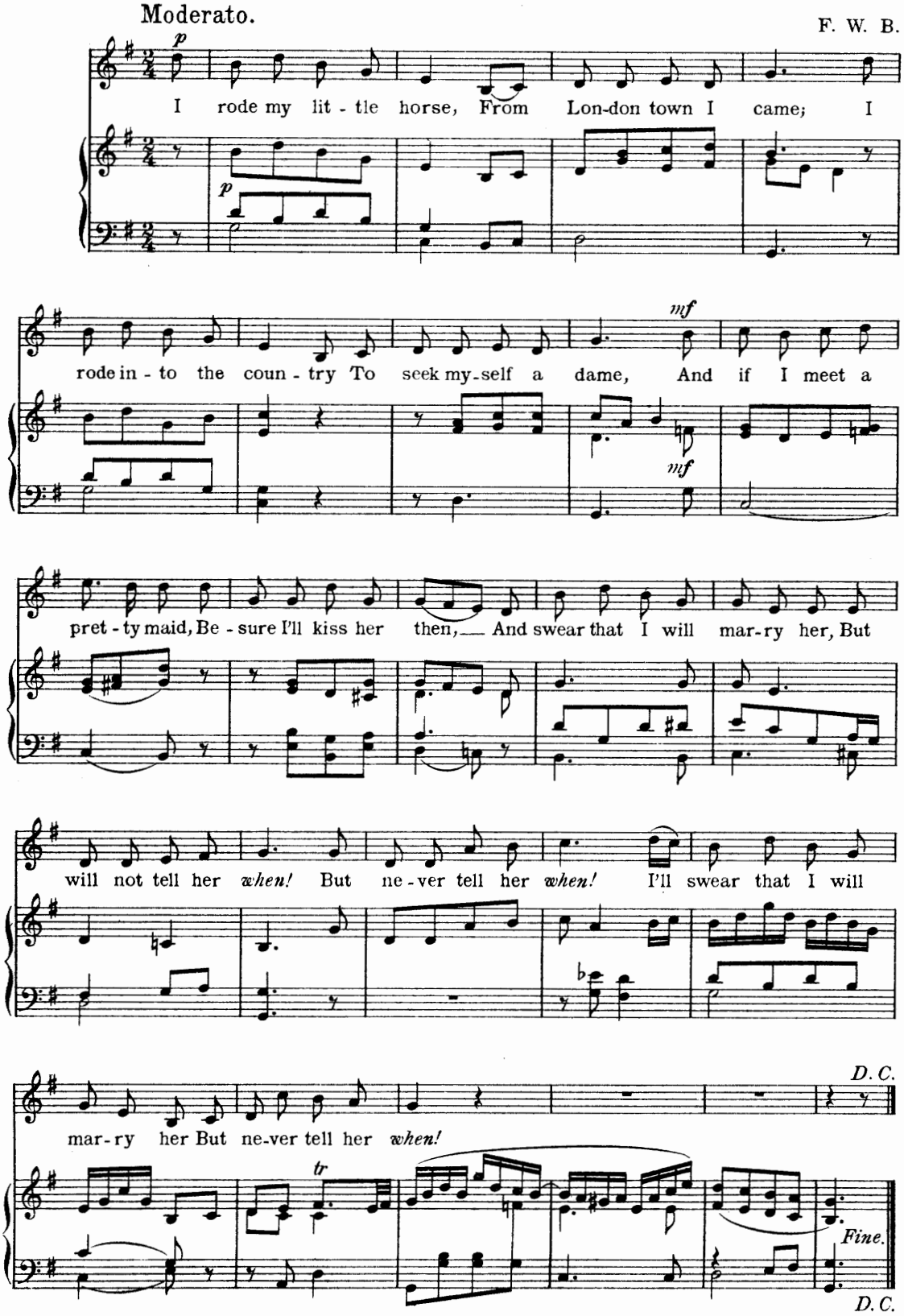
4

She was not taken out of his head, sir,
To rule and to triumph in man.
Nor was she took out of his foot, sir,
By him to be trampled upon.
But she was took out of his side, sir,
His equal co-partner to be;
So, united is man with his bride, sir,
Yet man is the top of the tree.

5

Then let not the fair be despisèd
By man, as she's part of himself.
Let woman by man be a-prized
As more than the world full of wealth.
A man without woman's a beggar,
Tho' by him the world were possess'd
But a beggar that's got a good woman
With more than the world is he bless'd.

№ 101 I RODE MY LITTLE HORSE



№ 101 I RODE MY LITTLE HORSE

1

I rode my little horse, from London town I came,
I rode into the country, to seek myself a dame,
And if I meet a pretty maid, be sure I'll kiss her then;
And swear that I will marry her— but will not tell her *when!*

2

I found a buxom widow, with many tons of gold,
I lived upon her fortune, as long as it would hold.
Of pounds I took five hundred, bestrode my horse, and then,
I promised I would marry her— but never told her *when!*

3

A vintner had a daughter, the Golden Sun his sign,
I tarried at his tavern, I drank his choicest wine;
I drank out all his cellar, bestrode my horse, and then,
I said the maid I'd marry,— but never told him *when!*

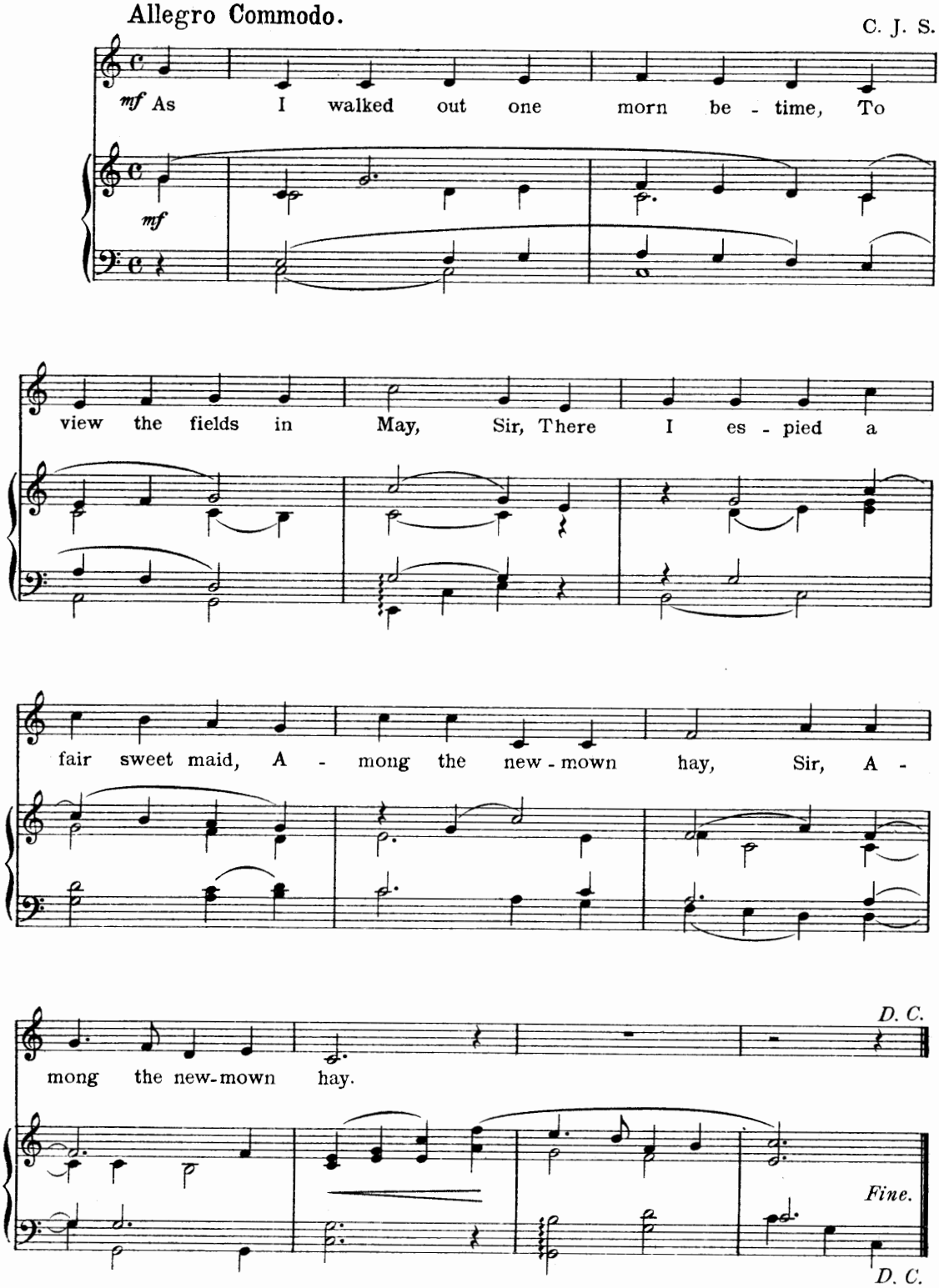
4

The guineas are expended, the wine is also spent;
The widow and the maiden, they languish and lament.
And if they come to seek me, I'll pack them back again,
With promises of marriage,— but never tell them *when.*

5

My little horse I mounted, the world that I might see,
I found a pretty maiden— as poor as poor could be.
My little horse neglected, to London ran away,
I asked if she would marry, and bade her name the day.

№ 102 AMONG THE NEW- MOWN HAY



№ 102 AMONG THE NEW-MOWN HAY

1

As I walked out one morn betime,
To view the fields in May, Sir,
There I espied a fair sweet maid,
Among the new-mown hay, Sir.
Among the new-mown hay.

2

I said: 'Good morning, pretty maid,
How come you here so soon, say?'
'To keep my father's sheep,' she said
'A thing that must be done, aye!
Among the new-mown hay.

3

'While they be feeding mid the dew,
To pass the time away, Sir!
I sit me down to knit and sew,
Among the new-mown hay, Sir!
Among the new-mown hay.'

4

I ask'd if she would wed with me,
All on that sunny day, Sir!
The answer that she gave to me
Was surely not a nay, Sir!
Among the new-mown hay.

5

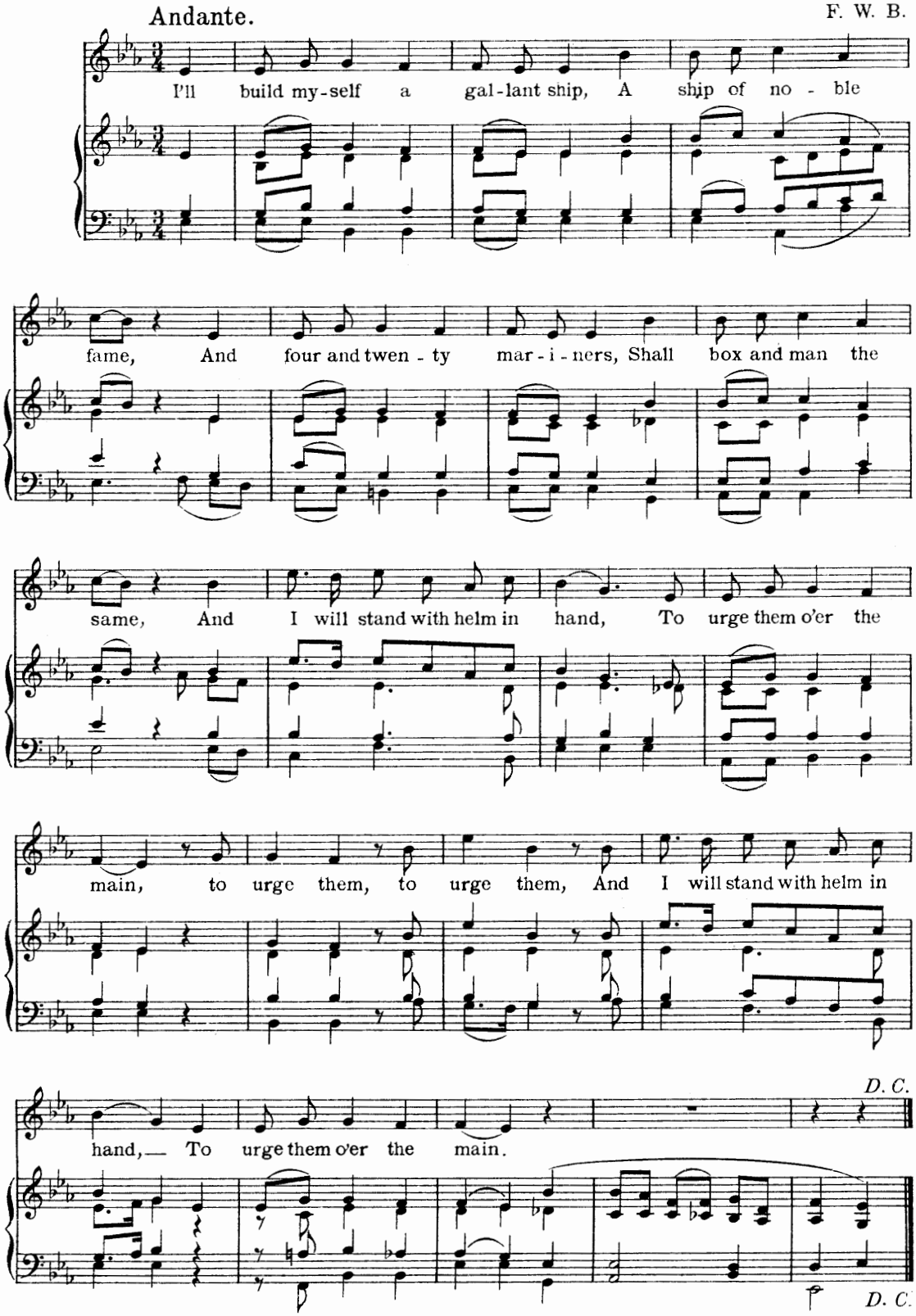
Then to the church we sped with speed
And Hymen join'd our hands, Sir!
No more the ewes and lambs she'll feed
Since she did make her answer,
Among the new-mown hay.

6

A lord I be, a lady she,
To town we sped straightway, Sir!
To bless the day, we both agree,
We met among the hay, Sir!
Among the new-mown hay.

№ 103 I'LL BUILD MYSELF A GALLANT SHIP

(Solo or Quartette)



№ 103 I'LL BUILD MYSELF A GALLANT SHIP

1

I'll build myself a gallant ship,
A ship of noble fame;
And four and twenty mariners,
Shall box and man the same;
And I will stand, with helm in hand,
To urge them o'er the main.

2

No scarf shall o'er my shoulders go,
I will not comb my hair;
The pale moonlight, the candle bright
Shall neither tell I'm fair.
Beside the mast I stand so fast,
Unresting in despair.

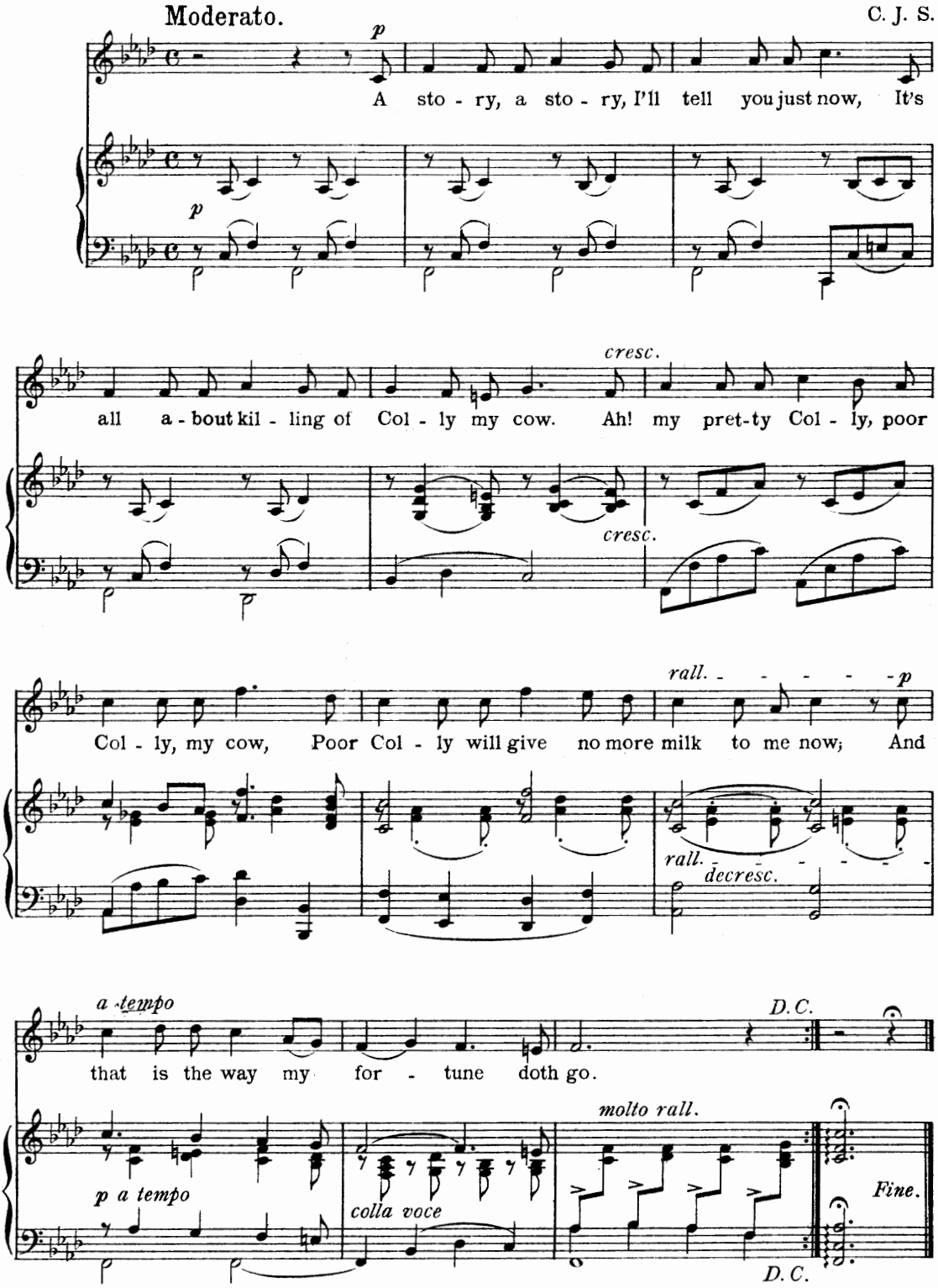
3

The rain may beat, and round my feet
The waters wash and foam,
O thou North wind lag not behind
But bear me far from home!
My hands I wring, and sobbing sing,
As over seas I roam.

4

The moon so pale shall light my sail,
As o'er the sea I fly,
To where afar the Eastern star
Is twinkling in the sky.
I would I were with my love fair,
Ere ever my love die!

№ 104 COLLY, MY COW



№ 104 COLLY, MY COW

1

A story, a story, I'll tell you just now,
It's all about killing of Colly, my cow.
Ah! my pretty Colly, poor Colly, my cow!
Poor Colly will give no more milk to me now.
And that is the way my fortune doth go!

2

Says little Tom Dicker, Pray what do you mean,
By killing your Colly when she was so lean?
Ah! my pretty Colly, &c.

3

Then cometh the Tripeman so trim and so neat,
He bids me three ha'pence for belly and feet;
Ah! my pretty Colly, &c.

4

Then cometh the Tanner with sword at his side,
He bids me three shillings for Colly, her hide;
Ah! my pretty Colly, &c.

5

Then cometh the Horner who roguery scorns,
He bids me three ha'pence for Colly, her horns;
Ah! my pretty Colly, &c.

6

The skin of my Colly was softer than silk,
And three times a day did my Colly give milk;
Ah! my pretty Colly, &c.

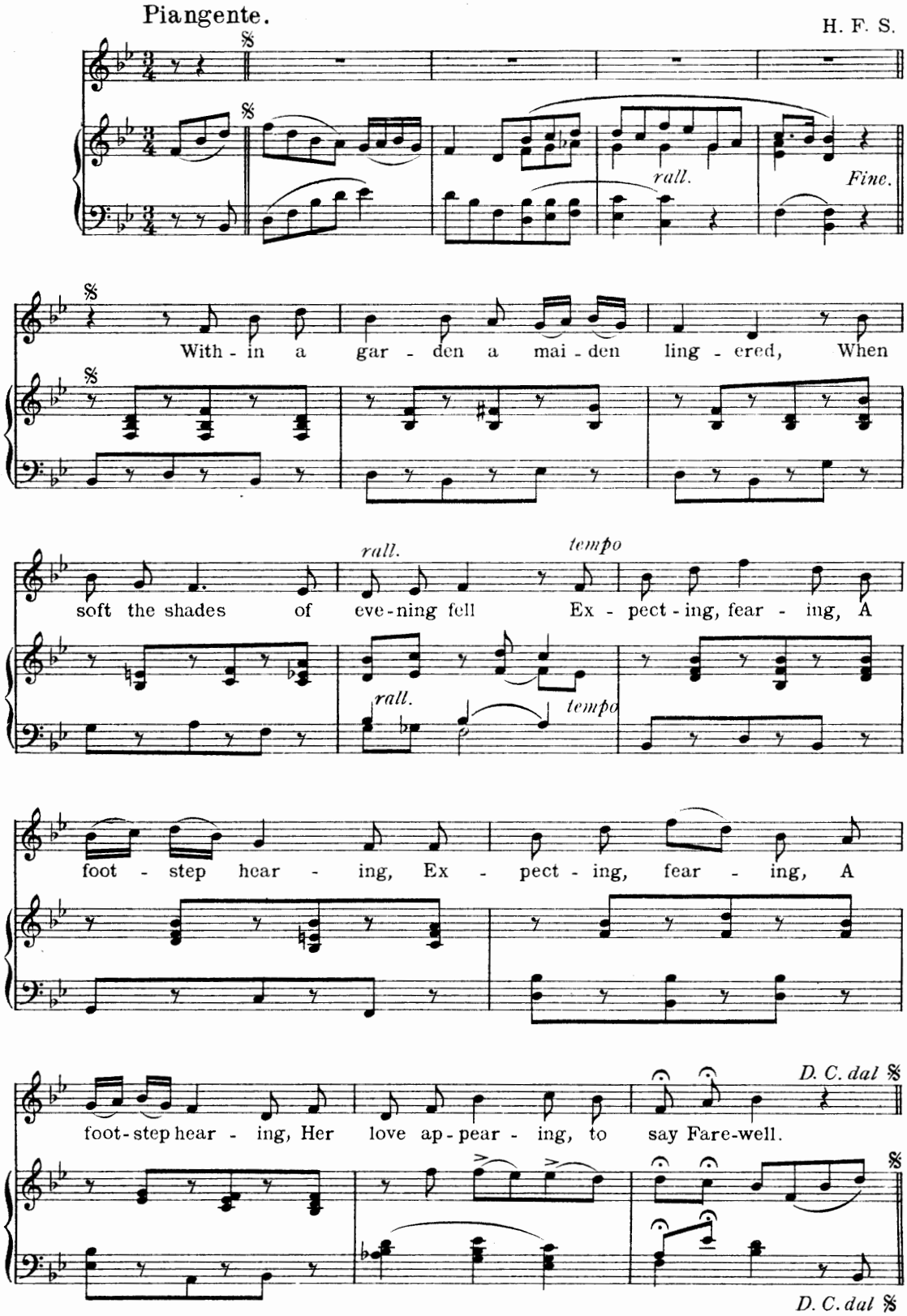
7

Here's an end to my Colly, she's gone past recall,
I have sold my poor Colly, hide, horns, feet and all.
Ah! my pretty Colly, &c.

8

Three shillings and three pence are all for my pains,
I've lost my poor Colly, my milk and my gains.
Ah! my pretty Colly, &c.

№ 105 WITHIN A GARDEN



Nº 105 WITHIN A GARDEN.

1

Within a garden a maiden lingered,
When soft the shades of evening fell
Expecting, fearing,
A footstep hearing,
Her love appearing,
To say farewell.

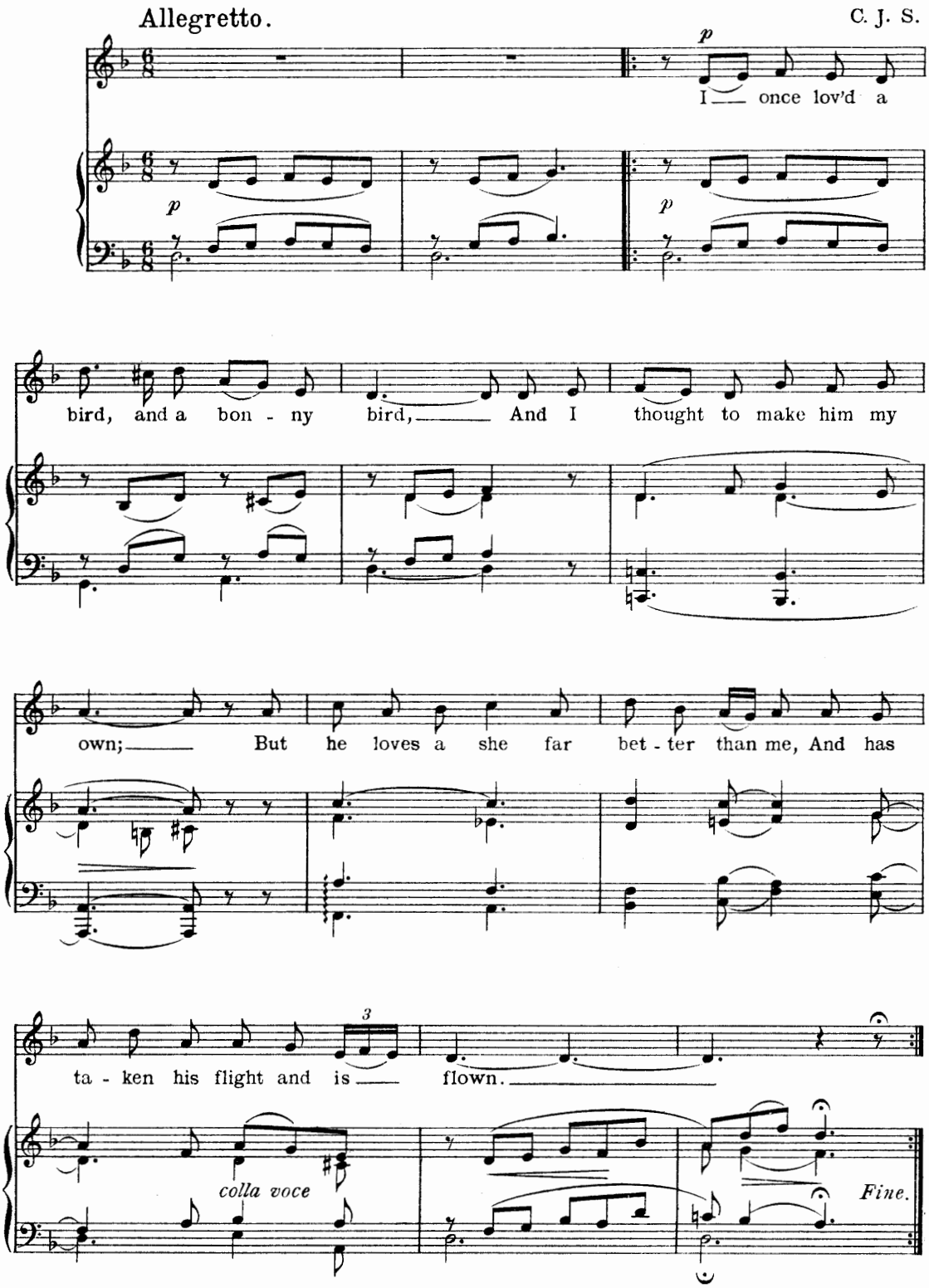
2

With sighs and sorrow their vows they plighted
One more embrace, one last adieu;
Tho' seas divide, love,
In this confide, love,
Whate'er betide, love
To thee I'm true.

3

Long years are over, and still the maiden
Seeks oft at eve the trysting tree;
Her promise keeping,
And, faithful, weeping
Her lost love sleeping
Across the sea.

№ 106 THE BONNY BIRD



№ 106 THE BONNY BIRD

1
I once lov'd a bird, and a bonny bird,
And I thought to make him my own;
But he loves a she far better than me,
And has taken his flight and is flown.

2
I once lov'd a bird, and a bonny bird,
O I lovéd I vow and protest.
I lovéd him well, and O! so very well
I built him a nest in my breast.

3
O since he is gone, I will let him alone,
Although that I ache and I burn.
If he loves a she far better than me,
Then I hope he will not return.

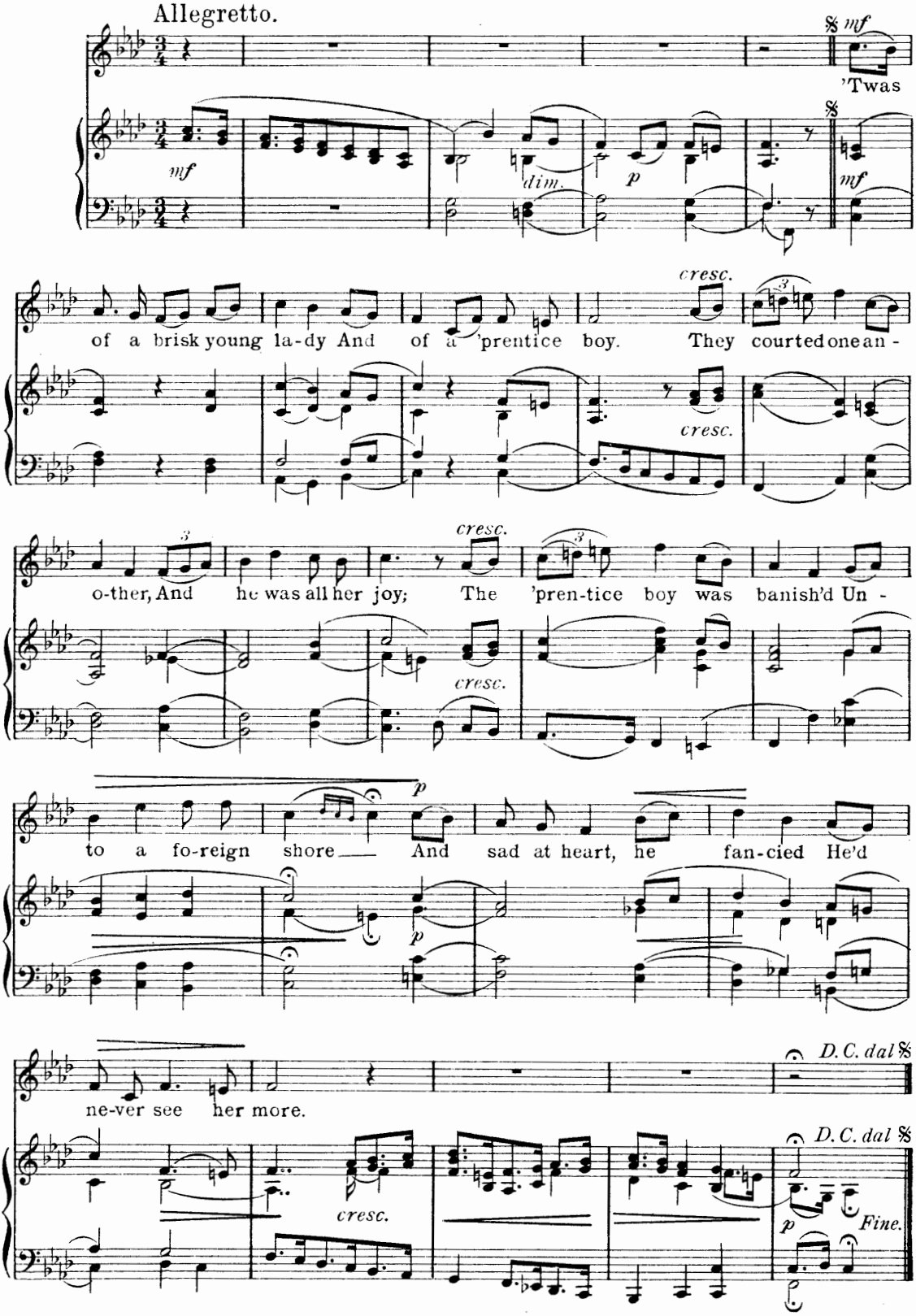
4
I lookéd to East and I lookéd to West
The weather was hot and was calm.
And then I did spy my own bonny bird
Was perch'd on another maid's arm.

5
Then up the green valley and down the green grove,
As one distracted in mind,
With whoop and halloo, in sorrow I rove
No other such bird will I find.

6
Now if she have gotten my bonny bird,
I never shall get him again.
But though I have lost him for ever a day,
I'll think of him still in my pain.

№ 107 THE LADY AND PRENTICE

C. J. S.



Nº 107 THE LADY AND PRENTICE

1

'Twas of a brisk young lady
And of a 'prentice boy.
They courted one another,
And he was all her joy;
The 'prentice boy was banish'd
Unto a foreign shore,
And sad at heart he fancied
He'd never see her more.

2

There came that way a squire
A man of high degree,
Said he: "I'll give you wages
Be servant unto me.'
But oh! the fair young lady
She piteously did cry
All for the love she bore him
She thought that she must die.

3

Now first he was in stable,
With horses at the stall,
And then advanced to table,
And servéd in the hall.
And next he was advancéd
As butler to the same
And for his good behaviour
A steward last became.

4

O then into a lottery
He put his money down,
He drew a prize and gainéd
Full twenty thousand pound.
'Farewell, farewell my master!
Farewell, my lady kind!
For I must seek my own true love
That tarrieth behind'.

5

He dress'd himself in velvet,
In gold and silver braid;
And so returned to England
To his true love with speed.
And when he did espy her
'Tembrace her did essay,
But from his arms she started
And frightened drew away.

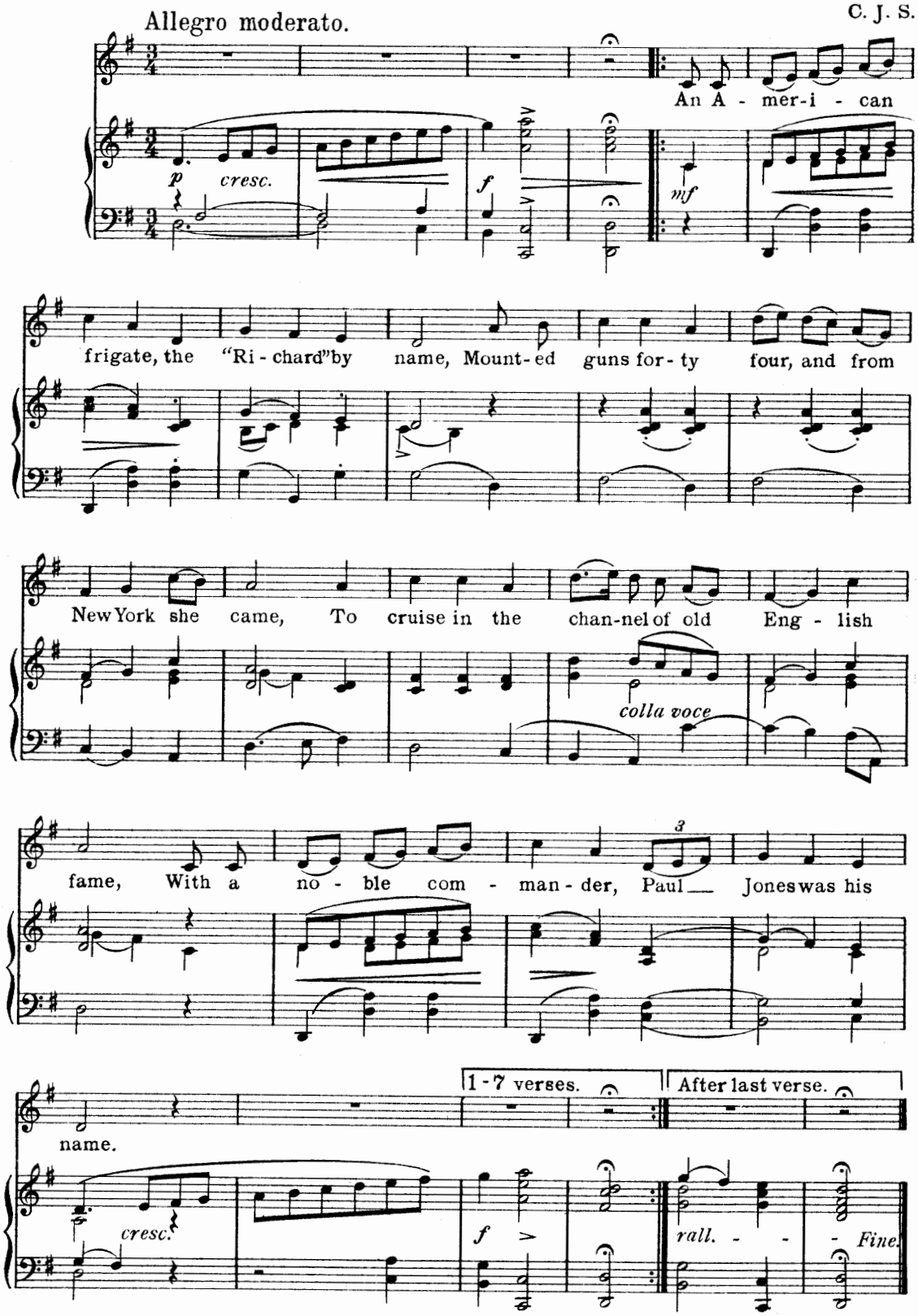
6

'Your gold and shining silver
Your velvets I defy
I love a humble 'prentice
I'll love him till I die.'
'O lady fair! my only,
Return unto my arms.
I many years was banish'd
And might not see your charms.'

7

Then closely she observed him,
And knew him now again.
Her smiles dispelled her fears
As sun disperseth rain.
With kisses out of measure
She clasped him to her heart,
'O now we meet together,
We never more shall part'.

Nº 108 PAUL JONES



Nº 108 PAUL JONES

1

An American frigate, the "Richard" by name,
Mounted guns forty four and from New York she came,
To cruise in the channel of old English fame,
With a noble commander, Paul Jones was his name.

2

We had not cruised long ere two sails we espies,
A large forty four, and a twenty likewise.
Some fifty bright shippers, well loaden with store,
And the convoy stood in for the old Yorkshire shore.

3

['Bout twelve was the hour when we came alongside,
With long speaking trumpet: 'Whence came you?' he cried.
'Ho! answer me quickly, I'll hail you no more,
Or a thundering broadside I'll into you pour!'] ★)

4

We fought them four glasses, four glasses so hot,
Till forty bold seamen lay dead on the spot.
And fifty five wounded lay drenched in their gore,
While loudly the cannons of Paul Jones did roar.

5

[Our carpenter frightened, to Paul Jones he came,
Our ship she leaks water, is likewise aflame.
Paul Jones he made answer, thus to him replied,
'If we can do no better, we'll sink alongside!'] ★)

6

The Serapis wore round, our vessel to rake
O then the proud hearts of the English did ache.
The shot flew so frequent, so fierce and so fast,
That the bold British colours were haul'd down at last.

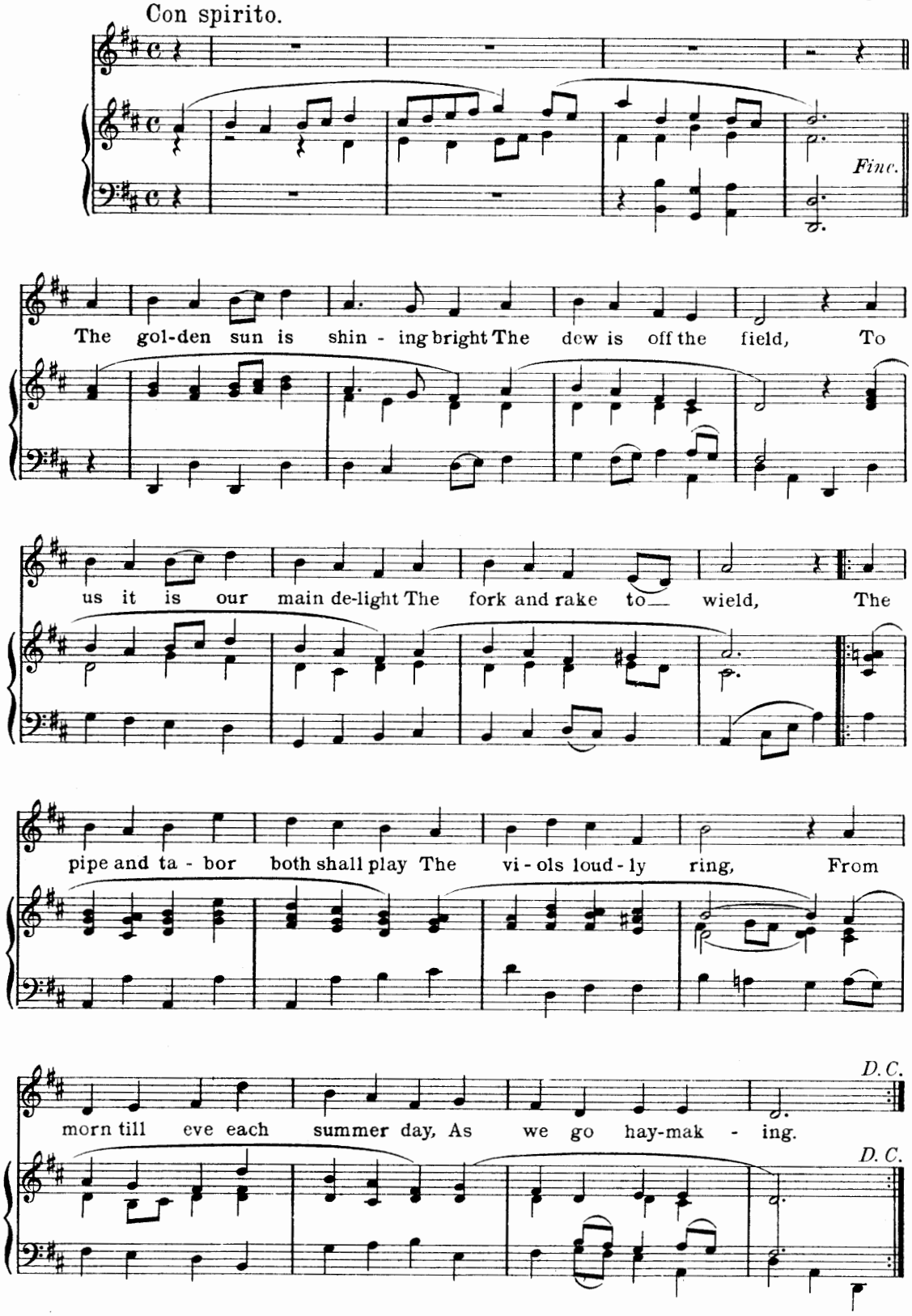
7

Oh! now my brave boys, we have taken a prize,
A large forty four, and a twenty likewise.
God help the poor mothers, bereavéd who weep
For the loss of their sons in the unfathom'd deep.

*)May be omitted when singing.

№ 109 THE MERRY HAYMAKERS

H. F. S.



№ 109 THE MERRY HAYMAKERS

1

The golden sun is shining bright,
The dew is off the field;
To us it is our main delight,
The fork and rake to wield.
The pipe and tabor both shall play,
The viols loudly ring,
From morn till eve each summer day,
As we go hay-making.
CHORUS: The pipe and tabor, &c.

2

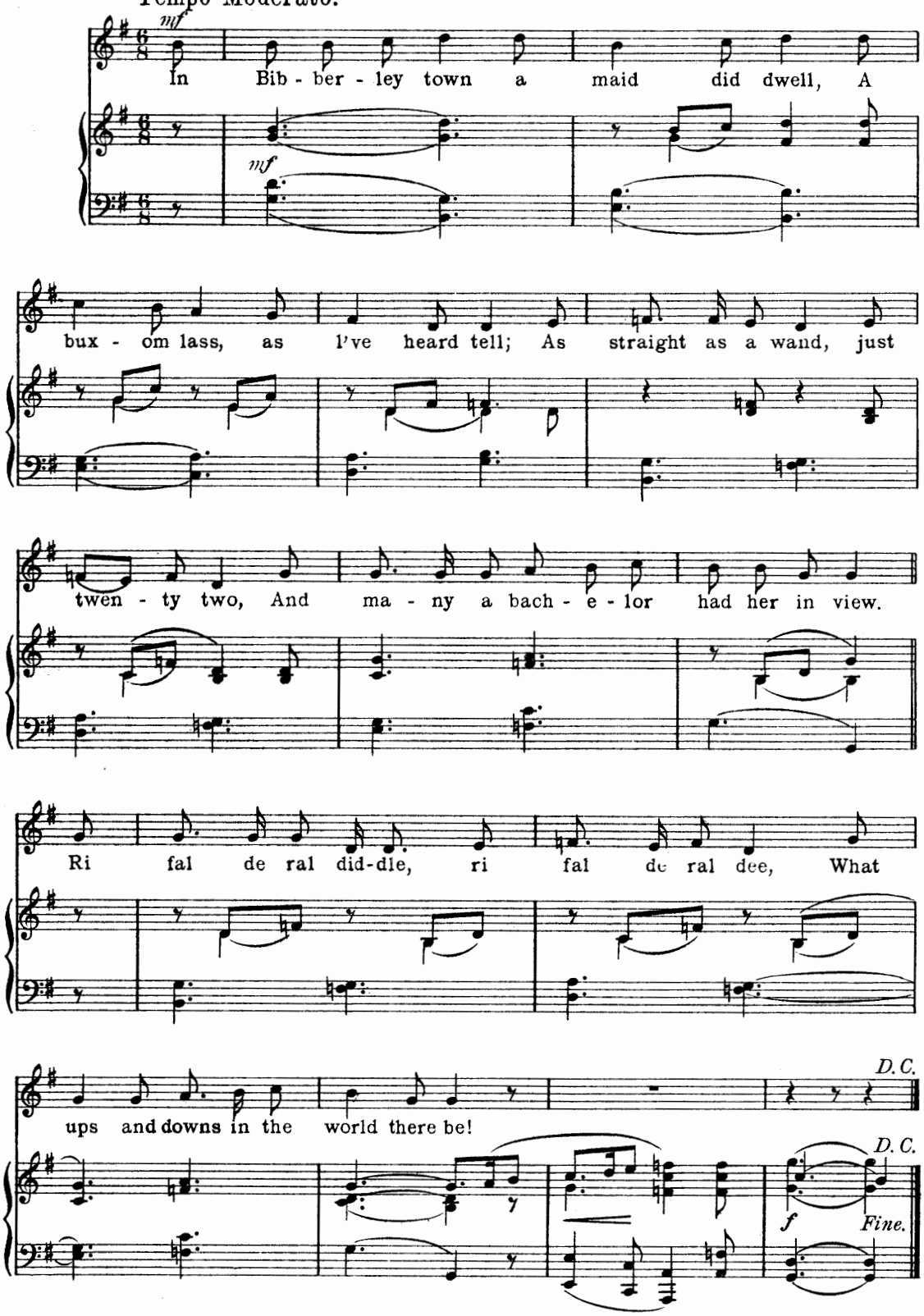
As we my boys haymaking go,
All in the month of June.
Both Tom and Bet, and Jess and Joe
Their happy hearts in tune.
O up come lusty Jack and Will,
With pitchfork and with rake,
And up come dainty Doll and Jill,
The sweet, sweet hay to make.
CHORUS: The pipe and tabor, &c.

3

O when the haysel all is done,
Then in the arish grass,
The lads shall have their fill of fun,
Each dancing with his lass.
The good old farmer and his wife,
Shall bring the best of cheer,
I would it were, aye, odds my life!
Hay-making all the year.
CHORUS: The pipe and tabor, &c.

Nº 110 IN BIBBERLEY TOWN

Tempo Moderato. C. J. S.



Nº 110 IN BIBBERLEY TOWN

1

In Bibberley town a maid did dwell,
A buxom lass, as I've heard tell;
As straight as a wand, just twenty two,
And many a bachelor had her in view.
Ri fal de ral diddle, ri fal de ral dee,
What ups and downs in the world there be!

2

This maid so beautiful fair and free,
Was sought by a squire of high degree;
He courted her honestly for his wife,
But she could'nt venture so high in life.
Ri fal de ral &c.

3

A tinker there came to mend the kettle,
She fell in love with the man of metal;
His songs and his jokes won her heart and her hand,
And she promised with him in the church to stand.
Ri fal de ral &c.

4

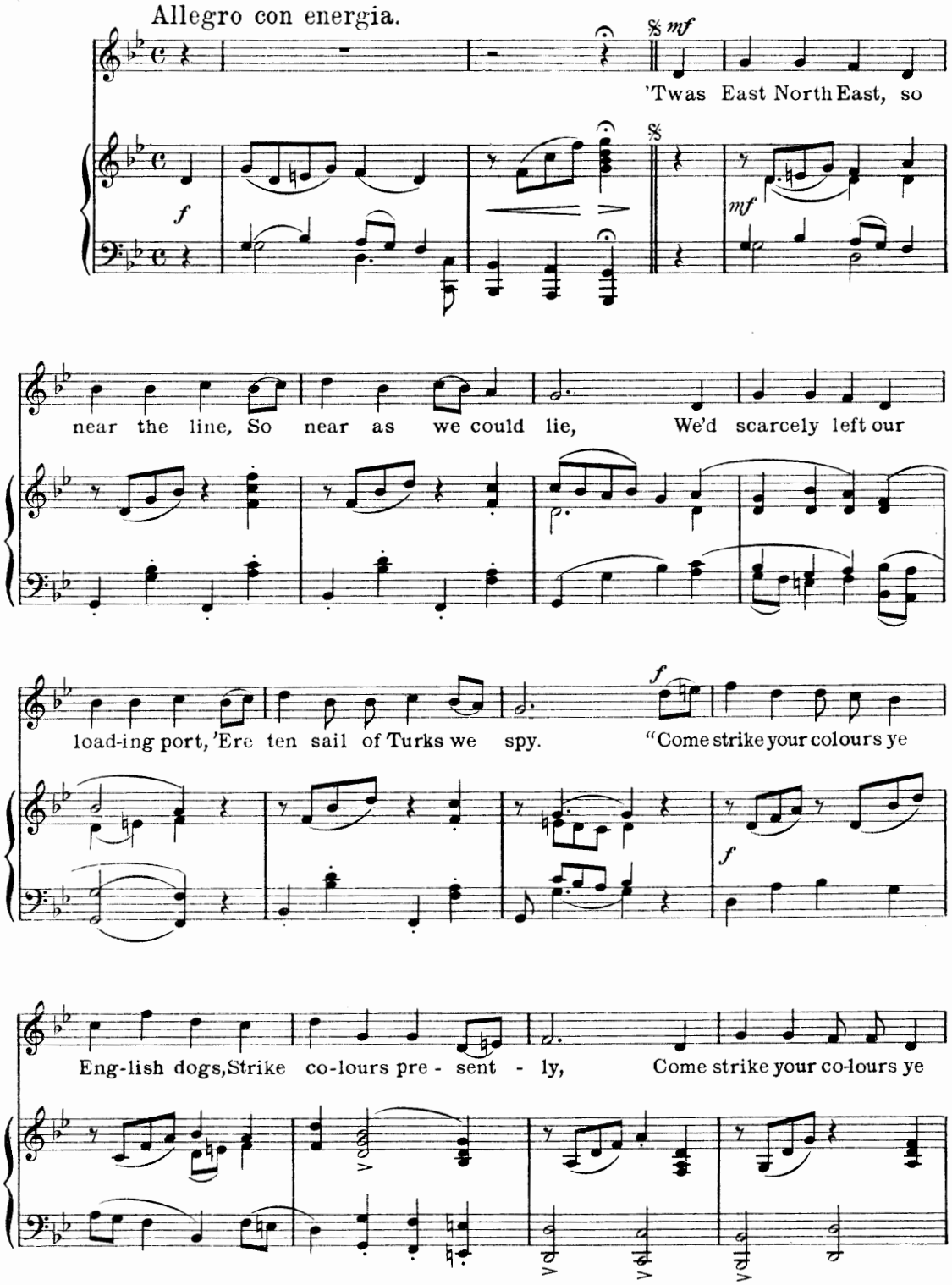
They wed, and this jovial mender of pots
Proved only a brute and the prince of sots;
He beat her, he starved her, she gave him the slip,
And back to Bibberley town did trip.
Ri fal de ral &c.

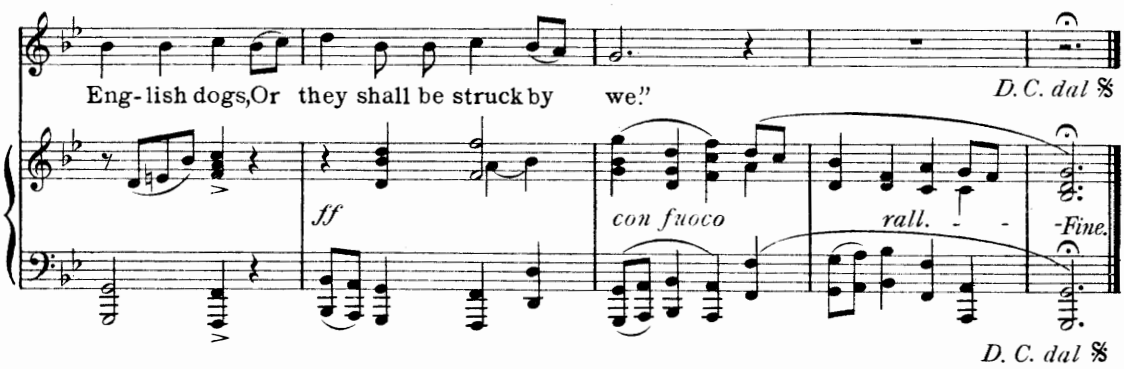
5

She found that the Squire her former flame
Had wooed and married a wealthy dame;
But a vacant place in the house she took,
And, instead of his wife, she became his cook.
Ri fal de ral diddle, ri fal de ral dee;
What ups and downs in the world there be!

Nº 111 THE MARIGOLD

C. J. S.





Nº 111 THE MARIGOLD

1

'Twas East North East, so near the line
So near as we could lie,
We'd had scarcely left our loading port,
'Ere ten sail of Turks we spy.
"Come strike your colours ye English dogs,
Strike colours presently,
Come strike your colours ye English dogs,
Or they shall be struck by we."

2

Our captain being a valiant man,
On quarterdeck did stand,
"It ne'er shall be said that we did run
While we have aboard a hand."
O! then out spake our boatswain bold,
To the gunner then spake he,
"Come plant your guns while they are cold
Both powder and shot are free."

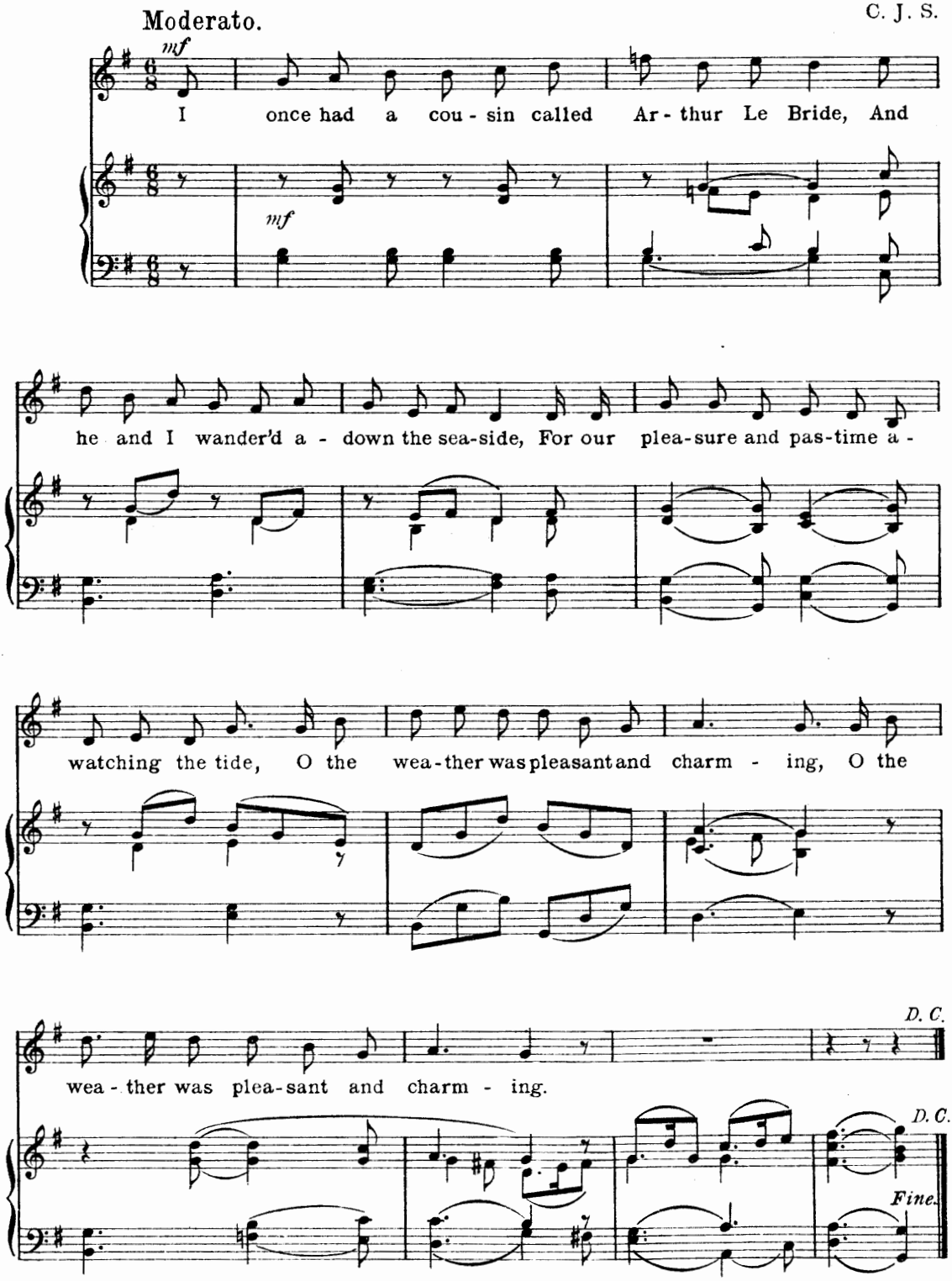
3

Broadside to broadside we return'd
From morn till day was done
Till three we sank, and three we burn'd
And three away did run,
Till three we sank, and three we burn'd
And three did sail away;
And one we brought to merry England
To show we'd won the day.

4

Now if you'd know our goodly ship
And know our captain's name;
Sir Thomas Merrifield captain was
Of the Marigold, ship of fame.
A gallant man Sir Thomas was
Of famous Bristow town
A gallant crew were we aboard
We gained us great renown.

Nº 112 ARTHUR LE BRIDE



Nº 112 ARTHUR LE BRIDE

1

I once had a cousin called Arthur Le Bride,
And he and I wandered adown the sea side,
For our pleasure and pastime a watching the tide;
O the weather was pleasant and charming.

2

So gaily and gallant we went on a tramp,
We met Sergeant Napier and Corp'ral Demant,
And the neat little drummer that tended the camp,
To beat the row-dow in the morning.

3

Good morning young fellows, the sergeant did cry,
And the same to you sergeant we made a reply,
There was nothing more spoken, we made to pass by.
'Twas all on a Christmas day morning.

4

Come! come my fine fellows, I pray you enlist,
Ten guineas in gold I will slap in your fist,
And a crown in the bargain to kick up a dust,
For to drink the king's health in the morning.

5*)

O, no! Mr Sergeant, we are not for sale
We make no such bargain— your bribe won't avail,
Not tired of our country we care not to sail,
Tho' your offers look pleasant and charming.

6*)

Hah! if you insult me, without other words
I swear by the king we will draw out our swords,
And thrust thro' your bodies, as strength us affords,
And leave you without further warning.

7

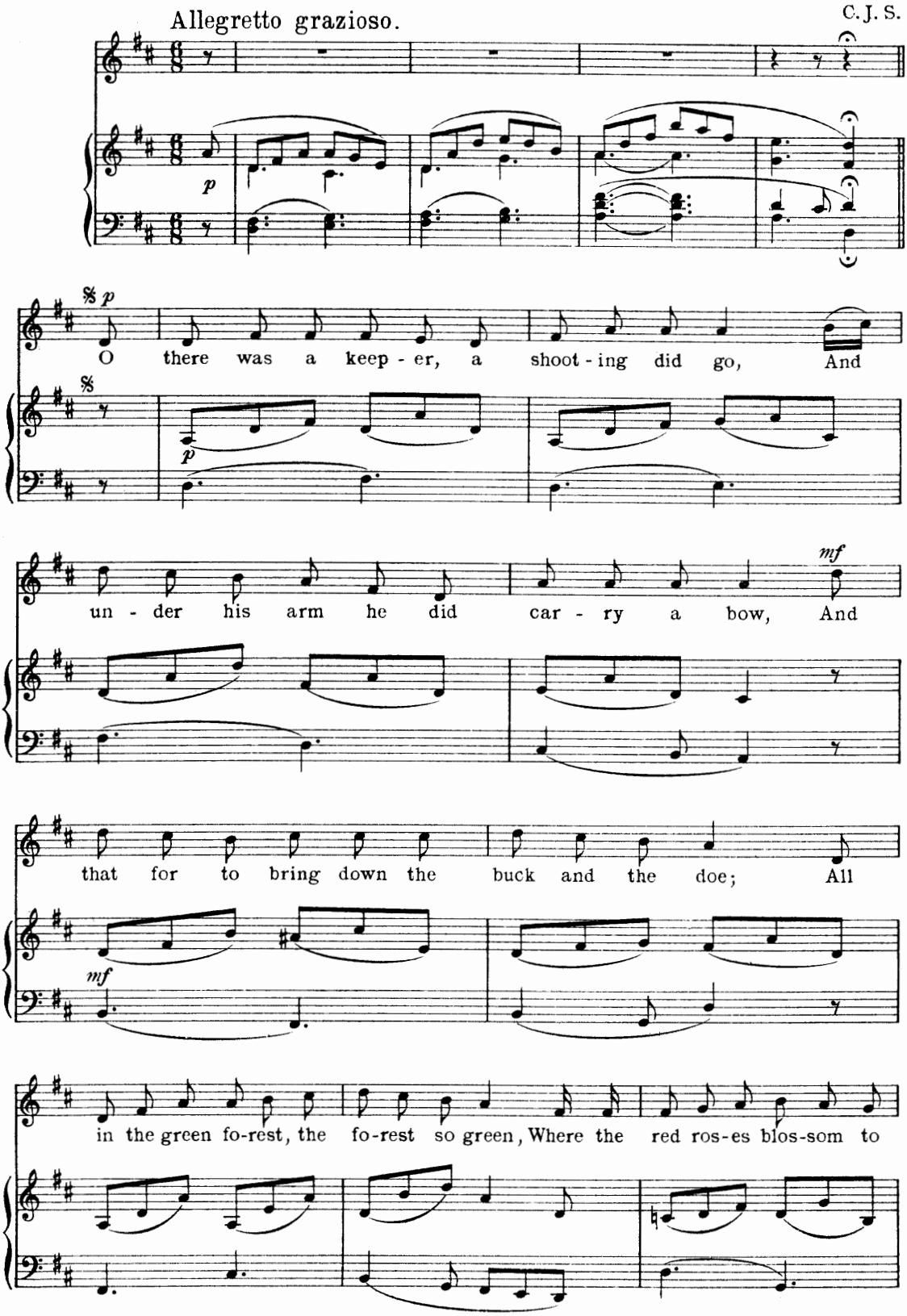
We beat the bold drummer as flat as his shoe,
We made a football of his row-de-dow-do,
And the sergeant and corporal, knocked down the two,
O we were the boys in the morning.

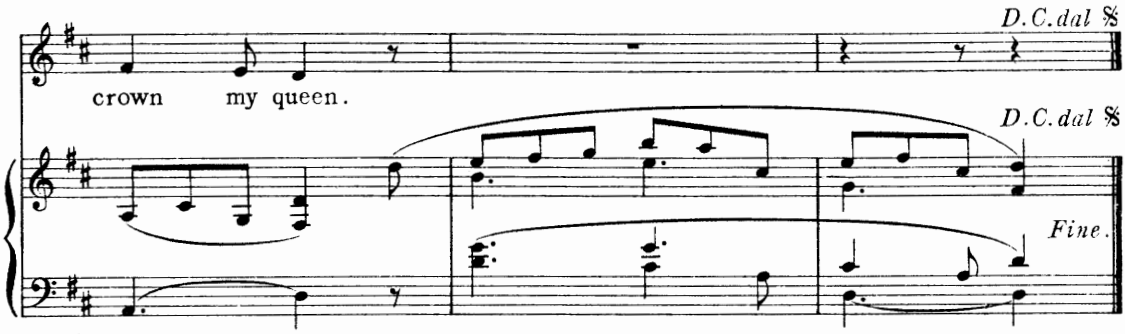
8

The two little weapons that hung at their side,
As we trotted away we threw into the tide,
May old Harry be with you, said Arthur Le Bride
For staying our walk in the morning.

*) May be omitted in singing.

Nº 113 THE KEEPER





Nº 113 THE KEEPER

1

O there was a keeper, a shooting did go,
And under his arm he did carry a bow,
And that for to bring down the buck and the doe;
All in the green forest, the forest so green,
Where the red roses blossom to crown my queen.

2

The very first doe that he shot at he miss'd,
The second escaped by the breadth of his fist.
The third doe was young, so he caught her and kiss'd;
All in the green forest, the forest so green,
Where the red roses blossom to crown my queen.

3

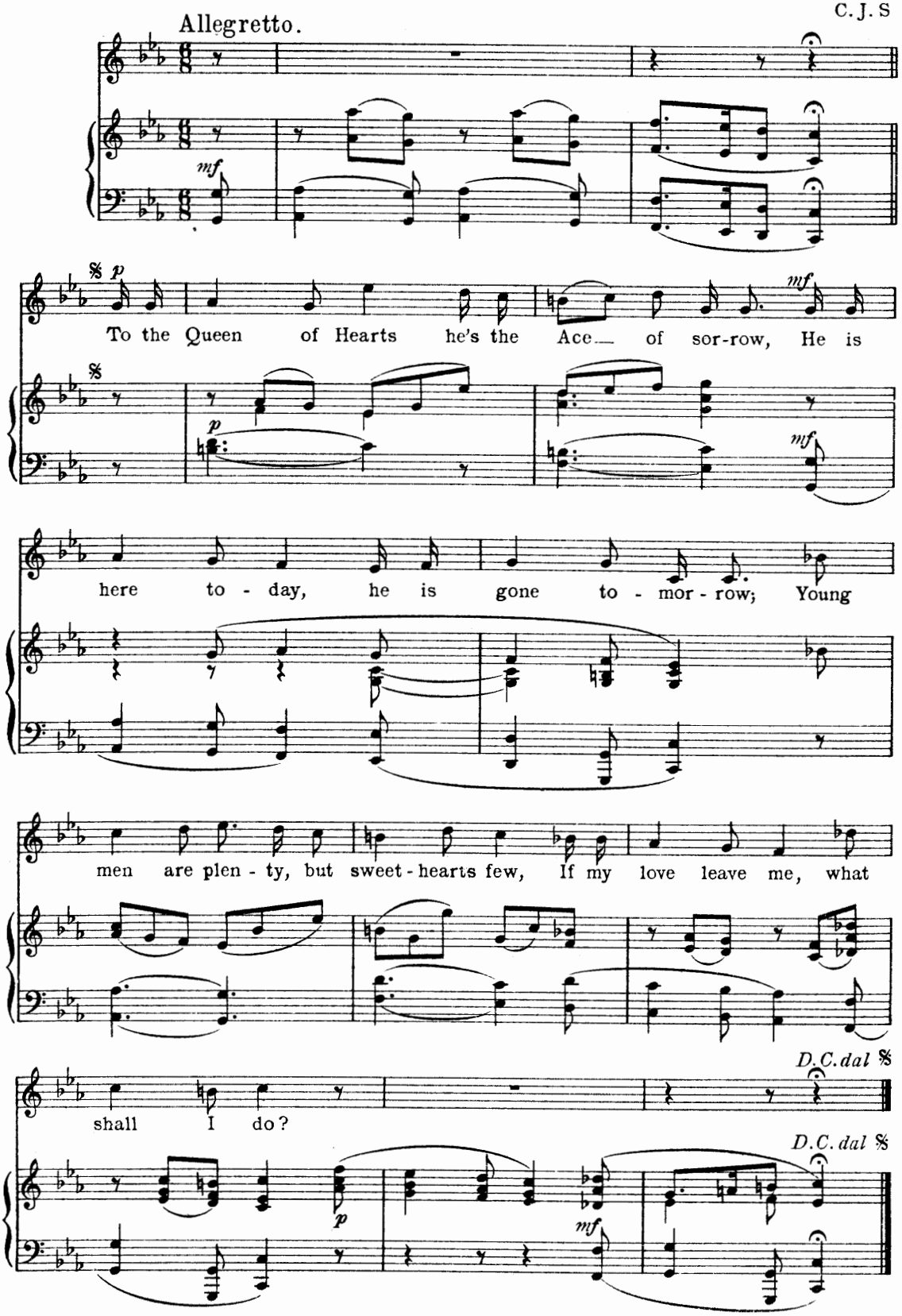
"My fair pretty doe, you no longer shall roam,
For certainly henceforth with me you shall come,
To tarry securely in my little home;
All in the green forest, the forest so green,
Where the red roses blossom to crown my queen.

4

"Aside I will cast now my billets and bow,
I'll tarry at home with my own pretty doe,
As proud as a king of his sceptre, I trow;
All in the green forest, the forest so green,
Where the red roses blossom to crown my queen."

Nº 114 THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

C. J. S



Nº 114 THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

1

To the Queen of Hearts he's the Ace of sorrow,
He is here to-day, he is gone to-morrow;
Young men are plenty, but sweet-hearts few,
If my love leave me, what shall I do?

2

When my love comes in I gaze not around,
When my love goes out, I fall in a swound;
To meet is pleasure, to part is sorrow,
He is here to-day, he is gone to-morrow.

3

Had I the store in yonder mountain,
Where gold and silver is had for counting,
I could not count, for the thought of thee,
My eyes so full that I could not see.

4

I love my father, I love my mother,
I love my sister, I love my brother;
I love my friends, my relations too,
But I'd leave them all for the love of you.

5

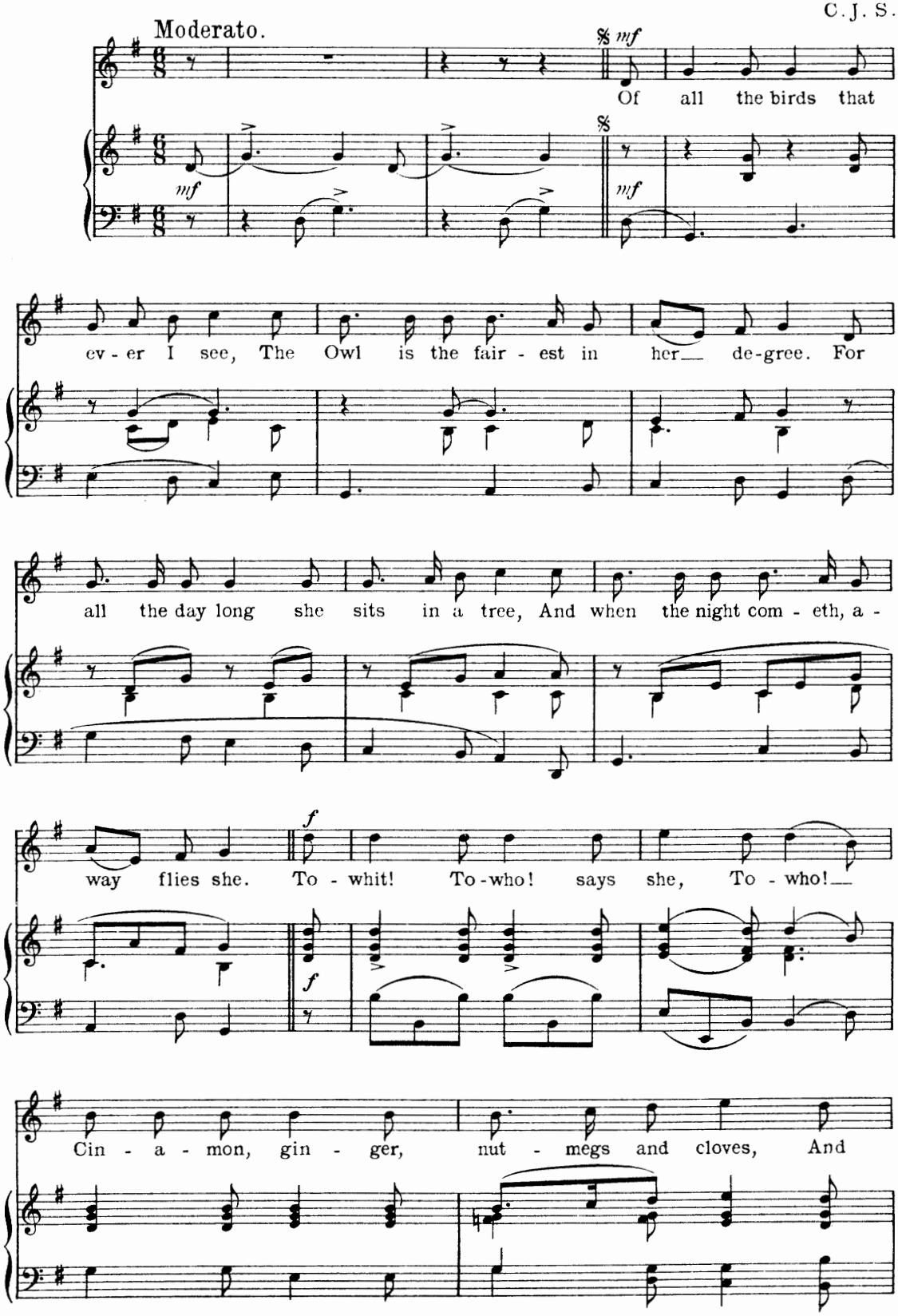
My father left me both house and land,
And servants many at my command;
At my commandment they ne'er shall be,
I'll forsake them all for to follow thee.

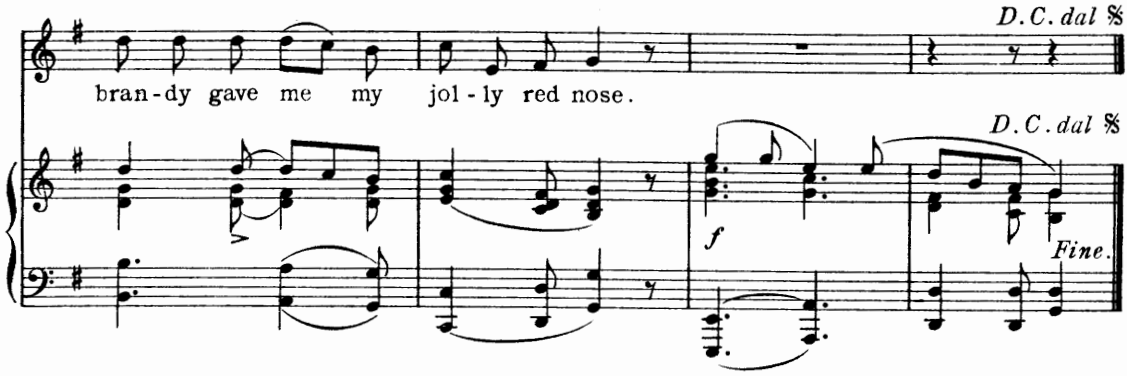
6

An Ace of sorrow to the Queen of Hearts,
O how my bosom bleeds and smarts;
Young men are plenty, but sweet-hearts few,
If my love leave me, what shall I do?

Nº 115 THE OWL

C. J. S.





Nº 115 THE OWL

1

Of all the birds that ever I see,
The owl is the fairest in her degree.
For all the day long she sits in a tree,
And when the night cometh, away flies she.
To-whit! To-who! says she, To-who!
Cinamon, ginger, nutmegs and cloves,
And brandy gave me my jolly red nose.

2

The lark in the morn ascendeth on high
And leaves the poor owl to sob and to sigh;
And all the day long, the owl is asleep,
While little birds blithely are singing, cheep! cheep!
To-whit! To-who! says she, To-who!
Cinamon, ginger, &c.

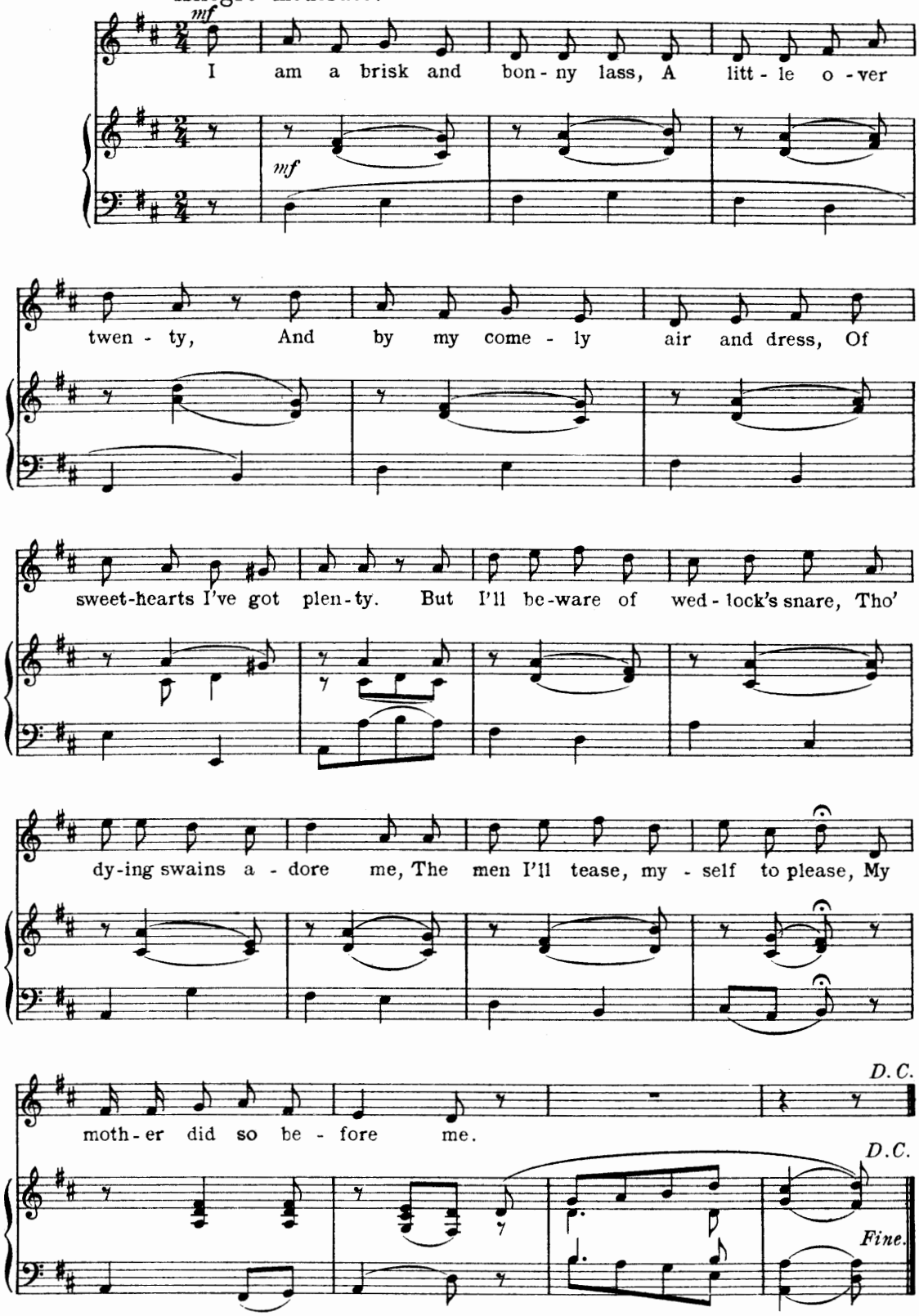
3

There's many a brave bird boasteth awhile,
And proves himself great, let Providence smile,
Be hills and be vallies all covered with snow,
The poor owl will shiver and mock with Ho! Ho!
To-whit! To-who! says she, To-who!
Cinamon, ginger, &c.

№ 116 MY MOTHER DID SO BEFORE ME

C. J. S.

Allegro moderato.



№ 116 MY MOTHER DID SO BEFORE ME

1

I am a brisk and bonny lass,
A little over twenty.
And by my comely air and dress,
Of sweathearts I've got plenty.
But I'll beware of wedlock's snare,
Tho' dying swains adore me,
The men I'll tease, myself to please,
My mother did so before me.

2

With fine brocade and diamonds bright,
Like merry Spring delighting,
My heart, my humours all delight,
For my sweet face's inviting.
I take delight, both day and night,
To be talked of in story.
I'll have it said: Here shines a maid!
My mother did so before me.

3

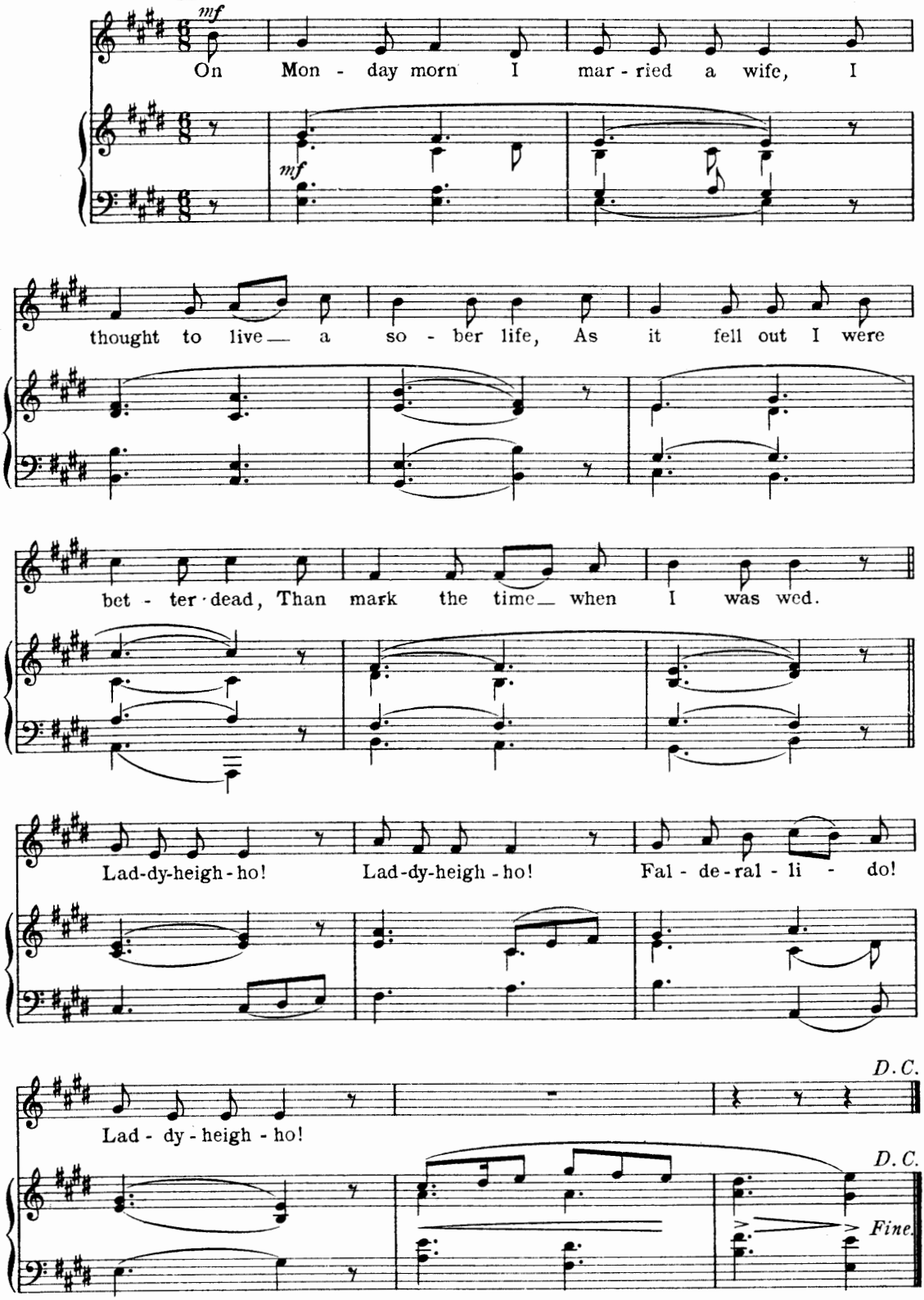
To parks and plays I often go,
I'll waste each leasure hour;
I'll walk and talk with every beau,
And make them feel my power.
If e'er a spark should fire my heart,
From one who does adore me,
I'll wed and kiss, in married bliss,
My mother did so before me.

4

So well I'll manage when I'm wed,
My husband to perfection,
And as good wives have always said,
Keep husbands in subjection.
No snarling fool me e'er shall rule,
Nor e'er eclipse my glory,
I'll let him see, mistress I'll be,
My mother did so before me.

Nº 117 A WEEK'S WORK WELL DONE

Moderato. C. J. S.



№ 117 A WEEK'S WORK WELL DONE

1

On Monday morn I married a wife,
I thought to live a sober life.
As it fell out I were better dead,
Than mark the time when I was wed.
Laddy - heigh - ho! Laddy - heigh - ho!
Fal - de - ral - li - do! Laddy - heigh - ho!

2

On Tuesday morning to my surprise,
A little before the sun did rise,
She rattled her clapper, and scolded more,
Than ever I heard in my life before.
Laddy - heigh - ho! &c.

3

On Wednesday morning I went to the wood,
I thought to do my wife some good.
I cut me a twig of holly green,
I trust the toughest I'd ever seen.
Laddy - heigh - ho! &c.

4

I hung the stick up well to dry,
I thought on Thursday it to try,
I laid it about her head and back,
Before my twig began to crack.
Laddy - heigh - ho! &c.

5

On Friday morning to my surprise,
A little before the sun did rise,
She rattled her clapper in scolding tone,
I turn'd my back and left her alone.
Laddy - heigh - ho! &c.

6

On Saturday morn, as I may say,
As she on her pillow consulting lay,
A Bogie arrived in fume and flame,
And carried her off both blind and lame.
Laddy - heigh - ho! &c.

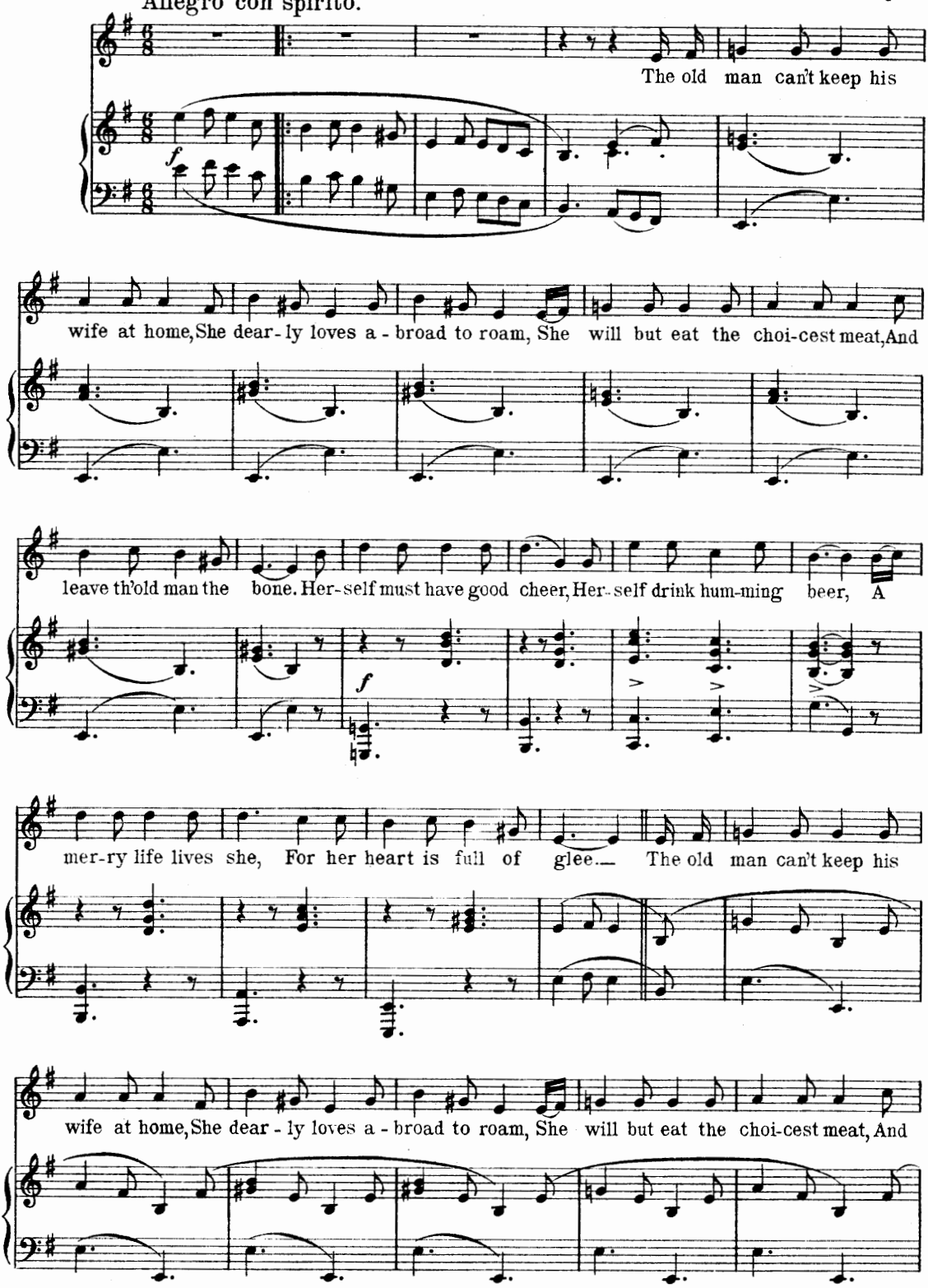
7

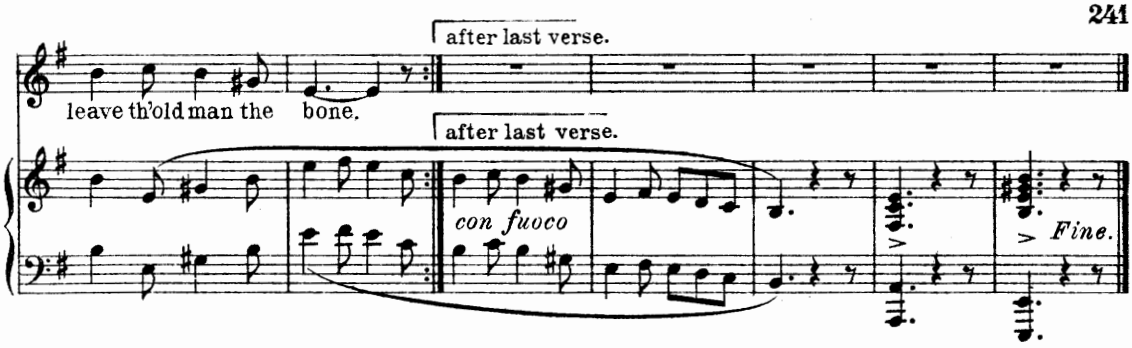
On Sunday, neighbours, I dine without
A scolding wife and a brawling rout;
Enjoy my bottle, and my best friend,
And surely this is a brave week's end.
Laddy - heigh - ho! &c.

№ 118 THE OLD MAN CAN'T KEEP HIS WIFE AT HOME

Allegro con spirito.

C. J. S.





№ 118 THE OLD MAN CAN'T KEEP HIS WIFE AT HOME

1

The old man can't keep his wife at home,
She dearly loves abroad to roam,
She will but eat the choicest meat,
And leave th'old man the bone.
Herself must have good cheer,
Herself drink humming beer.
A merry life lives she,
For her heart is full of glee.
CHORUS: The old man can't keep his wife at home,
She dearly loves abroad to roam, &c.

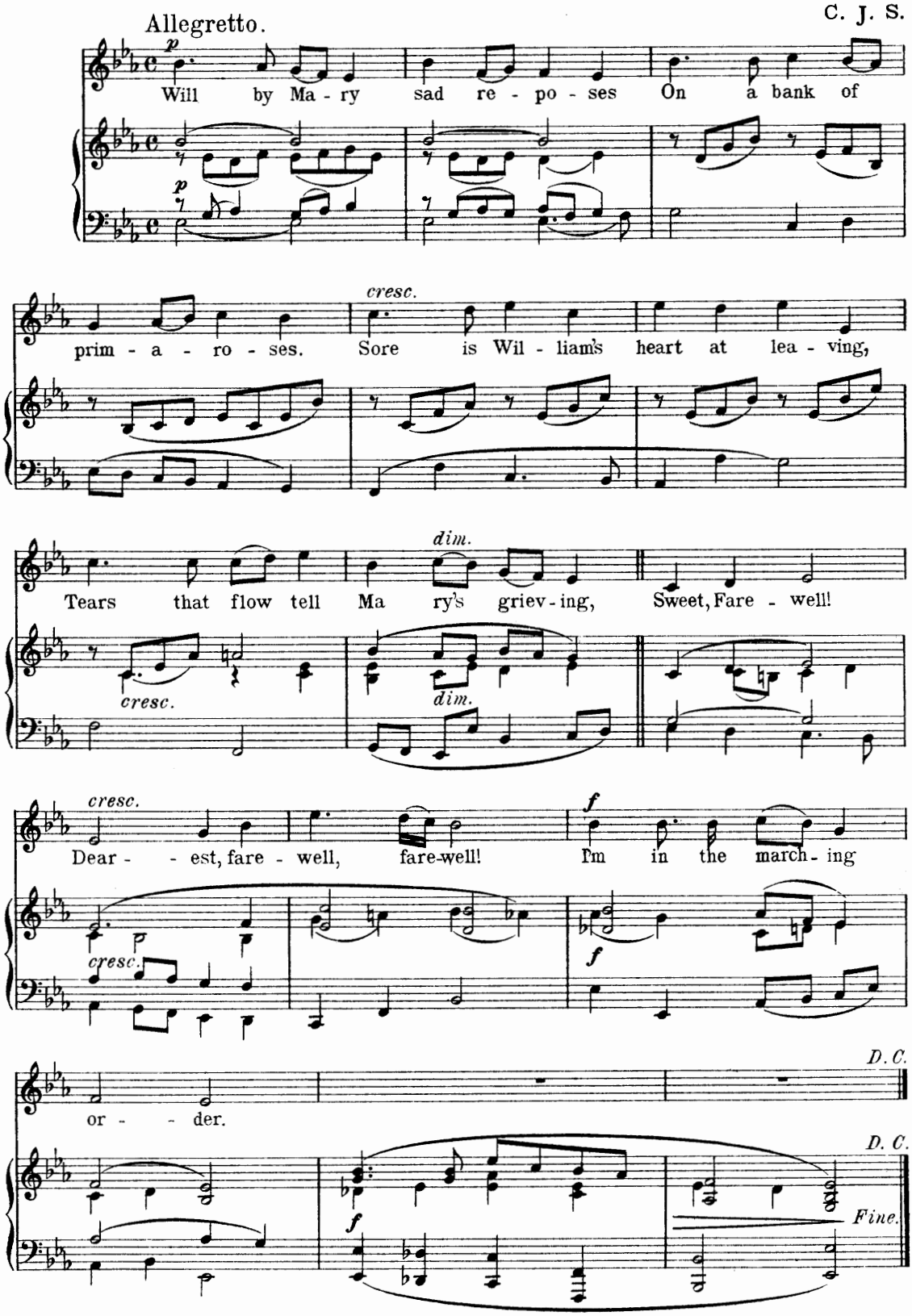
2

The old man's wife went out to dine,
And left him tuck'd in bed at home.
She dressed so fine, drank red red wine,
Hes face with pleasure shone.
She capered and she danc'd,
She like an ostrich pranc'd,
And sang There's none so free,
As old men's wives may be.
CHORUS: The old man can't keep his wife at home,
She dearly loves abroad to roam, &c

3

The old man began to crawl and cough'd;
Above the door he set a stone,
Then sat and quaff'd thin beer and laugh'd,
Till spasms made him groan.
His wife so late came home,
Then clatter'd down the stone,
It fell upon her head,
It knocked her flat and dead.
CHORUS: The old man don't keep a wife at home,
Not one who dearly loves to roam.
Odds bobs,of strife, and gadding wife
The old man now has none.

№ 119 SWEET FAREWELL



№119 SWEET FAREWELL

1

Will by Mary sad reposes
On a bank of prim-a-roses.
Sore is William's heart at leaving,
Tears that flow tell Mary's grieving,
Sweet, Farewell! Dearest, farewell, farewell!
I'm in the marching order.

2

Hark! I hear the Colonel crying,
Drums are beating, colours flying.
Colours flying, drums are beating,
Boys! advance, there's no retreating
Sweet, farewell! &c

3

Gallant boys! be stiff and steady,
Each man have his flint-lock ready!
Each man have his flask and powder!
And his fire stock o'er his shou'der!
Sweet, farewell! &c

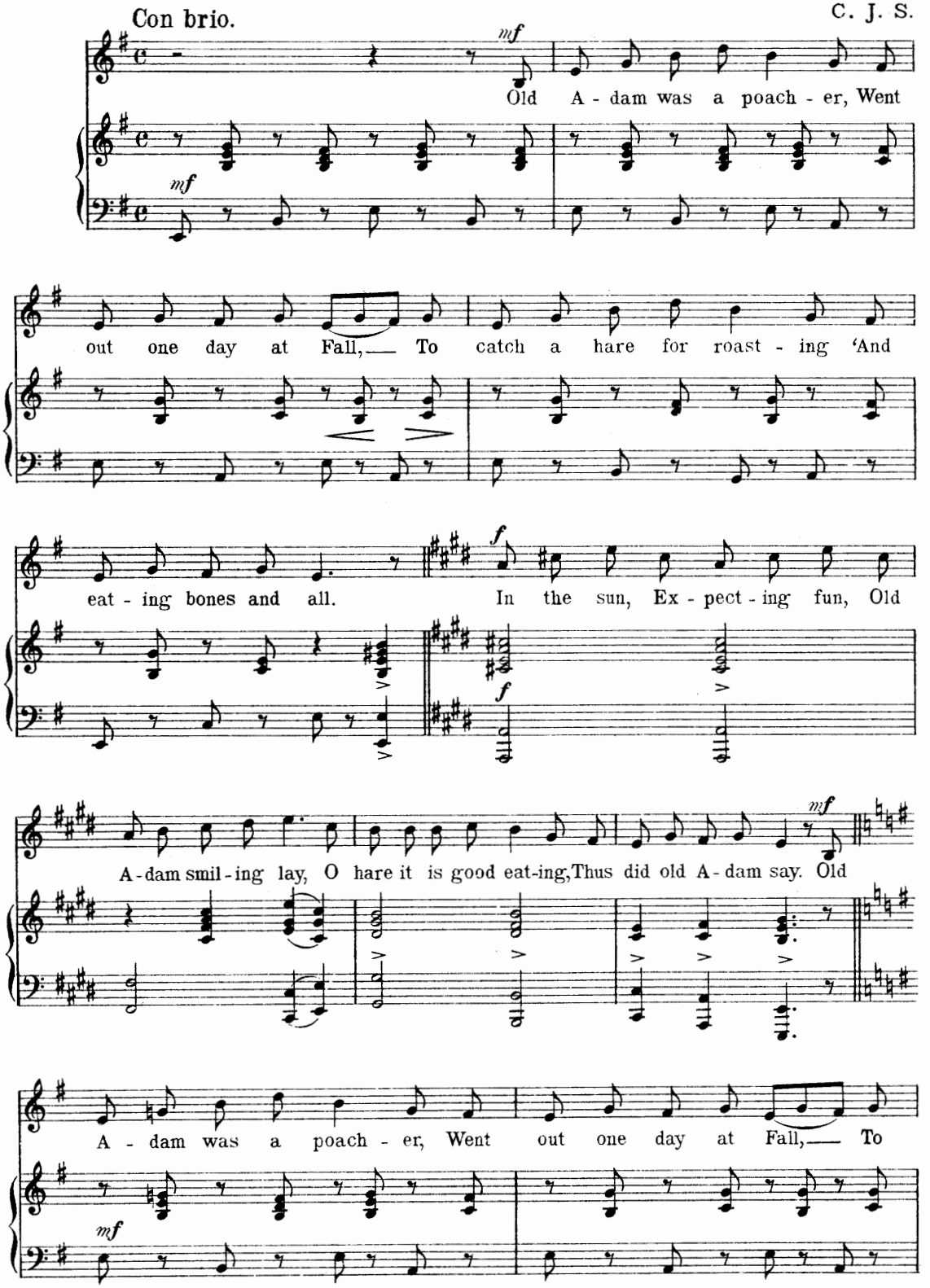
4

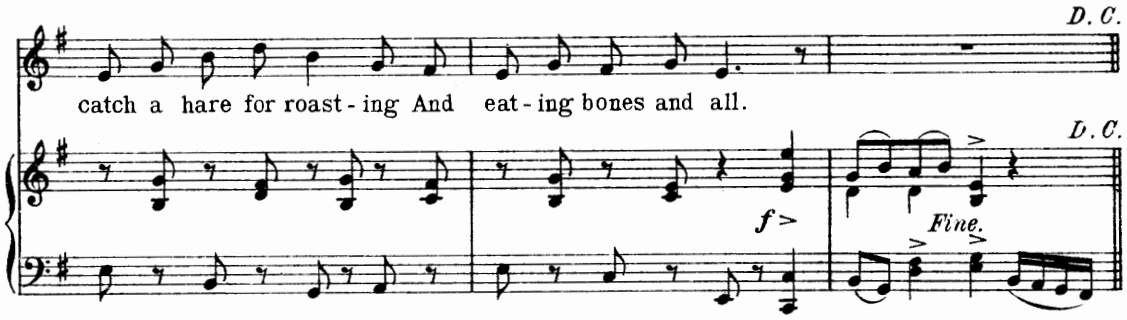
Mary said, Do not bereave me!
Do not break my heart and leave me!
If you do, I will torment you,
When I'm dead, my ghost will ha'nt you
Sweet, farewell! &c

5

Nay, said William, my dear Mary
I with you nowise can tarry.
Duty calls_ that naught can alter
At its summons none must falter.
Sweet, farewell! &c

№ 120 OLD ADAM THE POACHER





Nº 120 OLD ADAM THE POACHER

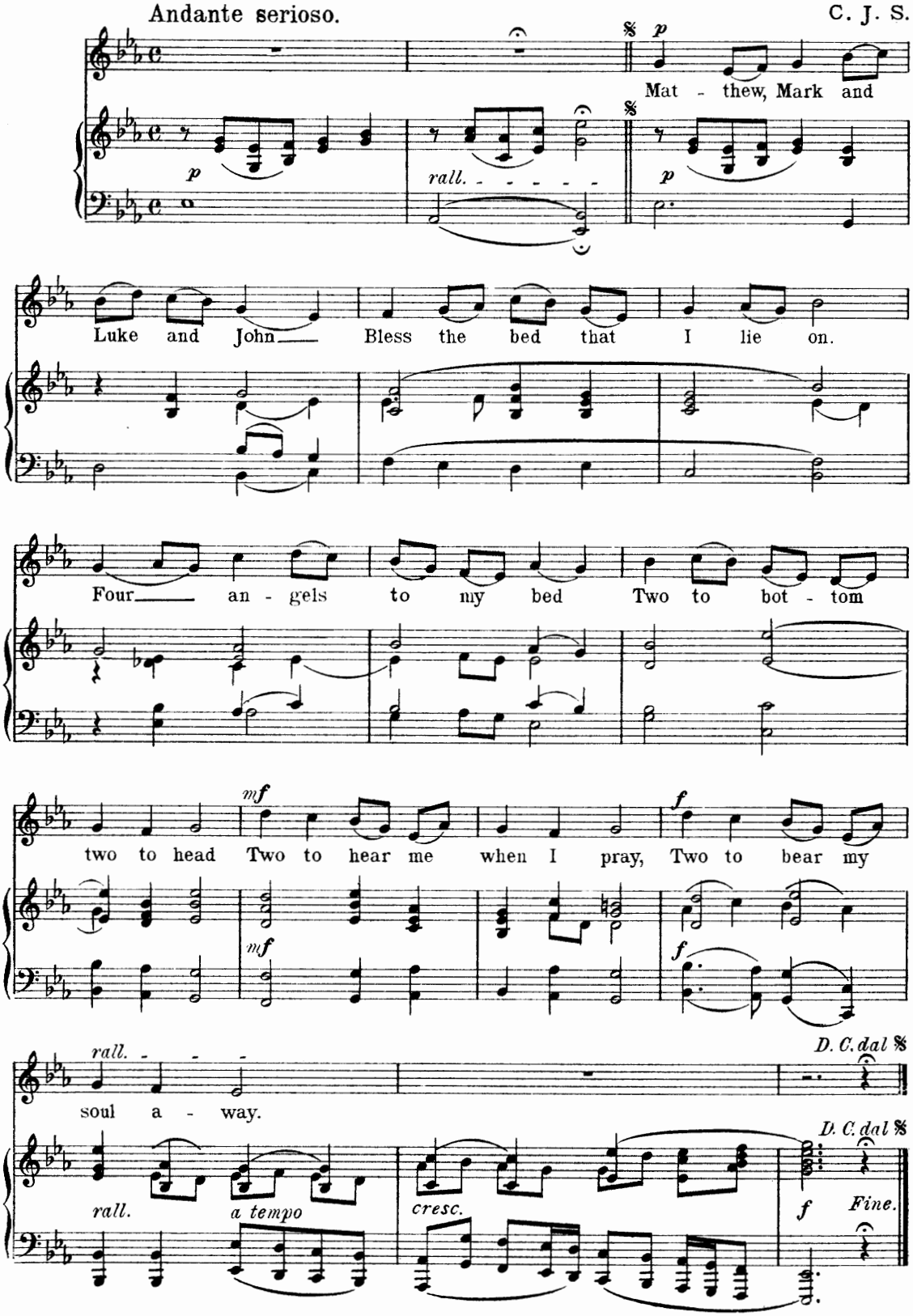
1

Old Adam was a poacher,
Went out one day at Fall,
To catch a hare for roasting
And eating bones and all,
In the sun
Expecting fun
Old Adam smiling lay.
O hare it is good eating,
Thus did old Adam say.
Old Adam was a poacher,
Went out one day at fall,
To catch a hare for roasting,
And eating, bones and all.

2

A keeper that was passing,
Peer'd slyly through the brake
Saw Adam with his springle;
Proceeded both to take.
Hare not his'n,
So in prison
Old Adam groaning lay.
O hare it is good eating
But not for him to-day,
Old Adam was a poacher
Went out one day at fall
Went out that morning looking big
Returnéd, looking small.

№ 121 THE EVENING PRAYER



№ 121 THE EVENING PRAYER

1

Matthew, Mark and Luke and John
Bless the bed that I lie on.
Four angels to my bed
Two to bottom, two to head,
Two to hear me when I pray,
Two to bear my soul away.

2

Monday morn the week begin,
Christ deliver our souls from sin.
Tuesday morn, nor curse nor swear,
Christes Body that will tear.
Wednesday, middle of the week,
Woe to the soul Christ does not seek.

3

Thursday morn, Saint Peter wrote
Joy to the soul that heaven hath bote,
Friday Christ died on the tree
To save other men as well as me.
Saturday, sure, the evening dead,
Sunday morn, the Book's outspread.

4

God is the branch and I the flower,
Pray God send me a blessed hour.
I go to bed, some sleep to take,
The Lord, he knows if I shall wake.
Sleep I ever, sleep I never,
God receive my soul for ever.

NOTES ON THE SONGS

1. "BY CHANCE IT WAS." Music and words dictated by James Parsons, hedger, Lew Down; he had learned it from his father, "The Singing Machine."

A second version of the melody was obtained from Bruce Tyndall, Esq., of Exmouth, who had learned it from a Devonshire nurse in 1839 or 1840. The melody was but a variant. It had lost the E♮ that comes in so pleasantly.

The tune was certainly originally in the Dorian mode, the E♭ being an alteration of a modern singer. We did not, however, feel justified in restoring the air to its early form, as we had no authority for so doing.

The words of the song are to be found in a collection of early ballad books in the British Museum, entitled "The Court of Apollo." There it consists of six verses, the first three of which are almost word for word the same as ours. In "The Songster's Favourite Companion," a later collection, the same song occurs. There it is in three verses only, and in a very corrupt form.

We are inclined to think that the song dates from the time of James I. or Charles I.

2. THE HUNTING OF ARSCOTT OF TETCOTT. This song, once vastly popular in North Devon, and at all hunting dinners, is now nearly forgotten. The words have been published in "John Arscott of Tetcott" by Luke, Plymouth, N.D. A great many variations of the text exist. An early copy, dating from the end of the 18th century, was supplied me by R. Kelly, Esq., of Kelly; another by a gentleman, now dead, in his grandmother's handwriting (1820), with explanatory notes. The date given in the song varies; sometimes it is set down as 1752, sometimes as 1772.

John Arscott, the last of his race, died in 1788. The "Sons of the Blue" are taken to have been Sir John Molesworth of Pencarrow, Bart., William Morshead of Blisland, and Braddon Clode of Skisdon. But neither Sir John Molesworth nor Mr Morshead was, as it happens, a naval man. If the date were either 1652 or 1672, it would fit John Arscott of Tetcott, who died in 1708, and Sir John Molesworth of Pencarrow, who was Vice-admiral of Cornwall; and the "Sons of the Blue" would be Hender, Sparke, and John, sons of Sir John. The second John Molesworth married Jane, daughter of John Arscott of Tetcott, in 1704. It seems probable, accordingly, that the song belonged originally to the elder John Arscott, and was adapted a century later to the last John Arscott. The date is not given with precision in the song; it is left vague as to the century—"In the year '52."

The author of the version of the song as now sung is said to have been one Dogget, who was wont to run after the foxhounds of the last Arscott. He probably followed the habit of all rural bards of adapting an earlier ballad to his purpose, and spoiling it in so doing. I think this, because along with much wretched stuff there occur traces of something better, and smacking of an earlier period. As Dogget's doggerel has been printed, and as I have taken down a dozen variants, I have retained only what I deemed worthy of retention, and have entirely recast the conclusion of the song.

John Arscott is still believed to hunt the country, and there are men alive who declare positively that they have seen him and his hounds go by, and have heard the winding of his horn, at night, in the park at Tetcott.

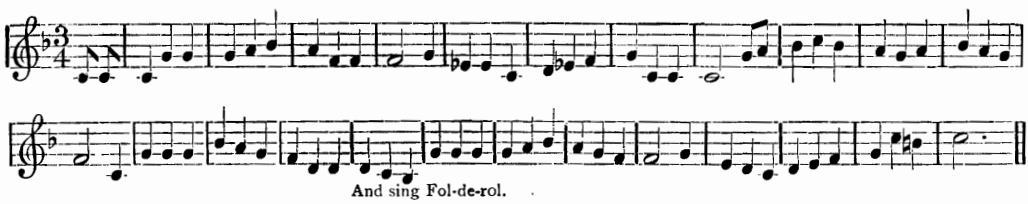
Mr Frank Abbott, gamekeeper at Pencarrow, but born at Tetcott, informed me, concerning Dogget: "Once they unkennelled in the immediate neighbourhood of Tetcott, and killed at Hatherleigh. This runner was in at the death, as was his wont. John Arscott ordered him a bed at Hatherleigh, but to his astonishment, when he returned to Tetcott, his wife told him all the particulars of the run. 'Then,' said Arscott, 'this must be the doing of none other than Dogget; where is he?' Dogget was soon found in the servants' hall, drinking ale, having outstripped his master and run all the way home."

In the MS. copy of 1820, the names of the "Sons of the Blue" were Bob (Robt. Dennis of S. Breock), Bill (Bill Tickell), and Britannia (Sir J. Molesworth). The tune, which is in the Æolian mode, was obtained through the assistance of Mr W. C. Richards, schoolmaster at Tetcott. We also had it from John Benney, labourer, Menheniot.

Mr Richards writes:—"This song is sung annually at the Rent-audit of the Molesworth estate at Tetcott. Thirty years ago an old man sang it, and the version I send you is as near the original, as sung by him, as can be secured. Workmen on the estate often hum the air, and always sing it at their annual treats." The Arscott property at Tetcott passed by inheritance to the Molesworths.

Half of the tune was employed by D'Urfey, a Devonshire man, in his "Pills to Purge Melancholy," to the words, "Dear Catholic Brother" (vi. p. 277, ed. 1719-20). From D'Urfey it passed into the "Musical Miscellany," 1731, vi. p. 171, to the words, "Come take up your Burden, ye Dogs, and away." From England the same half-tune was carried into Wales, and Jones, in his "Musical Relicks of the Welsh Bards," 1794, i. p. 129, gives it set to the words of "Difarwch gwyn Dyfl."

As Benny's variant is interesting, I give it here—

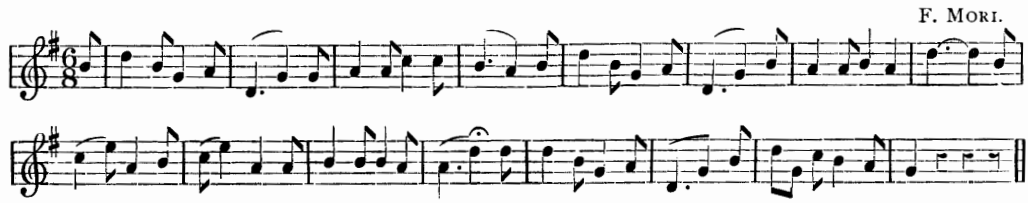


3. "UPON A SUNDAY MORNING." The melody taken down from Robert Hard, South Brent. This is the song to which reference has been made in the Introduction. It is not a genuine folk melody, but it is an interesting example of the way in which the folk muse reshapes an air.

Hard sang the words of Charles Swan—

"'Twas on a Sunday morning, before the bells did peal,
A note came through the window, with Cupid as the seal."

These words were set to music by Francis Mori in 1853. I give Mori's tune, and advise that with it should be compared Hard's variation of it. I have written fresh words to this variation—



4. "THE TREES THEY ARE SO HIGH." Words and melody taken down in 1888 first from James Parsons, then from Matthew Baker. Again in 1891 from Richard Broad, aged 71, of Herodsfoot, near S. Keyne, Cornwall. Again, the words, to a different air, from Roger Hannaford. Another version from William Aggett, a paralysed labourer of 70 years, at Chagford. Mr Sharp has also obtained it in Somersetshire. A fragment was sung at the Folk-Song Competition at Frome in April 1904. Mr Kidson has noted a version in Yorkshire, Miss Broadwood another in Surrey, see *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i. p. 214. Apparently there exist two distinct variants of the ballad, each to its proper melody.

Johnson, in his "Museum," professed to give a Scottish version—

"O Lady Mary Ann looks owre the Castle wa',
She saw three bonny boys playing at the ba',
The youngest he was the flower among them a';
My bonny laddie's young, but he's growing yet."

But of his version only three of the stanzas are genuine, and they are inverted; the rest are a modern composition.

A more genuine Scottish form is in Maidment's "North Country Garland," Edinburgh, 1874; but there the young man is fictitiously converted into a Laird of Craigstoun. It begins—

"Father, said she, you have done me wrong,
For ye have married me on a childe young man,
And my bonny love is long
Agrowing, growing, deary,
Growing, growing, said the bonny maid."

But the most genuine form is on an Aberdeen Broadside, B.M., 1871, f. This, the real Scottish ballad, has verses not in the English, and the English ballad has a verse or two not in the Scottish.

I have received an Irish version as sung in Co. Tipperary; it is in six verses, but that about the "Trees so High" is lacking. The rhyme is more correct than that of any of the printed versions, and the lines run in triplets. One verse is—

"O Father, dear Father, I'll tell you what we'll do,
We'll send him off to college for another year or two,
And we'll tie round his college cap a ribbon of the blue,
To let the maidens know he is married."

In one of the versions I have taken down (Hannaford's and Aggett's) there were traces of the triplet very distinct, and the tune was akin to the Irish melody sent me, as sung by Mary O'Bryan, Cahir, Tipperary. Portions of the ballad have been forced into that of "The Cruel Mother" in

Motherwell's MS., Child's "British and Scottish Ballads," i. p. 223. In this a mother gives birth to three sons at once and murders them ; but after they are murdered—

"She lookit over her father's wa',
And saw three bonnie boys playing at the ba'."

Our melody is in the Phrygian mode, a scale which is extremely scarce in English folk-song. The only other example we know is in Ducoudray's book of the "Folk Melodies of Brittany."

The Scotch have two airs, one in Johnson's "Museum," the other in "The British Minstrel," Glasgow, 1844, vol. ii. p. 36, both totally distinct from ours.

That the ballad is English and not originally Scotch is probable, for Fletcher quotes it in "The Two Noble Kinsmen," 1634. He makes the crazy jailer's daughter sing us a snatch of an old ballad—

"For I'll cut my green coat, a foot above my knee,
And I'll clip my yellow locks, an inch below my eye,
Hey ninny, ninny, ninny ;
He's buy me a white cut (stick) forth for to ride,
And I'll go seek him, through the world that is so wide,
Hey ninny, ninny, ninny."

In the ballad as taken down from Aggett—

"I'll cut my yellow hair away by the root,
And I will clothe myself all in a boy's suit,
And to the college high, I will go afoot."

I have had versions also from Mary Langworthy, Stoke Flemming, in the Hypodorian mode, and from W. S. Vance, Penarth, as sung by an old woman at Padstow in 1863, now dead.

Mr Sharp gives a version in "Folk Songs from Somerset," No. 15.

5. "PARSON HOGG." This was sung by my great-uncle, Thomas Snow, Esq., of Franklyn, near Exeter, when I was a child. I have received it also from Mr H. Whitfeld, brushmaker, Plymouth. The words may be found, not quite the same, but substantially so, in "The New Cabinet of Love," *circ.* 1810, as "Doctor Mack." In Oliver's "Comic Songs," *circ.* 1815, it is "Parson Ogg, the Cornish Vicar." It is also in "The Universal Songster" (1826), ii. p. 348. It is found on Broadsides.

6. "COLD BLOWS THE WIND." The words originally reached me as taken down by the late Mrs Gibbons, daughter of Sir W. L. Trelawney, Bart., from an old woman, who, in 1830, was nurse in her father's house. Since then we have heard it repeatedly, indeed there are few old singers who do not know it. There are two melodies to which it is sung, that we give here, and that to which "Childe the Hunter" is set in this collection. The ballad is always in a fragmentary condition. The ballad, under the title of "The Unquiet Grave," is in Professor Child's "British Ballads," No. 78. He gives various forms of it. The idea on which it is based is that if a woman has plighted her oath to a man, she is still bound to him, after he is dead, and that he can claim her to follow him into the world of spirits, unless she can redeem herself by solving riddles he sets her. See further on this topic under "The Lover's Tasks," No. 48. Verses 8 and 10 are not in the original ballad. I have supplied them to reduce the length and give a conclusion.

7. THE SPRIG OF THYME. Taken down from James Parsons. After the second verse he broke away into "The Seeds of Love." Joseph Dyer, of Mawgan in Pyder, sang the same ballad or song to the same tune, and in what I believe to be the complete form of words—

"O once I had plenty of thyme,
It would flourish by night and by day,
Till a saucy lad came, return'd from the sea,
And stole my thyme away.

"O and I was a damsel fair,
But fairer I wish't to appear ;
So I wash'd me in milk, and I clothed me in silk,
And put the sweet thyme in my hair.

"With June is the red rose in bud,
But that was no flower for me,
I plucked the bud, and it prick'd me to blood,
And I gazed on the willow tree.

"O the willow tree it will twist,
And the willow tree it will twine,
I would I were fast in my lover's arms clasp't,
For 'tis he that has stolen my thyme.

"O it's very good drinking of ale,
But it's better far drinking of wine,
I would I were clasp't in my lover's arms fast,
For 'tis he that has stolen my thyme."

The song, running as it does on the same theme and in the same metre as "The Seeds of Love," is very generally mixed up with it, and Miss Broadwood calls her version of it, in "English County Songs," p. 58, "The Seeds of Love, *or* The Sprig of Thyme." The "Seeds of Love" is attributed by Dr Whittaker, in his "History of Whalley," to Mrs Fleetwood Habergham, who died in 1703. He says: "Ruined by the extravagance and disgraced by the vices of her husband, she soothed her sorrows by some stanzas yet remembered among the old people of her neighbourhood." See "The New Lover's Gariand," B.M. (11621, b 6); a Northumbrian version in "Northumbrian Minstrelsy," 1882, p. 90; a Scottish version in "Albyn's Anthology," 1816, i. p. 40; a Somersetshire in "Folk Songs from Somerset," No. 1; a Yorkshire in Kidson's "Traditional Tunes," p. 69. As the two songs are so mixed up together, I have thought it best to rewrite the song.

The melody was almost certainly originally in the Æolian mode, but has got altered.

8. "ROVING JACK." Taken down, words and melody, from William Aggett, Chagford, and from James Parsons, Lew Down. An inferior version of the words is to be found among Catnach's Broadsheets, Ballads, B.M. (1162, h, vol. vii.), also one printed in Edinburgh, Ballads (1750-1840), B.M. (1871, f). Note what has been said relative to this tune, which is in the Æolian mode, under 1. "By chance it was," with which it is closely related.

9. "BRIXHAM TOWN." Words taken down from Jonas Coaker, aged 85, and blind. The melody was given us by Mr John Webb, who had heard him sing it in former years. Another version to the same air was obtained from North Tawton. Again, another was given me by the Hon. A. F. Northcote, who took it down in 1877 from an itinerant pedlar of 90 years at Buckingham.

The words and tune were clearly composed at the time of the Commonwealth, 1640-1661.

10. "GREEN BROOM." Words and melody taken down from John Woodrich, blacksmith; he learned both from his grandmother when he was a child. The Hon. J. S. Northcote sent me another version taken down from an old woman at Upton Pyne. Again, another from Mr James Ellis of Chaddlehanger, Lamerton; another from Bruce Tyndall, Esq., of Exmouth, as taken down from a Devonshire cook in 1839 or 1840. This, the same melody as that from Upton Pyne. Woodrich's tune is the brightest, the other the oldest. The same ballad to different tune in "Northumbrian Minstrelsy," 1882, p. 98. The song is in D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1720, vi. p. 100, in 14 verses, with a different conclusion. Broadside versions by Disley and Such. Also in "The Broom Man's Garland," in "LXXXII. Old Ballads" collected by J. Bell, B.M. (11621, c 2). Bell was librarian to the Society of Antiquaries, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1810-20. Mr Kidson has obtained a version in North Yorkshire. Another is in "English County Songs," p. 88. In "Gammar Gurton's Garland," *circ.* 1783, are three verses.

11. "AS JOHNNY WALKED OUT." Words and melody from James Parsons. The original words are in six stanzas, and these I have compressed. The words with some verbal differences as "set by Mr Dunn" are in "Six English Songs and Dialogues, as they are performed in the Public Gardens," N.D., but about 1750. Then in *The London Magazine*, 1754; in "Apollo's Cabinet," Liverpool, 1757; in "Clio and Euterpe," London, 1758. Our melody was obtained also by Mr T. S. Cayzer, at Post Bridge, in 1849, and we have taken down four or five versions. The tune is totally different from that by "Mr Dunn."

12. THE MILLER AND HIS SONS. Taken down, music and words, from J. Helmore, miller, South Brent. The words occur in the Roxburgh Collection, iii. p. 681. It is included in Bell's "Songs of the English Peasantry," p. 194; and is in the "Northumbrian Minstrelsy," Newcastle, 1882. In the North of England it is sung to the air of "The Oxfordshire Tragedy," Chappell, p. 191. Our air bears no resemblance to this.

13. ORMOND THE BRAVE. This very interesting Ballad was taken down, words and music, from J. Peake, tanner, Liskeard; it was sung by his father about 1830. It refers to the Duke of Ormond's landing in Devon in 1714. Ormond fled to France in the first days of July, "a duke without a duchy," as Lord Oxford termed him, when it was manifest that the country was resolved on having the Hanoverian Elector as King, and was unwilling to summon the Chevalier of St George to the throne. At the end of October the Duke of Ormond landed in Devon at the head of a few men, hoping that the West would rise in the Jacobite cause, but not a single adherent joined his standard, and he returned to France. The Devonshire squires were ready to plant Scotch pines in token of their Jacobite sympathies, but not to jeopardise their heads and acres in behalf of a cause which their good sense told them was hopeless. I have met with the ballad in a Garland, B.M. (11621, b 16). This, however, is imperfect. It runs thus—

"I am Ormond the brave, did you ever hear of me?
Who lately was banished from my own country.
They sought for my life and plundered my estate,
For being so loyal to Queen Anne the Great.
I am Ormond, etc.

"Says Ormond, If I did go, with Berwick I stood,
And for the Crown of England I ventured my blood,
To the Boyne I advanced, to Tingney (Quesnoy?) also,
I preserved King William from Berwick his foe.

"I never sold my country as cut-purses do,
Nor never wronged my soldiers of what was their due.
Such laws I do hate, you're witness above,
I left my estate for the country I love.

"Although they degrade me, I value it not a straw,
Some call me Jemmy Butler, I'm Ormond you know.
(*Rest of verse missing.*)

"But in the latter days our late Mistress Anne,
Disprove my loyalty if you can,
I was Queen Anne's darling, old England's delight,
Sacheverel's friend, and Fanatic's spite."

When Peake sang the song to Mr Sheppard and me, he converted German Elector into German lecturers.

The impeachment and attainder of the Duke in 1715 was a cruel and malicious act. When he was in the Netherlands acting in concert with Prince Eugene, he was hindered from prosecuting the war by secret instructions from Queen Anne. When Quesnoy was on the point of capitulating, he was forced to withdraw, as he had received orders to proclaim a cessation of arms for two months. After the death of Queen Anne, the new Whig Ministry was resolved on his destruction, and he fled to France, where, although he had been loyal to William of Orange, and had fought under him at the Boyne, and had also been one of the first to welcome George I., he threw himself into the cause of the Pretender, in a fit of resentment at the treatment he had received. He died on 16th November 1745 at Avignon, but his body was brought to England and buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster. Swift, writing in the hour of his persecution, gives his character at great length. "The attainder," says he, "now it is done, looks like a dream to those who will consider the nobleness of his birth; the great merits of his ancestors, and his own; his long, unspotted loyalty; his affability, generosity, and sweetness of nature. . . . I have not conversed with a more faultless person; of great justice and charity; a true sense of religion, without ostentation; of undoubted valour; thoroughly skilled in his trade of a soldier; a quick and ready apprehension; with a good share of understanding, and a general knowledge of men and history."

Mackay, in his "Characters of the Court of Great Britain," says of him when Governor in Ireland:—"He governs in Ireland with more affection from the people, and his court is in the greatest splendour ever known in that country. He certainly is one of the most generous, princely, brave men that ever was, but good-natured to a fault."

14. JOHN BARLEYCORN. This famous old song has gone through several recastings. The earliest known copy is of the age of James I. in the Pepysian Collection, i. 426, printed in black letter by H. Gosson (1607-1641). Other copies of Charles II.'s reign in the same Collection, i. 470, and the Ewing Collection, by the publishers Clarke, Thackeray, and Passenger, to the tune of "Shall I lye beyond thee." Chappell concludes that this was a very early ballad. "The language is not that of London and its neighbourhood during James's reign. It is either northern dialect—which, according to Puttenham, would commence about 60 miles from London—or it is much older than the date of the printers," Roxburgh Ballads, ii. p. 327.

This ballad begins—

"As I went through the North Country
I heard a merry greeting,
A pleasant toy and full of joy—
Two noblemen were meeting."

These two noblemen are Sir John Barleycorn and Thomas Goodale.

The sixth verse runs—

"Sir John Barleycorne fought in a boule
Who wonne the victorie,
And made them all to fume and sweare
That Barlycorne should die.

"Some said kill him, some said drowne,
Others wisht to hang him hie;
For as many as follow Barlycorne
Shall surely beggars die.

"Then with a plough they plow'd him up,
And thus they did devise,
To burie him quicke within the earth,
And sware he should not rise.

"With harrowes strong they combéd him
And burst clods on his head,
A joyfull banquet then they made
When Barlycorne was dead."

Then the ballad runs on the same as ours. Burns got hold of this ballad, and tinkered it up into the shape in which it appears in his collected works, altering some expressions, and adding about six stanzas. He in no way improved it. Jameson, in his "Popular Ballads," Edinburgh, 1806, tells us that he had heard it sung in Morayshire before that Burns' songs were published.

Dixon, in his collection of the "Songs of the English Peasantry," 1846, says that "John Barleycorn" was sung throughout England to the tune of "Stingo, or Oil of Barley," which may be found in Chappell, from the "Dancing Master," in which it occurs from 1650 to 1690. But this is not the air to which it is set in the Broadsides above referred to, nor is it that to which it is sung in the West of England.

Dr Barrett has given a different "John Barleycorn" in his "English Folk-Songs," and another is in the *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i. p. 81.

The words as now sung may be found in "The Mountain of Hair Garland," B.M. (1162, c 4), *circ.* 1760. It is also among Such's broadsides. Words and air were taken down by Mr Bussell, from James Mortimore, a cripple, at Princetown, in 1890.

A version taken down in Sussex, to a different tune, is seen in the *Folk-Song Journal.* This begins—

"There were three men came out of the West,
They sold their wheat for rye;
They made an oath and a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn should die."

One verse is not in our version—

"And in the mash-tub he was put,
And they scalded him stark blind.
And then they served him worse than that
They cast him to the swine."

15. SWEET NIGHTINGALE. In "Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England," by Robert Bell, London, 1857, the author says: "This curious ditty, which may be confidently assigned to the 17th century . . . we first heard in Germany at Marienberg on the Moselle. The singers were four Cornish miners, who were at that time, 1854, employed at some lead mines near the town of Zell. The leader, or captain, John Stocker, said that the song was an established favourite with the miners of Cornwall and Devonshire, and was always sung on the pay-days and at the wakes; and that his grandfather, who died thirty years before, at the age of a hundred years, used to sing the song, and say it was very old. The tune is plaintive and original." Unfortunately Mr Bell does not give the tune. The air was first sent me by E. F. Stevens, Esq., of the Terrace, St Ives, who wrote that the melody "had run in his head any time these eight and thirty years." We have since had it from a good many old men in Cornwall, and always to the same air. They assert that it is a duet, and was so set in our first edition.

Mr Bell did not know much of the subject, or he would have been aware that so far from the song being of the 17th century, it was composed by Bickerstaff for "Thomas and Sally" in 1760, and was set to music by Dr Arne. I have, however, adopted Bell's words instead of those of Bickerstaff, as shorter. The Cornish melody is quite distinct from that by Arne, and is not earlier or later than the second half of the 18th century.

16. WIDDECOMBE FAIR. At present the best known and most popular of Devonshire songs, though the melody is without particular merit. The original "Uncle Tom Cobley" lived in a house near Yeoford Junction, in the parish of Spreyton. His will was signed on January 20, 1787, and was proved on March 14, 1794. He was a genial old bachelor. Mr Samuel Peach, his oldest relation living, tells me, "My great-uncle, who succeeded him, with whom I lived for some years, died in 1843, over eighty years of age; he married, but left no children." We have obtained numerous variants of the air, one taken down from R. Bickle, Two Bridges, is an early form of the melody; but as that we give is familiar to most Devonshire men, we have retained it. The names in the chorus all belonged to residents at Sticklepath.

Mr C. Sharp has taken down a variant as "Midsummer Fair" in Somersetshire. The words so far as they went were the same, but each verse ended in a jingle instead of names.

17. "YE MAIDENS PRETTY." The words and melody from James Parsons. The fullest Broadside version, but very corrupt, is one published at Aberdeen, Ballads, B.M. (1871, f, p. 61); another, shorter, by Williams of Portsea. In both great confusion has been made by some ignorant poetaster in enlarging and altering, so that in many of the verses the rhymes have been lost. This is how the Aberdeen Broadside copy begins—

"You maidens pretty
In country and city
With pity hear,
My mournful tale;
A maid confounded,
In sorrow drownded,
And deeply wounded,
With grief and pain."

In the third line the "pity" has got misplaced, and "sad complain" has been turned into "mournful tale," to the loss of the rhyme. Verse 4 has fared even worse. It runs—

"My hardened parents
Gave special order
That I should be
Close confined be (*sic.*)

Within my chamber
Far from all danger,
Or lest that I
Should my darling see."

A parody on the song was written by Ashley, of Bath, and sung in "Bombastes Furioso," Rhodes' burlesque, in 1810, to the Irish tune of "Paddy O'Carrol." This appears also in "The London Warbler," 3 vols., N.D., but about 1826, vol. i. p. 80—

"My love is so pretty, so gay, and so witty,
All in town, court, and city, to her must give place.
My Lord on the woolsack, his coachman did pull back,
To have a look, full smack, at her pretty face," etc.

A Catnach Broadside, "The Cruel Father and the Affectionate Lovers," is a new version of the original ballad. Words and melody are probably of the Elizabethan age ; an air to which this ballad has been recovered from tradition in Surrey resembles ours, and is a corruption of the earlier melody.

The ballad goes back to a remote antiquity. The French have it, a "complainte romanesque," of which Tiersot says : "It was known in past ages, as is shown by a semi-literary imitation, published in a song-book of the beginning of the 17th century. And in our own day, poets and literary men, such as Gerard de Nerval, Prosper Mérimée, M. Auguste Vitu, have given their names to it, having picked it up as a precious thing from oral recitations by the peasants of our provinces. It is the ballad of a princess loving a knight, "qu' n'a pas vaillant six deniers." The King Loys, her father, has imprisoned her in the highest of his towers—

"Elle y fut bien sept ans passés
Sans qu' son pèr' vint la visiter ;
Et quand l'y eut sept ans passés,
Son père la fut visiter."—TIERSOT, *op. cit.* p. 20.

There can, I think, be no doubt that it is an old troubadour lay which has been recomposed in Elizabethan times, and has since been somewhat degraded.

18. THE SILLY OLD MAN. A ballad that was sung by the late Rev. G. Luscombe something over half a century ago. He was curate of Bickleigh, and by ancestry belonged to a good old Devonshire family, and he was particularly fond of ancient West of England songs. Another version, from old Suey Stephens, a charwoman at Stowford ; another, as sung in 1848, received from Dr Reed in Tiverton. Miss Mason, in her "Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs," 1877, gives a slight variant, also from Devonshire.

The ballad is in Dixon's "Songs of the English Peasantry," 1846, as taken down by him from oral recitation in Yorkshire in 1845. It exists in a chap-book, under the title of "The Crafty Farmer," published in 1796. In Yorkshire the song goes by the name of "Saddle to Rags" ; there, and elsewhere in the North of England, it is sung to the tune of "The Rant," better known as "How happy could I be with either." It has been published as a Scottish ballad in Maidment's "Ballads and Songs," Edinburgh, 1859. It is given in Kidson's "Traditional Tunes." The words also in "A Pedlar's Pack," by Logan, Edinburgh, 1849. The tune to which this ballad is sung in Devonshire is quite distinct.

19. THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR. Still a popular song among farm labourers. Three versions of the air and words were taken down—one at South Brent, one at Belstone, one at Post Bridge. The air is clearly an old dance tune. The version we preferred was that given us by J. Potter, farmer, of Merripit, Post Bridge. For like songs, see "English County Songs," p. 143, and Barrett's "Folk-Songs." Barrett has the same air as ours, but in triple time. That a similar song should be found on the Continent is not wonderful ; see "Les Douze Mois de l'année" in Coussemaker : "Les Flamands de France," p. 133.

20. THE CHIMNEY SWEEP. Taken down from J. Helmore, miller, South Brent. The first verse occurs in one of James Catnach's chap-books : "The Cries of London," *circ.* 1815.

The tune is possibly based on one used by the Savoyard sweeps, for Tiersot refers to one such : "Avec sa bizarre vocalise descendante, d'un accent si étrange dans sa rudesse montagnarde—

Ramonez-ci, ramonez-là,
Sh-a-a-a-ah
La cheminée du haut en bas."

And this corresponds with the passage, "Aye and there," with its curious descent in our tune : Tiersot, "Hist. de la Chanson Populaire en France," Paris, 1889, p. 143.

21. THE SAUCY SAILOR. Words and melody taken from James Parsons. A Broadside with a different ending printed by Disley, Pitts, Such & Hodges. Also Tozer's "Forty Sailors' Songs," Boosey, No. 33. The usual air to which this song is sung in Devon is of a much earlier character ; but we give this as more agreeable to modern ears. Barrett gives the song in his "English Folk-Songs," No. 32, to a different tune.

22. BLUE MUSLIN. Taken down, words and music, from John Woodrich, blacksmith. Muslin was introduced into England in 1670, and cork in 1690. Both are spoken of as novelties, and muslin is sung to the old form of the word, mous-el-ine.

Miss F. Crossing sent me another version of the words, taken down from an old woman in South Devon, in or about 1850—

"'My man John, what can the matter be?'
'I love a lady, and she won't love me.'
'Peace, sir, peace, and don't despair,
The lady you love will be your only care;
And it must be gold to win her.'

"'Madam, will you accept of this pretty golden ball,
To walk all in the garden, or in my lady's hall?'
'Sir, I'll accept of no pretty golden ball,' etc.

"'Madam, will you accept of a petticoat of red,
With six golden flounces around it outspread?'

"'Madam, will you accept of the keys of my heart,
That we may join together, and never, never part?'

"'Madam, will you accept of the keys of my chest,
To get at all my money, and to buy what you think best?'

"'Sir, I will accept of the keys of your chest,
To get at all your money, and to buy what I think best;
And I'll walk and I'll talk with you.'

"'My man John, there's a box of gold for you,
For that which you told me has come true,
And 'twas gold, 'twas gold that did win her.'"

Another version comes from Yorkshire ("Halliwell Nursery Rhymes," 4th ed., 1846); another from Cheshire (Broadwood, "English County Songs," p. 32); another in Mason's "Nursery Rhymes" (Metzler, 1877, p. 27). Melodies different from ours.

23. THE DEATH OF PARKER. Words and melody taken down from Samuel Fone, mason, Blackdown. It is identical with one obtained in Yorkshire by Mr Kidson. "The Death of Parker" is found on Broadsides, and is in "The Lover's Harmony," N.D., printed by Pitts, of Seven Dials. It is in Logan's "Pedlar's Pack," p. 58, and in Ashton's "Modern Street Ballads," London, 1888, p. 218.

On April 15, 1797, when Admiral Bridport, commanding the line-of-battle ships at Portsmouth and Spithead, signalled for the fleet to prepare for sea, the men, by a preconcerted agreement, refused to raise anchors till they had obtained redress for their grievances, which had been sent in the form of a petition to Lord Howe, two months before, and which had remained unnoticed. The Lords of the Admiralty endeavoured for some days, but ineffectually, to reduce the men to obedience. At last the grievances complained of were redressed by the action of Lord Bridport, who also obtained his Majesty's pardon for the offenders. However, in May, the sailors at Portsmouth, thinking that the Government did not intend to keep faith with them, came ashore and committed great excesses. Shortly after this the fleet at Sheerness exhibited a mutinous spirit, and this broke out into open mutiny at the Nore. At the head of the men was Richard Parker, a Devonshire man. The obnoxious officers were sent ashore, and the red flag was hoisted. Altogether twenty-five ships were included in the mutiny. The mutineers seized certain store-ships, fired on some frigates that were about to put to sea, and blockaded the mouth of the Thames. All attempts at conciliation having failed, it became necessary to resort to stringent measures. Ships and gunboats were armed, batteries were erected on shore; the mutineers were prevented from landing to obtain fresh water and provisions; and all buoys and beacons were removed, so as to render egress from the Thames impossible. One by one the ships engaged in the mutiny began to drop off, and at last the *Sandwich*, Parker's flag-ship, ran in under the batteries and delivered up the ringleader. Parker was hung at the yard-arm on June 30. The ballad was composed at the time, and obtained a wide circulation by appearing on Broadsides.

At the Exeter Assizes in 1828, John C. Parker, son of Richard Parker, obtained a verdict against his aunts for the possession of an estate called Shute, which had belonged to his father's elder brother. The question turned upon the legitimacy of the plaintiff, which was proved by his mother, a woman who exhibited the remains of uncommon beauty, and who was a Scottish woman, married to Richard Parker in 1793.

24. THE HELSTON FURRY DANCE. On May 8, annually, a festival is held at Helston, in Cornwall, to celebrate the incoming of spring. Very early in the morning a party of youths and maidens go into the country, and return dancing through the streets to a quaint tune, peculiar to the day, called the "Furry Dance." At eight o'clock the "Hal-an-tow" is sung by a party of from twenty to thirty men and boys who come into the town bearing green branches, with flowers in their hats, preceded by a single drum, on which a boy beats the Furry Dance. They perambulate the town for many hours, stopping at intervals at some of the principal houses.

At one o'clock a large party of ladies and gentlemen, in summer attire—the ladies decorated with garlands of flowers, the gentlemen with nosegays and flowers in their hats, assemble at the Town Hall, and proceed to dance after the band, playing the traditional air. They first trip in couples, hand in hand, during the first part of the tune, forming a string of from thirty to forty couples, or perhaps more; at the second part of the tune the first gentleman turns with both hands the lady behind him,

and her partner turns in like manner with the first lady; then each gentleman turns his own partner, and then they trip on as before. The other couples, of course, pair and turn in the same way, and at the same time.

The dancing is not confined to the streets; the house doors are thrown open, and the train of dancers enters by the front, dances through the house, and out at the back, through the garden, and back again. It is considered a slight to omit a house. Finally the train enters the Assembly Room and there resolves itself into an ordinary waltz.

As soon as the first party is finished, another goes through the same evolutions, and then another, and so on, and it is not till late at night that the town returns to its peaceful propriety.

There is a general holiday in the town on Flora Day, and so strictly was this formerly adhered to, that anyone found working on that day was compelled to jump across Pengella, a wide stream that discharges its waters into Loo Pool. As this feat was almost impracticable, it involved a sousing. The festival has by no means ceased to be observed; it has rather, of late years, been revived in energetic observance.

The "Helston Furry Dance" is a relic of part of the Old English May Games. These originally comprised four entirely distinct parts. 1st. The election and procession of the King and Queen of the May, who were called the Summer King and Queen. 2nd. The Morris Dance, performed by men disguised, with swords in their hands. 3rd. The "Hobby Horse." 4th. The "Robin Hood."

In the Helston performance we have a fragment only of the original series of pageants; at Padstow the Hobby-horse still figures. I have given the two Padstow songs in "A Garland of Country Song," 1895, No. 42.

The Helston Furry Dance tune was printed in Davies Gilbert's "Christmas Carols," 2nd ed., 1823. His form is purer than ours, which is as now sung. Edward Jones had already published it in his "Bardic Museum," vol. ii. (1802) as "The Cornish May Song," and George Johnson in his "Welsh Airs," vol. ii. (1811).

25. "BLOW AWAY, YE MORNING BREEZES." Taken down, words and music, from Robert Hard. This curious song was to be sung by two sopranos; that is to say, one voice taunts the other, and the second replies, then both unite in the chorus. We have omitted the retort, which consists simply in the application of the same words to the first singer. It is certainly an early composition. One passage in it occurs in "The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter," in Percy's "Relicks," and Child's "English and Scotch Ballads"—

"Would I had drunk the water cleare
When I had drunk the wine,
Rather than any shepherd's brat
Should be a lady of mine.
Would I had drunk the puddle foule
When I had drunk the ale," etc.

The burden or chorus, "Blow away," etc., occurs also in the ballad of "The Baffled Knight."

26. THE HEARTY GOOD FELLOW. Taken down, words and music, from Robert Hard. This ballad is found on a Broadside by Pitts, entitled "Adventures of a Penny." The first verse there runs—

"Long time I've travelled the North Country
Seeking for good company.
Good company I always could find,
But none was pleasing to my mind.
Sing whack, fal de ral, etc.,
I had one Penny."

The rest is very much the same as our version. I also heard it sung by a worker at the Aller Potteries, near Newton Abbot. Mr Kidson has obtained a traditional version in Yorkshire, and Mr C. Sharp one in Somersetshire from Eliza Hutchins of Langport. As the accent came wrong in the version we received from Hard, we have adopted that as given by Eliza Hutchins.

27. THE BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES. Of this we have taken down a great number of versions. The melody is always the same. The youth in the printed Broadside copies is always Napoleon Bonaparte. History does not agree with what is said of the hero in the song. It is almost cerainly an anti-Jacobite production, adapted to Napoleon, with an additional verse relative to Moscow. In the Broadside versions the song is given "To the tune of the Bunch of Roses, O!" indicating that there was an earlier ballad of the same nature.

This was a favourite fo'castle song in the middle of the nineteenth century. There is a version of it in Christie's "Traditional Ballads." One has also been recovered by Mr Kidson in Yorkshire. The song was such a favourite that a public-house near Wakefield bears "The Bonny Bunch of Roses, O!" as its sign.

28. THE LAST OF THE SINGERS. The melody taken down from William Huggins, mason, of Lydford, who died in March 1889. He had been zealously engaged that winter going about among his ancient musical friends collecting old songs for me, when he caught a chill and died. The words he gave were those of the ballad, "The Little Girl down the Lane," and were of no merit. I have therefore discarded them and written fresh words, and dedicate them to the memory of poor old Will.

29. THE TYTHE PIG. Words and air taken from Robert Hard. Sung also by J. Helmore. The song appears on Broadsides by Disley, Jackson of Birmingham, Harkness of Preston, Catnach, and others. There are ten verses in the original. I have cut them down to seven.

30. OLD WICHET. Taken from Thomas Darke of Whitstone. He had learned it in 1835 from a fellow labourer. Sung also by James Parsons, Samuel Fone, and J. Woodrich. It is said to be still popular in the North of England. A Scottish version in Herd's Collection, 1769, and in Johnson's "Musical Museum," Edinburgh, 1787-1803, vol. v. p. 437. "Old Wichet" is in the Roxburgh Collection, and Bell has printed it in his "Ballads and Songs of the English Peasantry."

Dr Arnold recast the song to a tune of his own in "Auld Robin Gray," 1794. The Scottish version begins—

"The good man cam hame at e'en
And hame cam he.
And there he saw a saddle horse
Where nae horse should be."

Dr Arnold begins—

"'Twas on Christmas day, my father he did wed,
Three months after that, my mother was brought to bed."

In the original English song the final line to each stanza runs—

"Old Wichet went a cuckold out, and a cuckold he came home."

But in one version taken down—

"When honest men went out, under a horned moon."

I have thought it advisable to modify the last line of each stanza, and to compose a last stanza, so as to give to the song a less objectionable character. A somewhat similar ballad exists in France, as "Marianne," in Lemoine, "Chansons du Limousin," Limoges, 1890; in Daymard, "Vieux chants populaires de Quercy," Cahors, 1889; "Le Jaloux," in Bladé, "Poésies populaires de Gascogne," 1881. But, in fact, all these songs are the versification of an old troubadour tale, that is given in Barbazan, "Fabliaux et contes des poétes François xi.-xiv. siécles," as the "Chevalier à la robe vermeille," t. iii. p. 296. Alphonse Daudet, in "Numa Roumestan," introduces a great portion of the ballad. He says, "C'est sur un air grave comme du plain-chant." In the midst of the song, the person reciting it breaks off, and transported by enthusiasm exclaims: "Ça, voyez-vous, mes enfants, c'est *bo* (beau) comme du Shakespeare."

31. JAN'S COURTSHIP. Words and air from Mr R. Rowe, Longabrook, Milton Abbot. Another set, slightly different, from Mr Crossing; another, practically identical, from Mr Chowen, Brentor. As "Robin's Courtship," the song was recovered by Mr E. T. Wedmore of Bristol, in Somersetshire. It has also been noted in the same county by Mr Sharp as "William the Rose," sung to the tune of "Lillibulero." It is found in "The Universal Songster," *circ.* 1830, as "Poor Bob." In the "Roxburgh Ballads," vi. pp. 216-7, is what is probably the earliest form—"Come hither my dutiful son, and take counsel of me." This was sung to the air "Grim King of the Ghosts." Another version is referred to in the "Beggars' Opera," Act III. Sc. viii., "Now Roger I'll tell thee, because thou'rt my son."

Our tune is rugged, and Somersetshire in character. It is in the Aeolian mode.

32. THE DROWNED LOVER. Taken down from James Parsons. This is a very early song. It first appears as "Captain Digby's Farewell," in the "Roxburgh Ballads," iv. p. 393, printed in 1671. In Playford's "Choice Ayres," 1676, i. p. 10, it was set to music by Mr Robert Smith. Then it came to be applied to the death of the Earl of Sandwich, after the action in Sole Bay, 1673. A black letter ballad, date *circ.* 1676, is headed, "To the tune of the Earl of Sandwich's Farewell." The original song consisted of three stanzas only; it became gradually enlarged and somewhat altered, and finally Sam Cowell composed a burlesque on it, which has served more or less to corrupt the current versions of the old song, printed on Broadsides by Catnach, Harkness, and others.

The black letter ballad of 1673 begins—

"One morning I walked by myself on the shoar
When the Tempest did cry and the Waves they did roar,
Yet the music of the Winds and the Waters was drownd
By the pitiful cry, and the sorrowful sound,
Oh! Ah! Ah! Ah! my Love's dead.
There is not a bell
But a Triton's shell,
To ring, to ring, to ring my Love's knell."

"Colonel Digby's Lament," 1671, begins—

"I'll go to my Love, where he lies in the Deep,
And in my Embrace, my dearest shall sleep.
When we wake, the kind Dolphins together shall throng,
And in chariots of shells shall draw us along.
Ah! Ah! My Love is dead.
There was not a bell, but a Triton's shell,
To ring, to ring out his knell."

A second version of the melody, but slightly varied from that we give, was sent us by Mr H. Whitfeld of Plymouth, as sung by his father. Our air is entirely different from that given by Playford, and is probably the older melody, which was not displaced by the composition of Mr R. Smith. The song is sung to the same melody, but slightly varied, in Ireland.

33. CHILDE THE HUNTER. Words taken in a fragmentary form from Jonas Coaker. He had used up the material of the ballad, incorporating it into a "poem" he had composed on Dartmoor, and vastly preferred his own doggerel to what was traditional. The Æolian melody given is that to which the Misses Phillips, who were born and reared at Shaw, on Dartmoor, informed me that they had heard the ballad sung about 1830. We also obtained this air to "Cold blows the wind." It is unquestionably an early harp tune, not later than the reign of Henry VII. For the story of Childe of Plymstock, see Murray's "Handbook of Devon," ed. 1887, p. 208 ; more fully and critically in W. Crossing's "Ancient Crosses of Dartmoor," 1887, p. 51.

34. THE COTTAGE THATCHED WITH STRAW. Taken down, words and melody, from John Watts, quarryman, Alder, Thrushleton. This is one of the best known and, next to "Widdecombe Fair," most favourite songs of the Devon peasantry. Mr Kidson has noted the song from a Worcestershire man. So far we have not been able to trace either words or melody, though neither can be earlier than the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the song has all the character of a published composition, and no spontaneous composition of a peasant.

35. CICELY SWEET. Words and air sent me by J. S. Hurrell, Esq., Kingsbridge, who had learned them in the middle of last century from Mr A. Holoran, a Devonshire schoolmaster. It has already been published as "Sylvia Sweet" in Dale's "Collection," *circ.* 1790. Two verses are given by Halliwell as traditional in his "Nursery Rhymes," 4th ed., 1846, p. 223.

36. "A SWEET, PRETTY MAIDEN." Melody taken down from James Parsons. The words of his ballad were interesting and poetical, but did not fit the tune. It began—

"A maiden sweet went forth in May,
Nor sheet nor clout she bare,
She went abroad all on the day
To breathe the fresh spring air.
Before that she came back again
The maiden bore a pretty son,
And she roll'd it all up in her apron."

The theme is the same as "She roun't in her apron" in Johnson's "Musical Museum," v. p. 437 ; and as it was quite impossible for us to print it, I have set to the air another song.

37. THE WHITE COCKADE. Words and tune from Edmund Fry. The words of this ballad are often mixed up with those of "It was one summer morning, as I went o'er the grass." The song used to be well known in Lancashire and Yorkshire. Several versions are given in Kidson's "Traditional Tunes." As we heard the song, the cockade was described as green, but there never was a green cockade. I have somewhat altered the words. The Jacobite song of the "White Cockade" is totally distinct. A Barnstaple ware punch-bowl with cover I have seen in the parish of Altarnon, Cornwall, has on the cover the figure of a piper with his dog, and the inscription, "Piper, play us the White Cockade." This can hardly refer to the Scottish song and tune.

In "Stray Garlands," B.M. (71621, a, b), is "The Blue Cockade," but this is a fusion of the two ballads.

38. THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL. Words and music from J. Helmore. A Broadside version by Williams of Portsea, Wright of Birmingham, B.M. (1876, c 2). As Helmore and his wife sang the verses alternately, we have so arranged it.

39. A MAIDEN SAT A-WEEPING. Words and melody from James Parsons. Again, from Will Aggett, Chagford, identically the same. In our opinion a delicately beautiful song. The tune probably of the sixteenth century.

40. THE BLUE KERCHIEF. Words and melody from John Woodrich, locally known as "Ginger Jack." The words have appeared, with slight variations, on Broadsides in ten verses. Catnach issued a parody on it, "The Bonny Blue Jacket." In Dr Barrett's "English Folk-Songs," he uses this tune for "Paul Jones."

41. "COME TO MY WINDOW." This is a very early song, and the melody is found substantially the same from the time of Queen Elizabeth.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," printed in 1613 and again in 1635, the merchant sings snatches of the song—

"Go from my window, love, go ;
Go from my window, my dear ;
The wind and the rain
Will drive you back again,
You can not be lodged here.

"Begone, begone, my Juggy, my Puggy,
Begone, my love, my dear!
The weather is warm,
'Twill do thee no harm,
Thou canst not be lodged here."—Act III.

NOTES ON THE SONGS

In Fletcher's "Monsieur Thomas," 1639, a maid sings –

"Come to my window, love, come, come, come!
Come to my window, my dear:
The wind and the rain
Shall trouble thee again,
But thou shalt be lodged here."—Act III. Sc. iii.

In Fletcher's "The Woman's Prize," 1640, Jaques says—

"A moral, sir; the ballad will express it:
The wind and the rain
Have turn'd you back again,
And you cannot be lodged there."—Act I. Sc. iii.

It is evident that this ballad was very familiar in the latter part of the 16th century, and we find that on March 4, 1587-8, John Wolfe had a licence to print a ballad, entitled "Goe from my Window." It was one of those early songs parodied in "Ane compendious booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs," Edinburgh, 1590. This begins—

"Quho (who) is at my windo, who, who?
Goe from my windo; goe, goe.
Quha calls there, so like a strangere?
Goe from my windo, goe!"

At the end of Heywood's "Rape of Lucrece," 1638, is—

"Begone, begone, my Willie, my Billie,
Begone, begone, my deere;
The weather is warm, 'twill doe thee no harm,
Thou canst not be lodged here."

And in this form it appears in "Wit and Drollery," 1661, p. 25.

In "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1719, iv. 44, is another version of the song, beginning, "Arise arise, my juggy, my puggy." The tune is found in what is erroneously called Queen Elizabeth's "Virginal Book," and in "A New Book of Tablature," 1596; and in Morley's "First Book of Concert Lessons," 1599; and in Robinson's "Schoole of Musick," 1603. In the "Dancing Master," from 1650 to 1680, the tune is given under the title of "The New Exchange, or Durham Stable," but altered into 6-4 time to fit it for dancing.

The tune in its original form may be seen in Chappell, i. p. 141.

Chappell has also given a traditional form of the air as obtained at Norwich. Dr Barrett has given another in his "English Folk-Songs," No. 46, but without saying where he picked it up.

We obtained ours from John Woodrich; he heard it in an ale-house near Bideford in 1864, from an old man, who recited a tale, in which the song comes in in snatches. He had been soaked by the rain, and he told the tale as he dried himself by the kitchen fire. The story is this—

Two men courted a pretty maid; one was rich, the other poor; and the rich man was old, but she loved the young poor man. Her father, in spite of her tears, forced her to marry the rich man; but her other suitor came under her window and tapped, and when the husband was away she admitted him. So passed a twelvemonth, and she had a little child. Then, one night, the lover came under the window, thinking her goodman was from home. With his tapping the husband awoke, and asked what the sound was. She said that an ivy leaf, fluttered by the wind, struck the pane.

But fearing lest the lover should continue to tap, she began to sing, as she rocked the cradle—

"Begone, begone, my Willie, my Billy,
Begone my love and my dear.
O the wind is in the west
And the cuckoo's in his nest,
And you cannot have a lodging here."

Again the lover tapped, and the husband asked what that meant. She said that a bat had flown against the window. Then she sang—

"Begone, begone, my Willie, my Billy,
Begone, my love and my dear.
O the weather it is warm
And it cannot do thee harm,
And thou canst not have a lodging here."

Then the lover called, and the husband asked what that was. She said it was the hooting of an owl; and then she sang—

"Begone, begone, my Willie, my Billy,
Begone my love and my dear.
O the wind and the rain
Have brought him back again,
But thou canst not have a lodging here."

Again the lover rapped; then she sprang out of bed, threw abroad the casement, and sang—

"Begone, begone, my Willy, you silly,
Begone, my Fool and my Dear.
O the Devil's in the man,
And he cannot understan',
That to-night he cannot have a lodging here."

This is almost certainly the original framework to which these snatches of song belong. But there was another version of the story in a ballad entitled "The Secret Lover, or the Jealous Father beguil'd, to a West Country tune, or Alack! for my love and I must dye," printed by P. Brooksby, between 1672 and 1682, given by Mr Ebsworth in the "Roxburgh Ballads," vi. p. 205. This begins—

"A dainty spruce young Gallant, that lived in the West,
He courted a young Lady, and real love professt,
And coming one night to her, his mind he thus exprest—
And sing, Go from my window, love, go!

"'What, is my love a sleeping? or is my love awake?'
'Who knocketh at the window, who knocketh there so late?'
'It is your true love, Lady, that for your sake doth wait.'
And sing, Go from my window, love, go!"

Here the father, and not the husband, is the person who is troublesome to the lovers.

That this is an adaptation, and not the original form of the story, is obvious from the line—

"And the cuckoo's in his nest,"

a play on the word cuckold.

A still later version, *circ.* 1770, is given by Ebsworth, "Roxburgh Ballads," vi. p. 205.

Messrs Moffat and Kidson have given the song in the "Minstrelsy of England," N.D., but 1903, p. 24. So also Dr Barrett in his "English Folk-Songs," No. 26. I have recast the words. The song may derive from a tale used by Boccaccio in his "Decameron," vii. 1.

42. TOMMY A LYNN. This song is alluded to in the "Complaynt of Scotland," 1549; it is probably the "Ballett of Tomalin," licensed to be printed in 1557-8. A snatch of it occurs in Wager's play: "The longer thou livest the more fool thou art," *circ.* 1560—

"Tom a Lin and his wife and his wives' mother
They got over the bridge all three together.
The bridge was broken, and they fell in,
The Devill go with you all, quoth Tom a lin."

It was printed in Ritson's "North Country Chorister," Durham, 1802; and it occurs in "The Distracted Sailor's Garland," B.M. (11621, c 3). "Bryan o' Lynn was a gentleman born," as sung by "Mr Purcell's celebrated Irish vocalists," is in the "Dublin Comic Songster," Dublin, 1841. Halliwell gives the song in his "Popular Rhymes," 1849, p. 271, and one verse in his "Nursery Rhymes," No. 61.

Mr J. Phillips, who founded the Aller Vale potteries, in a lecture on the condition of Dartmoor in 1837, says: "For roughing it on the moor, warm waterproof coats were made by using a sheep's skin, the wool on the inside. Warm caps of rabbit skin were common, with lappets over the ears. An old rhyme sung by the boys was—

Old Harry Trewin, no breeches to wear,
He stole a ram's skin to make a new pair.
The shiny side out and the woolly side in,
And thus doth go old Harry Trewin."

We have taken down the song twice from Thomas Dart and from James Parsons. What "A Bone of my stover" signifies I am unable to say.

43. THE GREEN BUSHES. Words and melody taken down from Robert Hard. Another sent me by Mr Crossing, heard by him on Dartmoor from a labouring man in 1869. The same as this taken down from James Parsons. This latter sent by me to Miss Broadwood, who has published it in her "County Songs," p. 170. In Buckstone's play of "The Green Bushes," 1845, Nelly O'Neil sings snatches of this song, one verse, "I'll buy you fine petticoats," etc., in Act 1., and that and the following verse in Act III. Nowhere is the complete ballad given. That, however, owing to the popularity of the drama, was published soon after as a "popular Irish ballad sung by Mrs FitzWilliam." Later it was attributed to the husband of that lady, Mr E. F. FitzWilliam, but it was not published in his lifetime. The words are substantially old, in this form are a softening down of an earlier ballad which has its analogue in Scotland, "My daddie is a cankered carle," each verse of which ends—

"For he's low down, he's in the broom
That's waiting for me."

The English form is "Whitsun Monday," an early copy of which is in one of the collections in the British Museum, date about 1760. Each verse ends—

"And 'tis low down in the broom
She's waiting there for me."

Broadsides by Disley and Such. In a collection of early ballad books in the British Museum is "The Lady's Book of Pleasure," printed in Cow Lane, *circ.* 1760. This contains a ballad that begins—

"As I was a walking one morning in May,
I heard a young damsel to sigh and to say,
My love is gone from me, and showed me foul play,
It was down in the meadow, among the Green Hay."

Another, with Green Bushes in place of Green Hay, published by Hodges of Seven Dials, B.M. (1875, b 19). For other versions, see Kidson's "Traditional Tunes"; Joyce's "Ancient Irish Music," 1873; Petrie's "Ancient Music of Ireland," 1855. The Irish air is not the same as ours.

44. THE BROKEN TOKEN. Words and melody from Robert Hard. Broadside forms as "The Brisk Young Sailor," or as "Fair Phœbe"; as "The Dark Eyed Sailor," by Such, and Wheeler of Manchester; and as "The Sailor's Return," by Catnach. A version is published in Christie's "Traditional Ballads," and Mr Kidson obtained it in Yorkshire to a tune different from ours. The same as ours was noted down by Mr S. Reay about 1830-5 from a ballad singer at Durham.

45. THE MOLE CATCHER. Taken down from J. Hockin, South Brent, by H. Fleetwood Sheppard in 1888. The original words were very gross, and I did not note them. In the British Museum is an early Garland, and in the list of contents on the cover is "The Mole Catcher," but the song has been torn out, probably for the same reason that prevented me from taking it down. All I copied was the beginning of the song. I have supplemented this with fresh words.

46. THE KEENLY LODE. Mr Bussell and I spent a week in 1894 at the Lugger Inn, Fowey, collecting songs. We met there one day an old miner, who asked us if we knew "The Keenly Lode," and on our saying that we did not, he gave us a long song on mining, that, however, lacked point. I have therefore re-composed the song. The air is that employed for "The Crocodile," an extravagant ballad, which has been published by Miss Broadwood in her "County Songs." Her tune is practically the same as ours, but there are some differences. "The Crocodile" is a very popular ballad among old song-men, but no one would care to sing it in a drawing-room or at a concert, because it is vastly silly.

"A Keenly Lode" is a lode that promises well. A "Ball" is a mine in Cornish. In Cornwall every old man is termed "Uncle."

We have taken down "The Meat Pie" to the same air.

47. MAY DAY CAROL. Melody and words noted down a good many years ago by J. S. Cayzer, Esq. It was sung, till of late years, in my neighbourhood, where a bunch of flowers at the end of a stick was carried about by children. It was customary in England for a lover on May morning to take a green bough to the house of the beloved. If she opened the door and took it in, this was a token of acceptance. At the Puritan epoch this custom was altered, and the song was converted into a carol with a moral to it, see "Notes and Queries," Third Series, ix. p. 380; Hone's "Every Day Book," 1826, i. p. 567; Chambers' "Book of Days," i. p. 578. Herrick refers to the custom of youths bringing their May bushes to the maids of their choice:—

"A deale of youth ere this is come
Back, and with white thorn laden home,
Some have dispatched their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream."

The melody is a very early one in the Dorian mode, and resembles that of the carol, "The Moon shines bright," Broadwood's "County Songs," p. 108. The carol is still sung in Cornwall.

48. THE LOVERS' TASKS. This very curious song belongs, as I was told, in Cornwall, to a sort of play that was wont to be performed in farmhouses at Christmas. One performer, a male, left the room, and entered again singing the first part. A girl, seated on a chair, responded with the second part. The story was this. She had been engaged to a young man who died. His ghost returned to claim her. She demurred to this, and he said that he would waive his claim if she could perform a series of tasks he set her. To this she responded that he must, in the first place, accomplish a set of impossible tasks she would set him. Thus was he baffled.

"In all stories of this kind," says Professor Child, "the person upon whom a task is imposed stands acquitted if another of no less difficulty is devised which must be performed first."

This ballad and dramatic scene corresponds with that in "Cold blows the wind" (No. 6). There, in the original, the ghost desires to draw the girl underground, when she is seated on his grave. She objects, and he sets her a task—

"Go fetch me a light from dungeon deep,
Wring water from a stone,
And likewise milk from a maiden's breast,
That never babe had none."

She answers the requirement—

"She stroke a light from out a flint,
An icebell squeezed she,
And likewise milk from a Johnnis' wort,
And so she did all three."

Icebell is icicle. By this means she was quit. In the version I have given I have altered this to suit the song for modern singing.

In "The Elfin Knight," Child's "British Ballads," No. 2, an elf appears to the damsel and sets her tasks. If she cannot accomplish these, she must accompany him to the elf world. Here we have a substitution of a fairy for a ghost.

In an Ulster Broadside in the British Museum (1162, k 5) we have a later substitution. A low-born gamekeeper gets a damsel of high degree into his power, and will not release her unless she can solve a series of riddles. This she does, and so makes her escape.

Of the Northumbrian ballad, "Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom," Child, No. 1, there are two versions. In one given by Miss Mason, "Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs," a stranger comes to the door of a house where are three sisters, and demands that one shall follow him or answer a series of riddles. Then ensues a contest of wit, and the girl escapes the obligation of following the mysterious stranger. Who he is is not ascertained. In the other version it is different; he is a knight, and he offers to marry the girl who can solve his riddles. The youngest sister effects this, so he marries her. It is the same in the corresponding Cornish ballad of "Genefer Gentle and Rose-marie," originally given by Gilbert in his "Cornish Christmas Carols," 2nd ed., p. 65, and reprinted by Child.

To the same category belongs the song, "Go no more a-rushing, Maids, in May," that we have taken down from several singers, and which is given as well by Miss Mason, and by Chappell, i. p. 158, where the task is to solve riddles—

"I'll give you a chicken that has no bone,
I'll give you a cherry without a stone,
I'll give you a ring that has no rim,
I'll give you an oak that has no limb."

The solution is—

"When the chicken is in the egg it has no bone,
When the cherry is in bloom it has no stone,
When the ring is a-melting it has no rim,
When the oak is in the acorn it has no limb."

But the story about the setting of the puzzle has fallen away.

We did obtain a ballad in Cornwall about the ghost visiting the damsel and demanding that she should keep her engagement, but the metre was not the same as that of the "Lovers' Tasks."

Apparently at some remote period a maiden who was pledged to a man was held to belong to him after he was dead, and to be obliged to follow her lover into the world of spirits, unless she could evade the obligation by some clever contrivance. When this idea fell away, either an elf was substituted or a man of low birth, or else the whole story was dropped; or, again, it was so altered that a knight was put in the place of the ghost, and it became the privilege of the shrewd girl who could answer the riddles to be taken as his wife.

The setting of hard tasks occurs in German folk-tales, as in "Rumpelstilkins," where the girl has to spin straw into gold.

In the "Gesta Romanorum," ed. Osterley, p. 374, one of the most popular collections of stories in the Middle Ages, is a corrupt reminiscence of the tale. A king delayed to take a wife till he could find one sagacious enough to make him a shirt without seam out of a scrap of linen three inches square. She retorts that she will do this when he sends her a vessel in which she can do the work. Jacques de Voragine wrote his "Golden Legend" in or about 1260. In that he tells this tale. A bishop was about to succumb to the blandishments of the devil in female form, when a pilgrim arrived. Either the damsel or the palmer must leave, and which it should be was to be determined by the solution of riddles. The pilgrim solved two. Then the fiend in female form asked: "How far is it from heaven to earth?" "That you know best, for you fell the whole distance," replied the palmer, and the fiend vanished. Then the pilgrim revealed himself as St Andrew, to whom the bishop had a special devotion.

The classic tale of Œdipus and the Sphinx will be remembered in connection with delivery from death by solving riddles. In Norse mythology we have the contest in conundrums between Odin and the giant Vafthrudnir. The Rabbis tell of the Queen of Sheba proving Solomon with hard questions, which are riddles.

The historians of Tyre, as Josephus informs us, recorded that an interchange of riddles went on constantly between Solomon and Hiram, each being under an engagement to pay a forfeit of money for every riddle that he could not solve. Solomon got the best of Hiram, till Hiram set a Tyrian boy to work, who both solved the riddles of Solomon, and set others which Solomon could not answer. We have a later version of this story in the ballad of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury, who, unable to solve the king's riddles, set his cowherd to do this, and he accomplished it successfully.

We took down the ballad and air from Philip Symonds of Jacobstow, Cornwall, also from John Hext, Two Bridges, and from James Dyer of Mawgan. The burden, "And every grove rings with a

merry antine," is curious; *antine* is antienne—anthem. In "Gammer Gurton's Garland," 1783, the burden is "Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme." In one of Motherwell's MSS. it stands, "Every rose grows merry wi' thyme." These are attempts made to give sense where the meaning of the original word was lost.

In *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i. p. 83, is a version from Sussex: "Sing Ivy, Sing Ivy."

49. LULLABY. Noted by me from recollection, as sung by a nurse, Anne Bickle of Bratton Clovelly, about 1842. James Olver of Launceston also knew the tune. The words I have re-composed to the best of my ability.

50. THE GIPSY COUNTESS. The melody of the first part from James Parsons, that of the second from John Woodrich. Versions also from Peter Cheriton, shoemaker, Oakford, near Tiverton; William Setter and George Kerswell, Two Bridges, Dartmoor. Robert Browning composed on this theme his poem, "The Flight of the Duchess," having heard a beggar woman sing the ballad. Mrs Gibbons told me she heard the whole ballad sung by her nurse in Cornwall, about 1830.

The Scottish version of the ballad is that of "Johnny Faa," in Allan Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany," 1724, from which it passed into all collections of Scottish songs. Allan Ramsay's version turns on a story—utterly unhistorical—that Lady Jean Hamilton, married to the grim Covenanter, John, Earl of Cassilis, fell in love with, and eloped with, Sir John Faa of Dunbar, who came to the castle disguised as a gipsy along with some others. She was pursued, and Faa and his companions were hung. No such an event took place. The Scotch are wont to take an old ballad, give it local habitation and name, and so make it out to be purely Scottish. My impression is that this was an old English ballad dealt with by Ramsay. It may have been so adapted for political purposes, as a libel on Lady Cassilis, who was the mother of Bishop Burnet's wife. An Irish form of the ballad in the British Museum (1162, k 6). For a full account of the "Johnny Faa" ballad, see Child's "English and Scottish Ballads," No. 200. He is of opinion that the English ballad is taken from the Scottish. I think the reverse is the case. Parsons sang right through without division of parts. I have made the division, so as to allow of the use of both airs; but actually the second is a modern corruption of the first, and is interesting as showing how completely a melody may undergo transformation. Mr Sharp has given a Somersetshire version of the ballad in his "Folk Songs from Somerset," No. 9.

51. THE GREY MARE. The melody and a fragment of the song were taken down from J. Hockin, South Brent, and again from James Olver. Neither could recall all the words. There are two forms of the ballad on Broadsides. Both are printed by Mr Kidson in his "Traditional Tunes." Mr Sheppard recast the words.

52. THE WRECK OFF SCILLY. Words and melody from James Parsons. The ballad as sung consisted of seven verses. Broadside by Catnach. The last verse in this is nonsense, and I have rewritten this verse. Under the title "The Rocks of Scilly," it occurs, in twenty-two verses, in "The Sailor's Tragedy," Glasgow, 1802.

53. HENRY MARTYN. Words and melody from Roger Luxton, Halwell. Again, from Matthew Baker, James Parsons, and from a shepherd on Dartmoor. The versions slightly differed, as far as words went. In one, Henry Martyn receives his death-wound; in another, it is the king's ship that is sunk by the pirate.

Mr Kidson has printed two versions of the song in his "Traditional Tunes," from Yorkshire sources. Miss Broadwood has also collected it, *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i. p. 162, in Sussex.

Henry Martyn is a corruption of Andrew Barton. In 1476, a Portuguese squadron seized a richly laden ship, commanded by John Barton, in consequence of which letters of reprisal were granted by James IV. to the three sons, Andrew, Robert, and John, and these were renewed in 1506. Hall, in his "Chronicle," under 1511, says that King Henry VIII. being at Leicester, tidings reached him that Andrew Barton so stopped the king's ports that the merchant vessels could not pass out, and he seized their goods, pretending that they were Portuguese. Sir Edward Howard, Lord High Admiral, and Sir Thomas Howard were sent against him. Their two ships were separated, but a fight ensued, in which Andrew was wounded, and his vessel, the *Lion*, was taken. He died of his wounds.

The ballad was re-composed in the reign of James I., and this is published in Percy's "Relicks" and in Evans' "Old Ballads." For an account of Sir Andrew Barton, see Child's "English and Scottish Ballads," No. 167. The ballad in full in Percy's MS. book is in sixty-four stanzas. Our form of the ballad is probably earlier, but it is incomplete. I have added the last verse to give a finish to the story. The tune is in the Æolian mode.

54. PLYMOUTH SOUND. Melody taken down from Roger Luxton to a song of this name. There are three songs that go by the title of "Plymouth Sound" on Broadsides, by Keys, of Devonport, and by Such; but all are coarse and undesirable. I have therefore written fresh words to this delicious air.

55. THE FOX. In the early part of last century this song was sung at all harvest suppers in the West of England. It is known elsewhere, but not to the same tune. A version of "The Fox" in the tenth volume of "Notes and Queries," 1854, is spoken of as "an old Cornish Song." In "Gammer Gurton's Garland," *circ.* 1783, is one verse of the song. It occurs in "The Opera, or Cabinet of Song," Edinburgh, 1832. Halliwell, in his "Nursery Rhymes," Percy Soc., 1842, gives a fuller version than ours. He begins—

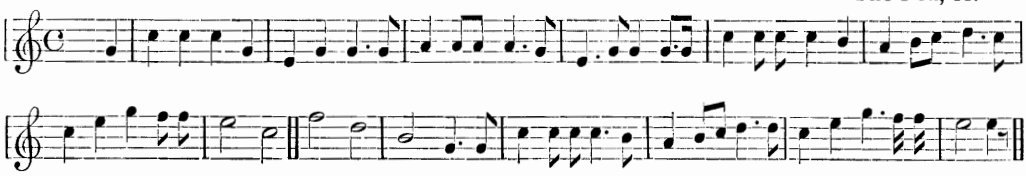
"The fox and his wife they had a great strife,
They never eat mustard in all their life;
They eat their meat without fork or knife,
And loved to be picking a bone, e-no!"

In a collection of songs in the British Museum is the ballad on a Broadside by Harkness of Birmingham. It begins—

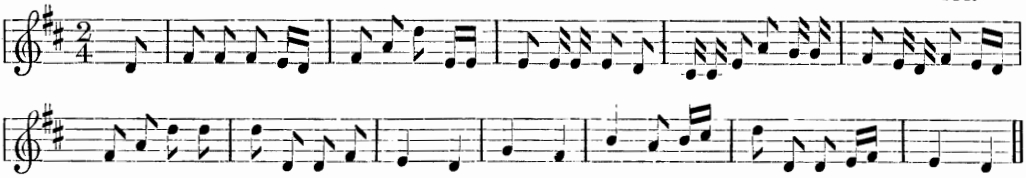
"The fox went out of a moon-shiny night,
When the moon and the stars they shined so bright;
I hope, said the Fox, we'll have a good night,
When we go to yonder town, O!
Mogga, mogga, Reynard.
The wheel it goes round, and we'll tally-ho th' hounds,
And I wish I was through the town, O!"

The tune we give was taken down from James Parsons. There were two other airs to which it was sung in other parts of England. These I give—

The Fox, II.



III.



56. FURZE BLOOM. The melody from Roger Luxton to the words of the ballad, "Gosport Beach," which could not possibly be inserted here. I have accordingly written fresh words to it, embodying the folk-saying in Devon and Cornwall—

"When the Furze is out of bloom,
Then Love is out of tune."

57. THE OXEN PLOUGHING. This song was known throughout Devon and Cornwall at the beginning of the 19th century. It went out of use along with the oxen at the plough. We found every old singer had heard it in his boyhood, but none could recall more than snatches of the tune and some of the words. We were for three years on its traces, always disappointed. Then we heard that there was an old man at Liskeard who could sing the song through. Mr Sheppard and I hastened thither, to find that he had been speechless for three days, and that his death was hourly expected. One day I found an old white-headed and white-bearded man cutting ferns in the hedges at Trebartha in Cornwall. His name was Adam Landry. We got into conversation. I had heard he was a singer, and I asked after this especial song. He knew it. I sat down among the cut fern and learned it from him, singing it over and over till I had it by heart, and then drove home eighteen miles, warbling it the whole way, and went to my piano and fixed it. Later we found a labouring man, Joseph Dyer, at Mawgan-in-Pyder, who could sing the song through.

Mr Sharp has also taken this down note for note in North Devon from an old farmer, Mr Lake of Worlington, who remembered the use of oxen ploughing.

A very similar folk-song is found in France, with its refrain, naming the oxen—

"Aronda, Vironda,
Charbonnè, Maréchaô,
Motet et Roget,
Mortaigne et Chollet,
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! mon mignon,
He! he! he! he! he! he! mon valet."

See George Sand's account of the song in "Le mare au diable," c. 2; Tiersot, *op. cit.*, p. 157.

58. FLORA, THE LILY OF THE WEST. Two melodies have been noted down to this ballad, one from Matthew Baker, the old cripple on Lew Down, the other from Samuel Fone. The first is identical with one obtained in Yorkshire by Mr Kidson.

The words are on Broadsheets by Such, Fortey, Barr of Leeds, etc.

In the original the lover betrayed by Flora stabs to the heart the "lord of high degree" who has supplanted him—

"I walked up to my rival with a dagger in my hand,
And seized him from my false love, and bid him boldly stand;
Then, mad with desperation, I swore I'd pierce his breast,
And I was betrayed by Flora, the Lily of the West."

He is tried for murder, but "a flaw was in the indictment found," and he escapes the gallows. And the ballad winds up—

"Although she swore my life away, she still disturbs my rest,
I must ramble for my Flora, the Lily of the West."

I have thought it well to cut out the murder and the trial.

The ballad has clearly an Irish origin, what air is used for it in Ireland I am unable to say. It has been generally accepted that the ending of a phrase on the same three notes is characteristic of Irish music. It is not more so than of English folk airs. "Flora, the Lily of the West" was wont to be sung annually at the Revel at St Breward's on the Bodmin Moors, and can be traced back there to 1839. There Henry Hawken, sexton at Michaelstow, hard by, acquired it, and from him the first melody was taken down as well by the Rev. W. J. Wyon, vicar of St Issey, in 1899.

59. THE SIMPLE PLOUGHBOY. This charming ballad was taken down, words and music, from J. Masters, Bradstone. The Broadside versions that were published by Fortey, Hodges, Taylor of Spitalfields, Ringham of Lincoln, and Pratt of Birmingham, are all very corrupt. The version of old Masters is given exactly as he sang it, and it is but one instance out of many of the superiority of the ballads handed down traditionally in the country by unlettered men, to those picked up from the ballad-mongers employed by the Broadside publishers.

A version of the song, "It's of a Pretty Ploughboy," is given in the *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i. p. 132, as taken down in Sussex. The words are very corrupt, and they closely resemble those on Broadsides.

60. "FAIR LADY PITY ME." Taken down from a labouring man at Exbourne. The melody is ancient and dates from the Tudor period. The words are a fragment from "The Noble Lord's Cruelty," "Roxburgh Ballads," ed. Ebsworth, vi. 681-3. Its date is before 1624. But that was to be sung to the tune, "Dainty come Thou to Me," which is in Chappell, ii. p. 517. A ballad, "The Four Wonders of the Land," printed by P. Brocksby, 1672-95, was set to the tune, "Dear Love Regard My Grief," which are the initial words of this song, and shows that already the long ballad had been broken up.

This song has already been given, arranged by Dr Bussell, who took it down, in "English Minstrelsie," iv. p. 84.

61. THE PAINFUL PLOUGH. Words and melody from Roger Huggins, mason, Lydford. It is in reality a much longer song. Under the title of "The Ploughman's Glory" it runs to 25 verses. Bell gives 9 in his "Ballads of the English Peasantry." It is found on Broadsides. In the original it consists of a contention between a ploughman and a gardener as to which exercises the noblest profession. Our air is not the same as that to which the song is sung in the Midlands and south-east of England. Dr Barrett gives the song in his "English Folk-Songs," No. 3, to a North Country air.

62. AT THE SETTING OF THE SUN. This very curious ballad has been taken down twice, from Samuel Fone by Mr Sheppard, and again by Mr Cecil Sharp from the singing of Louie Hooper and Lucy White at Hambridge, Somerset, to a different air. Fone had forgotten portions of the song. The man who mistakes his true love for a swan because she had thrown her apron over her head as a protection from the rain is tried at the assizes for the murder—

"In six weeks' time when the 'sizes came on,
Young Polly appeared in the form of a swan,
Crying Jimmy, young Jimmy, young Jimmy is clear,
He never shall be hung for the shooting of his dear."

And he is, of course, acquitted.

In Fone's version she appears in dream to her lover as a swan, and comforts him, but the sequel of the story he could not recall.

The ballad is found in a fragmentary condition in Kent—

"O cursed be my uncle for lendin' of a gun.
For I've bin' and shot my true love in the room of a swan."

And the apparition of the girl says—

"With my apron tied over me, I 'peared like unto a swan,
And underneath the green tree while the showers did come on."

This was heard in 1884, sung by a very old man at a harvest supper at Haverstall Doddington, near Faversham.

The transformation of the damsel into a swan stalking into the Court is an early feature, and possibly the ballad may be a degraded form of a very ancient piece.

This ballad, arranged as a song with accompaniment by Mr Ferris Tozer, has been published by Messrs Weeks.

Mr Sharp has given the song to a different air in his "Folk-Songs from Somerset," No. 16.

63. "ALL JOLLY FELLOWS THAT FOLLOW THE PLOUGH." This song is very generally known. We have picked up four variants of the tune. Miss Broadwood gives one from Oxfordshire and one from Hampshire, but hers lack the chorus. Mr C. Sharp has also gathered three. He says: "I

find that almost every singer knows it, the bad singers often know but little else. Perhaps it is for this reason that the tune is very corrupt, the words are almost always the same."

In the second verse we have the breakfast described as consisting of bread and cheese and stingo. In Miss Broadwood's version the breakfast consists of cold beef and pork ; the drink is not specified.

64. THE GOLDEN VANITY. Taken down, words and air, from James Oliver. The ballad was printed as "Sir Walter Raleigh sailing in the Lowlands, showing how the famous ship called the *Sweet Trinity* was taken by a false galley ; and how it was recovered by the craft of a little sea-boy, who sunk the galley," by Coles, Wright, Vere, and Conyers (1648-80). In this it is said that the ballad is to be sung "to the tune of The Lowlands of Holland," and in it there is ingratitude shown to the poor sea-boy of a severe character. In this version there are fourteen verses. It begins—

"Sir Walter Raleigh has built a ship,
In the Netherlands.
And it is called the *Sweet Trinity*,
And was taken by the false Gallaly,
Sailing in the Lowlands."

It has been reprinted in Child, No. 286, as also the earliest form of the ballad from the Pepys Collection. By writing some of the words as "awa'" and "couldna'," it has been turned into a Scottish ballad. Under the form of "The Goulden Vanity," it is given with an air (of no value) in Mrs Gordon's "Memoirs of Christopher North," 1862, ii. p. 317, as sung at a convivial meeting at Lord Robertson's, by Mr P. Fraser of Edinburgh.

We obtained the same ballad at Chagford as "The Yellow Golden Tree." "Sir Walter Raleigh," says Mr Ebsworth, in his introduction to the ballad in the "Roxburgh Ballads" (v. p. 418), "never secured the popularity, the natural affection which were frankly given to Robert Devereux, the Earl of Essex. Raleigh was deemed arrogant, selfish, with the airs of an upstart, insolent to superiors, unconciliating with equals, and heartlessly indifferent to those in a lower position. The subject of the ballad is fictitious—sheer invention, of course. The selfishness and ingratitude displayed by Raleigh agreed with the current estimate. He certainly had a daughter."

In the ballad in the Pepys Collection the *Sweet Trinity*, a ship built by Sir Walter Raleigh, has been taken by a galley of a nationality not specified. He asks whether any seaman will take the galley and redeem his ship : the reward shall be a golden fee and his daughter. A ship-boy volunteers and with his auger bores fifteen holes in the galley and sinks her, and releases the *Sweet Trinity*. Then he swims back to his ship and demands his pay. The master will give golden fee but not his daughter. The ship-boy says, Farewell, since you are not so good as your word.

In the stall copy of the ballad, the master refuses to take the boy on board after he had sunk the galley, and threatens to shoot him, and the boy is drowned. Then he is picked up, is sewed in a cow-hide and thrown overboard.

Mr Kidson has obtained no less than four different versions from sailors.

A version from Sussex is in *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i. p. 104. Another in Miss Broadwood's "English County Songs." It is also in Ferris Tozer's "Sailors' Songs and Chanties." The black letter ballad of "Sir Walter Raleigh Sailing in the Lowlands low . . . or the *Sweet Trinity*" was priced in Russell Smith's catalogue, £1, 5s.

65. THE BOLD DRAGOON. Words and melody taken down by W. Crossing, Esq., many years ago, from a labouring man on Dartmoor, now dead. The words were very corrupt. We took down the words and tune from Moses Cleve at Huckaby Bridge, Dartmoor. An early version of the words as "The Jolly Trooper," in "The Lover's Garland," N.D., but of the beginning of the 18th century. The original is too coarse for reproduction and is lengthy. I have condensed the ballad and softened it down. The press mark in the British Museum is 11,621, c 5.

66. TRINITY SUNDAY. Melody noted down by T. S. Cayzer, Esq., in 1849, at Post Bridge, from a moor man. The original words were unsuitable, a Broadside ballad of a murder.[1] I have written fresh words.

In connection with this charming air, I will give Mr Cayzer's account of taking it down in 1849, which he has kindly extracted for me from his diary :—"This air, together with 'As Johnny walked out' (No. 11), I got from Dartmoor ; nor shall I soon forget the occasion. The scene was a lonely one (I think Two Bridges, but it may have been Post Bridge). It had been raining all day. There was not a book in the house, nor musical instrument of any kind, except two hungry pigs and a baby that was being weaned. Towards nightfall there dropped in several miners and shepherds, and I well remember how the appearance of these Gentiles cheered us. We soon got up a glorious fire—such a fire as peat only can make, and drew the benches and settles round. By the friendly aid of sundry quarts of cyder I, before long, gained the confidence of the whole circle, and got a song from each in turn ; and noted down two that were quite new to me : no easy matter, considering that they were performed in a strange mixture of double bass and falsetto. The action with which they accompanied the singing was extremely appropriate. They always sing standing."

Many a similar evening have Mr Sheppard, Mr Bussell, and I spent in like manner over the peat fire with the burly, red-faced moor men and shepherds, standing to sing their quaint old songs, and very happy evenings they have been.

The same melody was taken down by Miss Wyatt Edgell from an old woman near Exeter, in 1891. The words sung to it related to the same Oxford Tragedy, but were a version different from the stall copy.

[1] Printed on Broadside by Catnach as "Oxford City."

67. THE BLUE FLAME. Melody taken down by Mr W. Crossing, from an old moor man, to "Rosemary Lane." Roger Luxton and James Parsons also sang "Rosemary Lane" to the same air. The words are objectionable. Moreover, in other parts of England, this Broadside song is always sung to one particular air. We therefore thought it well to put to our melody entirely fresh words.

It was a common belief in the West of England that a soul after death appeared as a blue flame; and that a flame came from the churchyard to the house of one doomed to die, and hovered on the doorstep till the death-doomed expired, when the soul of the deceased was seen returning with the other flame, also as a flame, to the churchyard.

68. STRAWBERRY FAIR. Melody taken down from James Masters. This is a very old song. It is found with music in "Songs and Madrigals of the 15th Century," published by the Old English Plain-Song Society, 1891. The ballad was recast "Kytt has lost her Key," which is given by Dr Rimbault in his "Little Book of Songs and Ballads gathered from Ancient Music Books," 1851, p. 49. We have been forced to re-write the words, which were very indelicate. The air was used, in or about 1835, by Beuler, a comic song writer, for "The Devil and the Hackney Coachman"—

"Ben was a Hackney coachman sure,
Jarvey! Jarvey!—Here I am, your honour."

I have never found a singer who had any knowledge of Beuler's song, but all have heard "Strawberry Fair," and some men of seventy or eighty years of age say they learned it from their fathers.

69. THE COUNTRY FARMER'S SON. Taken down from James Woolrich, a labourer, at Broadwood Widger. The original ballad, "The Constant Farmer's Son," is found on a Broadside by Ross of Newcastle. I have re-written the song. The fine, robust tune belongs to the end of the 18th century. See *Folk-Song Journal*, i. p. 160.

70. THE HOSTESS' DAUGHTER. Taken down from J. Masters, Bradstone. The coarseness of the original words obliged me to re-write the song.

71. THE JOLLY GOSS-HAWK. Melody taken down from H. Westaway to "The Nawden Song," which begins—

"I went to my lady the first of May,
A jolly Goss-hawk and his wings were grey,
Come let us see who'll win my fair ladye—you or me.

To the 2nd of May is "a two twitty bird," then "a dushy cock," a "four-legged pig," "five steers," "six boars," "seven cows calving," "eight bulls roaring," "nine cocks crowing," "ten carpenters yawing," "eleven shepherds sawing," "twelve old women scolding." Mr C. Sharp has taken it down in Somersetshire. A Scottish version in Chambers' "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," 1842; as "The Yule Days," a Northumbrian version; "The XII. days of Christmas," with air not like ours, in "Northumbrian Minstrelsy," Newcastle, 1882, p. 129.

A Breton version, "Gousper ou ar Ranad" in "Chansons Populaires de la Basse Bretagne," by Luzel, 1890, p. 94. The West of England song has got mixed up with the "Goss Hawk," another song. See "The Fond Mother's Garland," B.M. (11,621, c 5). A companion song to this is "The Bonny Bird," given further on in this collection, No. 106. The song, in Devonshire, goes by the name of "The Nawden Song."

72. THE SONG OF THE MOOR. The melody was taken down at Merrivale Bridge, Dartmoor, from a quarryman named Nankivel, commonly known as "Old Capul." To this air he sang a farcical ballad, "The Infant," quite unworthy of it. I have, accordingly, written fresh words to a really good swinging tune.

The original began as follows—

"O when I was an Infant, to London I did go,
Among the French and Spaniards my gallantry to show.
And when I reached the Eastern shore, I let my head hang down,
I tripped over Baganells (?) and never touched the ground.
Fal-de-ral-de, etc.

"So when I reached the Eastern shore, I met a giant high,
He lookèd down upon me, and bade me pass him by.
He challenged me to dance and sing, to whistle and to run,
I beat him out of all his wits, and kill'd him when I'd done.

"The people in amazement stood, to see what I had done,
They gave me silver plate, about a fifty ton.
I made myself a little box, about three acres square,
I filled it to the very top, with my bright silver ware."

And so on through a string of absurdities. It is apparently a modernised version of "The Jovial Broomman," by R. Climsall, published by R. Harper, 1635-1642. "Roxburgh Ballads," ed. Chappell, i. p. 500.

73. "ON A MAY MORNING SO EARLY." This melody belongs to the ballad "I'm Seventeen on Sunday." This begins—

"As I walked out one May morning,
One May morning so early,
O there I spied a fair pretty maid
All on the dew so pearly.
With a fa-la-la, with a fa-la-la,
All on the dew so pearly.

"O where are you going my fair pretty maid?
O where are you going my lambie?
Then cheerfully she answered me,
On an errand for my mammie.

"How old are you, my fair pretty maid?
How old are you, my honey?
Then cheerfully she answered me,
I'm seventeen on Sunday."

For good reasons we could not give the words as taken down, so Mr Sheppard wrote fresh words to the tune. The ballad was obtained from Roger Huggins, Lydford, and from William Bickle, Bridestowe, but it is known and sung throughout Devon and Cornwall. The original ballad was altered by Burns to "The Waukrife Mammy" for Johnson's "Museum," iv. p. 210, and Allan Cuningham also arranged a song on the same theme, as the original was objectionable. Lyle gives it in his "Ballads," 1827, saying: "This ballad, in its original dress, at one time, from my recollection, was not only extremely popular, but a great favourite among the young peasantry of the West of Scotland. To suit the times, however, we have been necessitated to throw out the intermediate stanzas, as their freedom would not bear transcription, whilst the second and third have been slightly altered from the recited copy." An Irish version (re-written) to the Irish air, by Joyce, "Ancient Irish Music," 1873, No. 17. He says: "I cannot tell when I learned the air and words of this song, for I have known them as long as my memory can reach back. For several reasons [the original words] could not be presented to the reader."

Burns, when forwarding the ditty to Johnson, said of it: "I picked up this old song and tune from a country girl in Nithsdale; I never met with it elsewhere in Scotland." The words may be found on Broadsheets, printed by Such and by Bebbington, Manchester. Mr Kidson has recovered several versions in Yorkshire, and one is given in the *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i. p. 92, as taken down in Sussex, and two were in vol. ii. p. 9 noted down by Mr Sharp in Somerset. Our tune is in the Dorian mode.

74. THE SPOTTED COW. Words and air from James Parsons, J. Helmore, H. Smith, and J. Woodrich. Mr Sharp has also taken it down in N. Devon and in Somerset.

The earliest form of the words is found in a garland printed by Angus of Newcastle, B.M. (11,621, c 4). There are later Broadside versions. The words also in Fairburne's "Everlasting Songster," *circ.* 1825. Mr Kidson gives the song in his "Traditional Tunes," p. 70, but to a melody different from ours. About 1760 Dr Berg set the song, recast in a Scotch form: "As Jamie gang'd blithe his way along the banks of Tweed," to be sung at Ranelagh. As sung, the ballad consists of four lines in a stanza, and the two last are repeated; and it is in seven stanzas. To shorten the ballad I have made each stanza consist of six lines. Our tune is not that of Dr Berg. But it is redolent of the art-music of the 18th or early 19th century, and hardly possesses the character of folk-made song. Still, it is very freely sung by old people in Devon and Somerset.

75. THREE JOVIAL WELSHMEN. Taken down from "Old Capul," Nankivel, Merivale Bridge. The song is given in Haliwell's "Nursery Rhymes of England," 290. It is probably a very old ballad, for in a ballad, "Choice of Inventions," printed by F. Coles, 1646-74, in the Roxburgh Collection (ed. Chappell, i. p. 105), is given a pot-pourri of scraps, "several sorts of the figure three," and it begins—

"There were three men of Gotham, as I've heard say,
That needs would ride a hunting upon St David's Day.
Through all the day they hunting were, yet no sport could they see,
Untill they spide an Owle as she sate on a tree.
The first man said 'twas a Goose, the second man said Nay,
The third man said 'twas a Hawke, but his Bells were falne away."

The tune to which it was to be sung was "Rock the Cradle, sweet John," for which, see Chappell, i. p. 189.

Another, and more modern version, is that of "The Three Jovial Huntsmen"—

"It's of three jovial huntsmen an' a hunting they did go;
An' they hunted, an' they hallo'd, an' they blew their horns also,"

which has been illustrated by Caldecott.

The original ballad is in "The Woody Chorister," B.M. (1162, e 2).

This is one of the ballads Mr Incledon Johns heard sung on the outskirts of Dartmoor in 1830, mentioned in his book, already noticed, published in 1832.

A version, "Six Jovial Welshmen," is given in vol. i. p. 128, *Folk-Song Journal*, from Sussex. It runs—

"It's of six jovial Welshmen, six jovial men were they,
And they would all a hunting ride, upon St David's Day.
Then fill each glass and let it pass, no sign of care betray,
We'll drink and sing, 'Long live the King!' upon St David's Day."

"When crook-back'd Richard wore the crown, as regent of the land,
No policy could pull him down, nor his proud foe withstand.
A tribute he from them did seek, which they refused to pay,
And in their caps they wore a leek, upon St David's Day.
Then fill each glass, and let it pass, etc."

This is probably a re-edition of the older song.

76 "WELL MET, WELL MET, MY OWN TRUE LOVE." The words are a cento from the lengthy ballad of the "Carpenter's Wife," which, as we have taken it down, consists of twenty verses. The black letter Broadside, "The Carpenter's Wife," is a peculiarly interesting ballad. It is the story of one Jane Reynolds of Plymouth, who had plighted her troth to a seaman. As they were about to be married, he was pressed and carried off to sea. Three years later, news arrived that he was dead, and then she married a carpenter, and lived with him for five years, and bore him three children. At the end of seven years an evil spirit assumed the likeness of her dead lover, and appeared to her, and induced her to leave with him. He carried her off, and she was never seen again. The husband, in despair, hung himself. Such is the theme of a lengthy ballad in the Roxburgh Collection, ed. Chappell, iii. p. 200. There are copies as well in the Pepys and Ewing Collections. It was printed by F. Coles (1646-1674), Gilbertson (1654-1663), Vere (1640-1680), and W. Oney (1650-1702). It was a sorry composition.

Now, the traditional ballad, as compared with the printed ballad, is superior at every point. It begins abruptly with the address of the sailor to the carpenter's wife, without the long story that precedes his attempt to cajole her to elope. Moreover, there is in it no intimation that the tempter is an evil spirit in the form of the dead lover, and when she has eloped, she pines not for three, but for her one babe, whom she has deserted.

Thirteen of the verses of the traditional ballad are found in "The Rambler's Garland," B.M. (1162, c 2). A form closely resembling our Devon ballad is in Buchan's "Ballads of the North of Scotland," i. p. 214, but is longer, consisting of twenty-six stanzas. Kinloch, Motherwell, and Laidlaw have also portions of it. Laidlaw, in a letter to Scott, January 3, 1803, says of the ballad, as sung to him by Walter Grieve: "He likewise sung part of a very beautiful ballad which I think you will not have seen. . . . The tune is very solemn and melancholy, and the effect is mixed with a considerable proportion of horror." See Child, No. 243.

The printed ballad that is in the Roxburgh Collection is, I feel convinced, a clumsy re-writing of the earlier ballad, so as to convey a moral, as its title implies, "A Warning to Married Women." James Harris is the demon lover. In the traditional ballad, when the carpenter's wife has eloped, she falls into deep depression—

"I do not weep for your gold, she said,
Nor do I weep for your fee,
But by the masthead stands my baby dead,
And I weep, I weep for my dead babie.

. . . . . .

"She had not a-been upon the seas
But six days of the week,
Before that she lay as cold as clay
And never a word, one word did speak.

"They had not a-been upon the seas
Of weeks but three and four,
But down to the bottom the ship did swim
And never was heard of, heard of more."

There is another ballad running on somewhat similar lines, "The Undutiful Daughter," who is in like manner enticed away; but the ship will not proceed, and lots are cast who is to be thrown overboard. The lot falls on the girl, and she is cast into the sea, but the body swims before the ship and reaches land first. This ballad we have taken down several times.

The last verse (six) I have added to make some sort of conclusion to the song.

What the air is to which the ballad is sung in Scotland I do not know.

77. "POOR OLD HORSE." Words and melody from Matthew Baker. The song is given in Bell's "Ballads of the English Peasantry," p. 184, as sung by the mummers in the neighbourhood of Richmond, Yorkshire. He says: "The rustic actor who sings this song is dressed as an old horse, and at the end of every verse the jaws are snapped in chorus. It is a fine composition, and is now (1864) printed for the first time." This is not so; it has long existed on Broadside by Hodges of Seven Dials, and Such, etc. The Midland air of the song in Mason's "Nursery Rhymes and Country

Songs," 1877. Mr Kidston has obtained several versions of the song in Yorkshire and Lancashire. A fine setting was sung at the Folk-Song Competition at Kendal in 1903. It is given in *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i. pp. 75 and 260.

In "Sailors' Songs and Chanties," Boosey & Co., the song is given under the title of "The Dead Horse." In Derbyshire, at Christmas, boys and young men were wont, and may be still are wont, to go about, one dressed as a horse, with a horse's skull in his hands or affixed to his head ; then this song was sung by the attendants and money asked for the feeding of the beast, and the head was made to snap its jaws. The song is also given in Topcliff's "Melodies of the Tyne and Wear," N.D., but *circ.* 1815, and is also found on Broadsides by Such.

Mr Sharp has given a version in his "Folk-Songs from Somerset," No. 27.

78. THE DILLY SONG. An almost endless number of versions of this song have been taken down, and have been sent to us. It is known throughout Cornwall, and is, indeed, still sung in the chapels. When a party of amateurs performed the "Songs of the West" in Cornwall, 1890, the Dilly Song always provoked laughter among the good folk at the back of the halls. This puzzled the performers, till they learned that folk laughed because this was their familiar chapel hymn. In the text I have given the version of the words with least of the religious element in them. Here are some of the other versions—

2. "God's own Son, or Christ's Natures" ; or "The strangers o'er the wide world rangers" ; or "The lily-white maids."

3. "Three is all eternity" ; "Three are the Thrones." The strangers are probably the Wise Men from the East.

4. "The Gospel Preachers" ; "The Evangelists."

5. "The Ferryman in the Boat" ; "The Nimble Waiters."

6. "The Cherubim Watchers" ; "The Crucifix" ; "The Cherrybird Waiters."

7. "The Crown of Heaven" ; "The Seven Stars."

8. "The Great Archangel" ; "The Angels" ; "The Daybreak."

9. "The Nine Delights," *i.e.* the Joys of Mary ; "The Moonshine."

10. "The Commandments" ; "Begin Again."

11. "The Eleven Disciples" ; "They that go to Heaven."

There are similar verses in German and Flemish ; a Scottish version in Chambers' "Popular Rhymes," 1842, p. 50. Also found in Brittany : Luzel, "Chansons Populaires," 1890, p. 88. There is a Mediæval Latin form, beginning "Unus est Deus." A Hebrew form is printed in Mendez : "Service for the First Night of the Passover," London, 1862 ; a Moravian form in Wenzig : "Slavischer Märchen-Schatz," 1857, p. 295. It is also sung in the Eifel, Schmitz : "Sitten u. Bräuche des Eifler Volkes," Trier, 1856, p. 113. A Greek form is in Sanders : "Volksleben der Neugriechen." See also : Coussemaker, "Chants populaires des Flamands," Gand, 1850 ; Villemarqué, Barzas Breis, 1846, and later editions.

The lily-white boys are probably the Gemini, or sign for Spring. In the "Queen-like Closet, or Rich Cabinet," 1681, are instructions for embroidering emblems of the months. "May is to be clothed in a robe of *white and green*, and his sign must be Gemini."

"The Ferryman in the Boat" is perhaps Charon. In other versions Five is the Dilly-bird, or the Dilly-hour, "when blooms the dilly-flower."

Some are obviously merely adopted as rhymes, as "six the crucifix."

In Cornwall and Devon the song goes by the name of "The Dilly Song." What the meaning of "Dilly" is must remain uncertain. Possibly it signifies the Festal Song (Welsh, *dillyn*, pretty, gay).

The song used to be sung by Eton boys. It was introduced by Sir Arthur Sullivan into "The Yeomen of the Guard" ; he, I believe, heard it sung by a sailor. His melody bears a certain relationship to ours. The song requires to be sung by at least two persons, a questioner and the responder.

79 COUNTRY DANCE. This dance tune, called "The Mallard," because of some silly words that go to it relative to the gobbling up of a mallard. It begins—

"Oh, what have I ate, and what have I ate?
I have eaten the toe of a mallard.
Toe and toe, nevins and all,
And I have been to ballery allery,
And so good meat was the mallard."

The singer proceeds to eat the foot, then the leg, the thigh, the rump, the wing, the back, the breast, the neck, the head ; and then the dance was concluded. A Breton version in Luzel, p. 80. I have written fresh words to the tune.

This tune is in the Dorian mode. As sung by J. Masters, the E was sharpened in the 3rd bar but flattened on the repetition of the same phase in the penultimate bar. Mr Sheppard, when arranging the song, flattened the E throughout. It must be one thing or the other. Flattened throughout, it makes a charming melody, but the last flattened E was probably due to the singer's memory failing him in the latter part of the air, but serving him at the beginning of the tune. Mr Sharp has accordingly retained the E natural throughout. The opening phrase is similar to the Plain-Song Easter Carol, "*O Filii et Filiæ.*" This was a melody used in French folk-song for the welcoming in of spring. In fact, a May song. It forced its way into the service of the Church, and was adopted and used for the Easter Sequence. See Tiersot, *op. cit.*, pp. 361, 391. It is certainly curious finding the same in Devonshire folk-music. Neither Mr Sheppard nor I observed it ; it was pointed out by Mr Sharp.

80. CONSTANT JOHNNY. Words and melody taken down from Roger Luxton. It was a dialogue, and so Mr Sheppard had arranged it. Such lover dialogues are and were very commonly sung in farmhouses. Ravenscroft gives one in broad Devonshire in his "Brief Discourse," 1614, entitled, "Hodge Trellindle and his Zweethart Malkyn." Our ballad seems to be based on "Doubtful Robin and Constant Nanny," *circ.* 1680, in the "Roxburgh Ballads."

These dialogue songs between a lover and his lass were very popular. Addison, in *The Guardian* of 1713, gives snatches of a West Country ballad of this kind, and shows how vastly superior it is to the pastorals of Dresden china shepherds and shepherdesses of Pope and Philips.

81. THE DUKE'S HUNT. Words and melody taken from James Olver, again at Stoke Gabriel, again at Mary Tavy, again at Menheniot. This is a mere cento from a long ballad, entitled "The Fox Chase," narrating a hunt by Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, in the reign of Charles II. It is in the Roxburgh Collection, and was printed by W. Oury, *circ.* 1650. The ballad is there said to be sung "to an excellent tune, much in request." We suspect that the melody we give is the original tune handed down traditionally, and never before published. Mr Sharp has noted down the same song and melody from a singer at East Harptree, Somerset.

82. THE BELL RINGING. Words and air from William George Kerswell, Two Bridges, Dartmoor; sung also by James Down, blacksmith, Broadwood Widger. Broadbury Down is the highest ridge of land between Dartmoor and the Atlantic.

83. "A NUTTING WE WILL GO." Taken down from J. Gerrard, an old man, nearly blind, at Cullyhole, near Chagford, from Robert Hard, and again at Menheniot, and also from James Parsons. Bunting, in his "Irish Melodies," 1840, gives the same tune to a fragment of the same words, and says that he took it down in 1792 from Duncan, a harper. Duncan remembered a portion of a tune he had heard, perhaps, from English soldiers, and eked it out with some other tune. Then came S. Lover, and he took this air from Bunting, and wrote to it "The Lowbacked Car." But the original melody is found, not only in Devon and Cornwall, but also in the North, and Mr Kidson gives it in his "Traditional Tunes," as "With Henry Hunt we'll go," a song sung in Manchester in connection with the arrest of Hunt in 1819. To the same air was set "The Plains of Waterloo." "The Lowbacked Car" has become popular through its words, and the inartistic quality of a patchwork tune has been forgiven for their sake.

The words "The Nutgirl" occur on Broadsides by Fortey, Such, etc. See Ballads collected by Crampton, B.M. (11,621, h), and (1875, b 19); but these are without the chorus. The printed Broadside has lost somewhat. For Gerard's—

> "His voice rang out so clear and stout,
> It made the horse-bells ring,"

it gives—

> "His voice was so melodious,
> It made the valleys ring."

The Broadside ballad consists of fourteen verses, and is very gross. I have had to considerably tone down the words.

An earlier Broadside by Pitts has the chorus.

The same air was employed for the ballads, "In January last, on Monday at Morn," for "The Brags of Washington," 1775, for "Calder Fair," and "To Rodney we will go." It is given in the third edition of "Scotch, Irish, and Foreign Airs," Glasgow, 1788.

A version is in *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i. p. 127, as taken down in Sussex. This version begins—

> "And as this brisk young farmer was ploughing up his land,
> He called to his horses and bade them gently stand.
> He sat himself down a song to begin,
> His voice was so melodious, made the valleys to ring.
> And as this brisk young damsel was nutting in the wood,
> His voice was so melodious, it charmed her as she stood;
> She had no longer power in that lonely wood to stay,
> And what few nuts she'd got, poor girl, she threw them all away."

84. "DOWN BY A RIVER SIDE." Taken down from the singing of James Townsend, Holne. He had learned it from his grandfather, who had been parish clerk of Holne for fifty years and died in 1883, over eighty years old. A version, recovered in Surrey, is given in the *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i. p. 204.

85. THE BARLEY RAKINGS. Taken down from Roger Hannaford, Lower Widdecombe, Dartmoor. The words exist in Broadside versions by Such, Bingham of Lincoln, Robertson of Wigton, etc. Such's version consists of six verses, the others of four. Hannaford's verses 2 and 3 were unlike those of Bingham and Robertson, but resembled 3 and 4 of Such. He had not 2 and 6 of Such. He had a curious line in verse 2: "They had a mind to *style* and play" (the Anglo-Saxon *styllan*, to leap or dance), not found in the printed copies. As none of these versions would be tolerable to polite ears, Mr Sheppard has modified the words considerably. The melody to which "Barley Rakings" is sung in other parts of England is wholly different. Ours is probably an early dance tune, originally in the Mixolydian Mode, which has undergone modification in oral transmission.

86. A SHIP CAME SAILING OVER THE SEA. This curious song was obtained by the late Rev. S. M. Walker of Saint Enoder, Cornwall, from a very old man in his parish, and it was sent me by

Miss Octavia L. Hoare. We heard the same from old Sally Satterley at Huckaby Bridge, Dartmoor She was the daughter of an old crippled singing man on the moor. I have told the story of the way in which she as a young bride with her husband took possession of a house built all in one day, in my Dartmoor Idylls, "Jolly Lane Cott." Sally is now dead, and her house has been rebuilt and vulgarised. One verse, running—

"I put my finger into the bush
Thinking the sweetest rose to find,
I prickt my finger to the bone,
And yet I left the rose behind,"

is found in "The Distressed Virgin," a ballad by Martin Parker, printed by J. Coles, 1646-74. Parker seems to have taken the lines into his ballad from one previously existing. Two of the stanzas, 3 and 6, occur in the Scottish song, "Wally, wally up the Bank," in "Orpheus Caledonicus," 1733, No. 34; the stanzas 4 and 5 in the song in "The Scot's Musical Museum," 1787-1803, vi. p. 582. In "The Wandering Lover's Garland," *circ.* 1730, are two of the verses worked into another ballad.

We took down the song a third time from William Nichols of Whitchurch, near Tavistock. It was a song of his grandmother's, who seventy years ago was hostess of the village inn.

87. THE RAMBLING SAILOR. Words and music from Roger Hannaford. A hornpipe tune. There are several versions of this on Broadsides. Originally the song was "The Rambling Soldier," and so appears at the middle and latter end of the 18th century. Then some poetaster of Catnach's re-wrote it as "The Rambling Sailor," destroying all the point and wit of the original, which wit and point were not very choice. But as in the West, the ditty is set to a hornpipe tune, we have retained the song as one of a sailor, only modifying the words where objectionable. The earliest copy of "The Rambling Soldier" that I have seen was in the possession of Dr Barrett; a later copy, *circ.* 1820, by Whiting of Birmingham, Ballads, B.M. (1876, c 2). "The Rambling Sailor," by Disley, *circ.* 1830, in Ballads collected by Crampton, B.M. (11,621), vol. viii.

Mr Sharp has taken this song and air down in N. Devon and Somerset four or five times, in every case with a flattened 7th in the Mixolydian mode. Our version is clearly a modernised edition of the older tune.

88. WILLIE COMBE. This ballad is known throughout the length and breadth of Cornwall, but it is sometimes mixed up with another, "The Alternon Volunteer." We have taken it down at least a score of times. Some of those from whom we have had it are Thomas Morris, parish clerk of Fowey; J. Libby, coachman at Tredethy, Bodmin; Anthony Pascoe, Liskeard; and Anne Painter, East Looe.

The incident referred to in the ballad is the accidental shooting of William Combe or Coome of St Agnes, at the Revel or Village Feast at Crantock in 1721. In the parish register at this date is the entry: "William Coome of S^{t} Agnes, a youth about 20 years of age, who att the ffeast att this Parish rec^{d} his death of a shot; buried May 17."

Crantock Feast is on May 16.

There are a good many more verses in the original than are here given. They have no poetic merit; and the tune is not very original, but has a certain plaintive sweetness.

89. MIDSUMMER CAROL. Words and tune from William Aggett of Chagford. A very early and curious melody of the same date as the "May Day Carol," No. 47; and the words belong to a similar custom. Compare with this "Lemonday" in our "Garland of Country Songs." Originally doubtless an Æolian, perhaps a Dorian tune, that has been corrupted and modernised.

90. THE BLACKBIRD. The melody and words taken down from James Parson, Roger Hannaford, and John Voysey, labourer, Lew Down.

I re-wrote the ballad for the first edition, but in this I have restored the original words, only slightly modifying them.

A Broadside version has nine stanzas, and ends—

"So here's a health to the bird in the bush,
Likewise to the linnet and thrush;
For birds of a feather will all flock together,
Let their parents say little or much."

The same ballad in Lyle's Collection, 1827, "From Recollection; air plaintive and pastoral." A Broadside version of this ballad in nine stanzas by Williamson of Newcastle. Song and air are given also in Kidson's "Traditional Tunes," 1891, as taken down in Yorkshire; but that version of the melody is inferior to ours. A Welsh version of the tune comes nearer to ours.

91. THE GREEN BED. Taken down from J. Masters. We heard "The Outlandish Knight" sung to the same melody by Richard Gregory on Dartmoor. "The Green Bed" exists as a Broadside ballad in six double verses. Mr Sheppard has re-written the ballad, and has condensed the story. The air somewhat resembles "The Girl I left behind me." See "Philander's Garland," *circ.* 1780, B.M. (11,621, c 4). See *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i. p. 48.

92. THE LOYAL LOVER. Words and air from Sally Satterley, Huckaby Bridge, again rom Anne Roberts, Scobbetor, Widdecombe. The words exist in part in "Collin and Phœbe's Garland," B.M. (11,621, c 5). But this has two verses only. See also *The Lover's Magazine*, London, 1740, B.M. (11,621, c 26). This air has been harmonised in the Dorian mode, though as the 6th of the scale is absent, it might have been treated as an Æolian tune.

93. THE STREAMS OF NANTSIAN. Properly "The Streams of Lovely Nancy." Taken down by Miss Templer from the singing of harvesters in 1834; also by us from Matthew Ford, Menheniot; Matthew Baker, Lew Down; and James Oliver, Launceston. Matthew Baker said that he learned it, when aged ten, in 1827.

The ballad was printed by Keys of Devonport, *circ.* 1830, with four verses, of which verse 3 was an importation from another ballad. In other Broadside versions, the short original, consisting of four verses only, has been swelled out with scraps from other ballads to fill available space. Broadsides by Catnach, Whiting of Birmingham, etc.

94. THE DRUNKEN MAIDENS. Taken down from Edmund Fry, Lydford. This old ballad is found in "Charming Phillis' Garland," *circ.* 1710. It is in a Broadside by Crashaw of York, reprinted in Logan's "Pedlar's Pack," 1869, p. 241. The last verse has had to be modified.

A Breton version, "Merc'hed Caudan," is given by Luzel, ii. 142.

95. "TOBACCO IS AN INDIAN WEED." This old and famous song was written, it is thought, by George Withers, as Mr Collier found a copy of it in MS. of the date of James I., with his initials to it. It is found in "Merry Drollery Complete," 1670, and on a Broadside dated 1672. We give the tune to which it is sung around Dartmoor and in Cornwall; this is entirely distinct from that to which it is sung elsewhere, as printed by Chappell, ii. p. 564, which is the air given by D'Urfey in his "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1719, iii. 292. A Somerset version was sung at the Folk-Song Competition at Frome, 1904. Snatches of the song are given in "Handy Andy," so that we may assume that it is also well known among the Irish peasantry; another instance of the way in which English songs have travelled into Ireland. We took down our tune from John Potter, Merripit, Postbridge, and from Anne Roberts, Scobbetor, and H. Westaway, Belstone; also one obtained from an old man at Newton Abbot, sent to me.

In the original ballad, reprinted in Bell's "Songs and Ballads of the English Peasantry," there are many more stanzas than we can give here.

96. "FAIR SUSAN SLUMBERED." Music taken down from George Cole, quarryman, Rundlestone, Dartmoor. The words were so utterly worthless that Mr Sheppard wrote a fresh copy of verses to the melody. Cole's first verses ran—

"In yonder grove sat a lovely creature,
Who she is, I do not know;
But I'll go court her for her feature,
Whether she'll answer me Yes or No!

O maiden I am come a-courting
If your favour I can gain;
If that you will but entertain me,
Then I'm sure I'll call again."

The original words are to be found in "The Vocal Library," London, 1822, No. 1, 421: "As a Fair Maid walked."

97. THE FALSE BRIDE. Words and music taken down from old Sally Satterley.

The earliest copy in print with which I am acquainted is in "The New Pantheon Concert," 1773, B.M. (11,621, e 6). A re-writing of the theme is on a Broadside by Such, "When I heard he was married I stood not alone"; it is No. 592. See also a "Collection of Old Ballads," in the B.M., vol. i. p. 490, "The Forlorn Lover."

Mr C. Sharp has obtained a fine air to the same words, and has published it in "Folk-Songs from Somerset," No. 20.

98. BARLEY STRAW. Taken down from the singing of Mr G. H. Hurell, the blind organist at Chagford, as he heard it sung by a carpenter, William Beare, in 1875. The words were very coarse, consequently Mr Sheppard re-wrote the song. The air was used by A. S. Rich, without its most characteristic passages, for Hunneman's comic "Old King Cole," pub. *circ.* 1830. Much the same tune is in Akerman's "Wiltshire Tales," 1853, as a Wiltshire Harvest Home, p. 132. Harmonised in the Æolian mode, though the seventh of the scale is absent.

99. DEATH AND THE LADY. This was first sent to me by Captain Hall Munro, of Ingesdon House, Newton Abbot, as sung by an old man there. Subsequently we obtained the same from Roger Hannaford. This is quite different from the "Dialogue of Death and the Lady," found in black letter Broadsides, and given by Bell in his "Songs of the English Peasantry," p. 32. The tune to this latter is given by Chappell, i. p. 167. In Carey's "Musical Century," 1738, is given the air of "Death and the Lady" as "an old tune." But this melody and ours have nothing in common.

What is the signification of "branchey tree" in connection with Death, I am at a loss to say. "Death and the Lady" was one of the ballads sung by Farmer Williams in "The Vicar of Wakefield."

100. "BOTH SEXES GIVE EAR TO MY FANCY." This old song is a favourite with the peasantry throughout England. The words are printed in Bell's "Songs of the English Peasantry," p. 231. He says, "We have had considerable trouble in procuring a copy of the old song, which used, in former days, to be very popular with aged people resident in the North of England. It has been long out of print, and handed down traditionally. By the kindness of Mr S. Swindells, printer, Manchester, we have been favoured with an ancient printed copy." In the original the song consists of ten verses. The earliest copy of it that I know is in "The Lady's Evening Book of Pleasure," about 1740. It will be found in a collection of garlands made by Mr J. Bell about 1812, and called by him "The Eleemosynary Emporium." It is in the British Museum. The air is found in "Vocal Music, or the Songster's Companion," 2nd ed., 1772, to the song, "Farewell, Ye Green Fields and Sweet Groves," p. 92. It was taken into "The Tragedy of Tragedies, or Tom Thumb," 1734, as the air to "In Hurry, Post-haste for a Licence," and was attributed to Dr Arne. In "Die Familie Mendelssohn," vol. ii., is a scrap of music written down by Felix Mendelssohn, dated Leipzig, 16th August 1840, which is identical with the first few bars of this melody. But the earliest form of the air is in J. S. Bach's "Comic Cantata," where a peasant sings it.

We took the song down from John Rickards, Lamerton, and again from J. Benney, Menheniot. Mr Kidson prints a Yorkshire version in his "Traditional Tunes," 1891. Miss L. Broadwood has noted it down from the singing of a baker at Cuckfield, Sussex. Dr Barrett gives our melody to "The Gallant Hussar," No. 13. We have also taken it down to this ballad ; so has Mr Sharp in Somerset.

101. "I RODE MY LITTLE HORSE." Words and music from Edmund Fry, Lydford, and again from John Bennett, a labourer at Chagford, and from John Hunt, a shepherd, Postbridge.

Compare with this the ballad in d'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," named "Jolly Roger Twangdillo," 1719, i. p. 19. A Broadside copy of the ballad exists, printed by Jennings, of Waterlane, London, *circ.* 1790.

The same theme is used in a ballad in the Pepysian Collection. See Ebsworth, "Roxburgh Ballads," vii. 231. Each verse ends—

"I vow I will marry, but I know not when."

102. AMONG THE NEW-MOWN HAY. Bell, in his "Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry," p. 223, gives this song. He says that it is "a village version of an incident which occurred in the Cecil family." Tennyson composed his "Lord of Burleigh" on the same topic. So did Moore his song, "You remember Helen, the hamlet's pride." But it may well be questioned whether either of these compositions comes up to the grace of the little "village version" of the tale.

The ballad, however, is probably earlier than the Cecil marriage, and refers to some other legendary mésalliance. Henry Cecil, afterwards Earl and still later first Marquis of Exeter, saw, loved, and married a farmer's daughter named Sarah Hoggins, at Bolas Magna in Staffordshire, in 1790, he under the assumed name of John Jones. She was then aged seventeen, and he aged thirty-seven. Moreover, he was married at the time to Miss Vernon, a Worcestershire lady, to whom he had been united in 1776. In 1791, Henry Cecil obtained a divorce from his wife, Emma Vernon, and then was married in his proper name to Sarah Hoggins, at St Mildred's, Bread Street, in the City of London. Not fully six years later the "Cottage Countess" died ; and after three years the widower espoused a divorcée, sometime wife of the eighth Duke of Hamilton. Happily no question as to the legitimacy of the children arose. Henry, the eldest, was not born till 1793. He died the same year ; but his brother, Brownlow, born two years later, lived to succeed his father in 1804.

These plain facts take away most of the romance of the story of the "Cottage Countess." Moreover, Henry Cecil did not meet his Sarah among the new-mown hay. He arrived at Bolas in a chaise in a snow-storm, late in November 1788, and was lodged for a few nights in the farm. There he saw Sarah, who with friends was dancing. She was then only fifteen and a half years old. Cecil left, but returned in eighteen months and married her, as already said, under an assumed name, and before he was quit of his first wife. The whole story has been told in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, part 60 (sixth series), December 1, 1902.

Melody taken down from James Dingle, Coryton.

103. "I'LL BUILD MYSELF A GALLANT SHIP." The words are a cento from a long ballad. The complete song was taken down from J. Watts, quarryman, Thrushleton. The entire ballad is in Logan's "Pedlar's Pack," p. 23. There are several Broadside versions. A Scottish version in Herd, "Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs," 1776, ii. p. 2. The air to which this is sung in Scotland is that to which Burns composed "O a' the airts the wind can blaw." Joyce gives an Irish version in his "Ancient Irish Music," No. 68. Besides Watts' ballad, we had the fragment we give to the same air from Richard Cleave, since dead, at the "Forest Inn," Huckaby Bridge. Never shall I forget the occasion. Mr Bussell and I drove across Dartmoor in winter in a furious gale of wind and rain to Huckaby in quest of an old man who, we had been informed, was a singer. We found the fellow, but he yielded nothing, and our long journey would have been fruitless, had we not caught Richard Cleave and obtained from him this air, which drive cost me a bronchitis attack that held me a prisoner for six weeks.

The song is given under the title "The Lowlands of Holland," in the *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i. p. 97, as taken down in Sussex.

104. "COLLY MY COW." This is a portion of an old ballad in the Roxburgh Collection, ed. Chappell, iii. p. 601—

"Little Tom Dogget, what doest thou mean,
To kill thy poor Colly now she's so lean?

Sing oh! poor Colly, Colly my cow;
For Colly will give me no more milk now.
Pruh high, pruh hoe, pruh high, pruh hoe,
Pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh, tal-dal daw."

Printed by T. Passinger (1670-86) at the Seven Stars on London Bridge. The ballad is also found in the Rawlinson Collection and elsewhere. It was afterwards sung in a shortened form at the concerts in Marylebone Gardens, and is printed in "The Marylebone Concert," N.D.

In the heading to the old ballad we have—

"A country swain of little wit, one day
Did kill his cow, because she went astray."

But it is probable that the song originally turned on a different theme. On the 9th September 1605, a man was killed by a Protestant in the Rue de la Harpe, at Paris, for singing the song "De Colas." This song was composed by a seditious faction, with the intent of provoking the Huguenots, upon the subject of a cow which had walked into one of their conventicles during the performance of divine service. The cow, which belonged to a poor peasant named Colas, was killed by the Huguenots for her sacrilegious act. Thereupon the Catholics made a collection in every town and village in France to raise a sum for the indemnification of Colas. The day after the murder the singing of the song of "Colas his Cow," was forbidden under the penalty of the gallows, and it was even dangerous for anyone to hum the tune in the street ("Concert Room Anecdotes," 1825, ii. p. 230). The song must have been brought to England and adapted to English words after the Restoration, and as the story of the occasion of the killing of the cow was forgotten, it was altered. The tune is very old, and we had it from an aged woman at Kingsweare, who sang "The Abbot of Canterbury" to it. But this has its own tune, given by Chappell, i. p. 348. I have added the final verse.

105. "WITHIN A GARDEN." Taken down from Harry Smith, Two Bridges, Dartmoor. The original words were so poor, and so closely resembled those of "The Broken Token" (No. 44), that Mr Shepherd wrote fresh words. The original began—

"A fair maid walking in her garden,
A brisk young sailor came passing by;
And he stepped up to her, thinking to woo her,
And said, 'Fair maid, can you fancy I?'

"'You seem to talk like some man of honour,
Some man of honour, you seem to be;
How can you fancy such a poor young woman,
Not fit your servant for to be?'"

The ballad is published by Such as "The Young and Single Sailor," No. 126. It is also in "The Vocal Library," London, 1822, p. 525. It was printed on Broadside by Catnach as "The Sailor's Return." We obtained it again from James Parsons.

106. THE BONNY BIRD. Always sung as "My Bonny Boy." It is the companion song to the "Jolly Goss Hawk" (No. 71). Words and melody from Mary Langworthy, Stoke Fleming. We have taken this down from two other singers, but not to the same tune; one J. Doidge, of Chillaton, gave us an air characteristic and good. Miss Broadwood has the song in her "County Songs," pp. 146-7, but to a different melody.

In all the versions taken down from oral recitation, the word is Boy and not Bird, but *Bird* is the original word. The ballad was printed by J. Coles, 1646-74, and by W. Thackeray, 1660-1680, and is in the Douce Collection of early Broadsides in the Bodleian Library; also in the Pepysian Collection, and is printed by Ebsworth in the Roxburgh Ballads, viii. p. 359.

It was originally sung to "Cupid's Trepan," also called "Up the Green Forest," and "Bonny, Bonny Bird." This air is given by Chappell, ii. p. 557, but this differs from our tune entirely, as also from that given by Miss Broadwood. The ballad has not, as yet, been traced earlier than the reign of Charles II. It begins—

"Once I did love a bonny brave bird,
And thought he had been all my own;
But he loved another far better than me,
And has taken his flight and is flown,
Bonny Boys,
And has taken his flight and is flown.

"Up the green forest, and down the green forest,
Like one distracted in mind,
I hoopt and I hoopt, and I flung up my hood,
But my bonny bird I could not find."

A later version is found, *circ.* 1780, in Single Sheet Broadsides, in the British Museum (11,621). "Cupid's Trepan or Up the Green Forest" was priced in Russell Smith's Catalogue at £1, 11s. 6d.

107. THE LADY AND APPRENTICE. Taken down twice, the tune here given is that sung with

these words by Samuel Fone. We got the melody also from Sally Satterley, but with her the words were in confusion. The ballad runs on the same lines, and is almost identical with "The Lady who fell in love with a 'Prentice Boy," printed as a Broadside by Pitts, 1790-1810; also by Harkness of Preston. A copy in the British Museum (1876, d). This ballad begins like that of "Cupid's Garden," which is well known. But the ballad is a mere cooking up by a balladmonger of the earlier theme, and very badly done.

The melody is actually the same as that of "Love's Tale" in our "Garland of Country Song."

108. PAUL JONES. Taken down from a good many singers on and around Dartmoor. The melody is in the Mixolydian mode, and is very early and rugged, far older than the period of Paul Jones himself. Mr C. Sharp says: "In my opinion the tune should perhaps never be harmonised at all. The whole air is cast in the chord of the dominant 7th, and, in the opinion of most authorities, this chord should end the song; but in view of the popular preference for a concord rather than a discord as the concluding harmony, I have ended with the usual cadence.

Paul Jones was the terror of our coasts; he was born near Kirkcudbright in 1747. His real name was John Paul. When the rupture took place between Great Britain and America, he enlisted under the Revolutionary flag, and assumed the name of Paul Jones. His daring disposition, and his knowledge of the British coast, pointed him out as a fitting leader in marauding schemes. Towards the end of 1777 he was actively employed, as commander, in fitting out the *Ranger* privateer, mounting eighteen guns, and manned with a crew of 150 men. We have not the space for narrating his daring exploits; his life has often been written, and a good notice of him will be found in the "Dictionary of National Biography." The fight described in the ballad took place on September 23, 1779. The body of Paul Jones was removed from Paris, where he died, to America in 1905.

The ballad is found on Broadsides. It is given by Logan in his "Pedlar's Pack," p. 32. Dr Barrett, in his "English Folk-Songs," No. 33, has the ballad to the tune we have given here to "The Bonny Blue Kerchief," to which Paul Jones is quite unsuited.

109. THE MERRY HAYMAKERS. This quaint carol-like song was taken down from John Woodrich, who learned it, about 1850, and he says that it was his father's favourite song, also from James Parsons. Neither knew the words in their entirety, but they may be found in "West Country Garlands," B.M. (11,621, b 11), and among the Broadsheets of Pitts, about the beginning of the nineteenth century, beginning "In the merry month of June." The words also in Bell's "Ballads of the English Peasantry," p. 171. Dr Brushfield of Budleigh Salterton has kindly sent me a MS. copy of the end of the seventeenth century or early in the eighteenth. The words, however, did not fit the tune comfortably, and I was constrained to re-write the song.

"The Merry Haymakers" is in D'Urfey's "Pills," and as a Broadside printed by C. B. (Bates), 1695, was priced in Russell Smith's Catalogue, 1850, at three guineas.

110. IN BIBBERLY TOWN. The air taken down from John Bennett, Chagford. In Broadsides the place is "Beverley Town," and is entitled "The Beverley Maid and the Tinker," printed by Catnach, B.M. (1876, c 2); as "The Tinker's Frolic," in a Garland in the British Museum, printed by Swindells, Manchester (11,621, b 14); as "The Tinker and Chambermaid," a Broadside by Harkness, Preston (1876, d). It begins—

"In Beverley Town a maid did dwell,
A buxom lass, I knew her well.
Her age it was just twenty-two,
And for a man she had in view."

It is a coarse ballad, and Mr Sheppard re-wrote it. The first phrase in the melody is apparently a modernised edition of an older one. The rest of the air is ancient, and in the Mixolydian mode.

111. THE MARIGOLD. This ballad was first taken down by Davies Gilbert in 1830 from an old man named John Hockin, in his eighty-sixth year, at St Erth, Cornwall. The melody, which is very early, was, curiously enough, used by William Aggett for Hook's song, "On board the ninety-eight." Hook was born in 1746, and the melody is probably two centuries earlier than his time. There was another Bristol ballad, "The Honour of Bristol, showing how the Angel Gabriel of Bristol fought with three Spanish Ships, who boarded us Seven times, wherein we cleared our Decks, and killed Five hundred of their men, and wounded many more, and made them flye into Cales when we lost but three men, to the Honour of the Angel Gabriel of Bristol," priced in Russell Smith's Catalogue at £2, 12s. 6d.

We have taken down the ballad, "Come all ye worthy Christian men," to this melody, which is in the Dorian mode. A fragment of this latter ballad is given in *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i. p. 74, taken down in Sussex, in five verses. We have had it twice: once from J. Dingle, Coryton, and once as learned in 1820 by George Radford, from a blind fiddler at Washfield, near Tiverton, and "pricked down" by H. Pinkney, gardener, Washfield. Mr Sharp has also met with it in Rackenford, N. Devon. The air in Sussex is not the same.

In "Hakluyt's Voyages," vol. iii. (1600), is an account of "The Voyage of the ship called the Marigold of Mr Hill of Redrife unto Cape Breton and beyond, to the latitude of 44 degrees and a half, 1593, written by Rd Fisher, Master Hille's man of Redriffe."

So also Hakluyt mentions "the Marigold 70 tunnes in burthen, furnished with 20 men, whereof ten were mariners," which is stated to have "departed out of Falmouth, the 1st June, 1593," commanded by Richard Strong, "bound for an island within the straights of S. Peter on the backe side of Newfoundland to the S.W. in the lat. of 47 degrees."

In Latimer's 17th century "Annals of Bristol" is mention made of a ship "The Marigold," under the date 1627-8, of seventy tons, owned by Mr Ellis. It was granted letters of marque to prey upon the enemy's commerce; but no mention is made of Sir Thomas Merrifield. The *Redrife* above is Redcliffe, Bristol. Bristol was spelled *Bristow* in maps of the city published in 1568 and 1610, but in one of 1671 it is spelled Bristoll.

I have been unable to find Sir Thomas Merrifield in any lists of knights; but before the reign of James I. no official record of knights was kept.

112. ARTHUR LE BRIDE. Taken down from Sam Fone, Mary Tavy, by Mr Bussell, in 1892. Sam told us that this was his father's favourite song. He had learned it from his father when he was quite a child, for the elder Fone deserted his family, and was never heard of again. But one day Sam, when aged eighteen, saw a workman standing at a cottage door, talking to someone within, and he had his hand against the door-post, clutching it as he leaned forward. Sam exclaimed: "That's my father's hand!" The man turned about, and without showing his face, walked away. When Sam came from his work in the evening he made enquiries, and ascertained that a stranger had been lodging in the cottage for a few nights, but was gone. He asked the woman of the house about her lodger. "Well," said she, "I don't know his name, nor nothing about him. But he asked me for a tallow candle, and melted it up into his boots." "That was my father. It was a trick of his," said Sam, promptly. And that was the last ever seen of the man.

There was one more verse in the original, omitted to reduce the lengthy ballad to singable proportions.

113. THE KEEPER. This song was taken down from Peter Sandry, St Ervan's. He had a bad cold, and could not reach the upper notes. But we got the same tune from Mr Jas. Ellis, Chaddlehanger, Lamerton, and also from Miss Templer, from the singing of harvesters in 1834; but in both these latter cases to the words of "Green Broom." A copy of the ballad will be found in a "Garland," B.M., 11,621, c 3; but this has a chorus to it—

"Jack my master, sing you well,
Very well, with my derry down,
With my Down, down, down."

I have been compelled to re-write most of the song, which in the original is very gross. It is certainly an ancient composition.

114. THE QUEEN OF HEARTS. Sung by a workman engaged on the Burrow-Tor reservoir at Sheepstor, the water supply for Plymouth, 1894. A quaint little song. It has been printed on Broadside by Bachelar, B.M., in vol. vi. p. 110, of several volumes of Broadsides I gave to the B.M. This begins—

"O my poor heart, my poor heart is breaking
For a false young man, or I am mistaking:
He is gone to Ireland, for a long time to tarry,
Some Irish girl I am afraid he will marry."

This is obviously an addition to fill out space in the Broadside. The ballad has a flavour of the period of Charles II.

115. THE OWL. This song occurs in part in King Henry VIII.'s music-book, "Deuteromelia," published in 1609. It was set by Mr Freeman as a glee in "The Essex Harmony," vol. i. 1767, p. 8. In Beaumont and Fletcher's play, "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," 1635, Old Merrythought trolls out snatches of songs, and amongst others—

"Nose, nose, jolly red nose,
And who gave thee this jolly red nose?
Cinnamon, ginger, nutmegs, and cloves,
And they gave me this jolly red nose."

Mr Bussell noted down the melody from James Olver, tanner of Launceston, in 1889. Of the words, Olver could not recall the line that follows

"And all the day long the Owl is asleep,"

and I have had to supply what lacked.

I give this song because it is interesting to note the changes that the air has undergone since it was performed as a Three Man's song before King Henry VIII. It will be noticed that Olver has not got all that portion of the song beginning "To whom drink'st thou." Chappell has given "Of all the Birds," in i. p. 75. On the other hand, in "Deuteromelia," only the first verse is given; Olver had three. A re-writing of the song "Of all the Birds on Bush or Tree" in "The Thrush," London, 1830, has two stanzas. The second concerns the lark.

116 "MY MOTHER DID SO BEFORE ME." This song is based on the old English ditty "My Father was Born before Me," as may be seen at once by comparing the first few lines—

"I am a lusty, lively lad
Now come to one and twenty,
My father left me all he had,
Both gold and silver plenty.

"Now he's in grave, I will be brave,
The ladies shall adore me,
I'll court and kiss, what hurt's in this?
My father did so before me."

The first appearance of this ballad is in Thomas Jordan's "London Triumphant," 1672. It was taken by D'Urfey into his "Pills to purge Melancholy," vol. i., 1699 and 1707. The air appears in the "Dancing Master" as "Jamaca," 4th edition, 1670, and in those subsequent.

The tune we give was taken down to the song from S. Fone by Mr Sheppard in 1895.

"My Mother did so before Me" occurs without music in "The Nightingale," a song-book published in Edinburgh, 1776, and is given by Logan in his "Pedlar's Pack," 1869, from a chap-book of 1804. It occurs also on a Broadside by Pitts of Seven Dials. It is also in "The Quaver," Lond. 1831. The tune we have taken down is certainly based on the early air as given in the "Dancing Master." It is in Chappell, ii. p. 446.

117. A WEEK'S WORK WELL DONE. This popular song, relished by married men, was taken down from Richard Hard a little over a month before he died. In the original it is much longer. There are in all eleven verses. The first four are concerned with the happiness of the man previous to his marriage. But I find that most singers begin with the fifth verse.

The ballad is found in "West Country Garlands," date *circ.* 1760, B.M., 1161, b 11.

It actually begins thus—

"O when that I was a bachelor brave,
Enjoying of all that my soul could have;
My silver and guineas I then let fly,
I cock'd my beaver, and, who but I?

"I roved about, and I roved awhile,
Till all the ladies did on me smile;
From noble lady to country Joan,
Both gentle and simple, were all mine own.

"My rapier it was a Bilboa blade,
My coat and waistcoat were overlaid
With silver spangles, so neat and gay,
As I were a king in some country play.

"Besides, I had such a flattering tongue,
The ladies laughed whene'er I sung;
I had a voice so sweet and fine
That every lady's heart was mine."

118. "THE OLD MAN CAN'T KEEP HIS WIFE AT HOME." The curious rugged melody was taken down from a very old fiddler named William Andrews, at Sheepstor, by Mr Bussell. The old fellow did not recall all the words, but remembered the story. According to his account this was a dance tune to which the performers sang in accompaniment to the music and tramp of feet.

I have had to re-compose the ballad from the fragment and the story. It bears a family resemblance to "The Old Couple" given in "The Garland of Country Song," p. 100. In the story the old man locks his wife out. She threatens to drown herself, and throws a stone into the well. The old man, when he hears the splash, descends, opens the door, and goes forth to see whether his wife really has drowned herself. At once she slips in at the open door and locks him out. The story is very ancient. It occurred in the lost Sanscrit book of tales of which Persian and Arabic and Turkish versions exist, and which filtered into Europe through Greek and Latin and Hebrew translations. This story came into Dolopathos and the Seven Wise Masters. The French and Latin versions were made in the 13th century. But the story had already got to Europe through the converted Jew, Peter Alphonsus, who inserted it in his "Disciplina Clericalis," written in 1062. From this it got into some of the versions of the "Gesta Romanorum," and finally into Boccaccio's "Decameron," seventh day, tale 4.

To give the whole story in ballad form would have made the ballad too long; I have therefore reduced it to three verses, and have given it, from the man's point of view, a happier termination.

The tune is clearly a bagpipe air with drone.

119. SWEET, FAREWELL. Taken down from Samuel Fone, of Mary Tavy, in 1889, the music noted by Mr Bussell. Fone had forgotten the two last lines of verse 1 and the two first of verse 2. The air is pleasant, but the words are naught.

120. OLD ADAM, THE POACHER. This curious melody was taken down by Mr Bussell from the fiddling of William Andrews, Sheepstor. We saw the old man a little over a year before his death. He brought out and lent us a collection of MS. violin tunes, but all of these were well-known, old-fashioned dance airs. Then he played to us several not in his book that were traditional at Sheepstor. This was one of them, a dance tune; but he could not recall the words, only he knew that they told of the adventures of "Old Adam, the Poacher." Mr Sheppard arranged this for "English Minstrelsy," but did not perceive that the first four lines of air have to be repeated to complete the tune; and in taking the melody from the fiddler, one could not detect at first, not knowing the words, where the tune precisely ended. It seems, however, obvious that there is a repeat of the first strain. I wrote the words.

121. EVENING PRAYER. Some fifty years ago this was the only, or almost the only, prayer used by village children. It was said or chanted far more extensively than the Lord's Prayer. The children had, however, cut down the hymn to one verse. The complete song, as "Prayer of the Week," was obtained from an old woman in the workhouse at Tavistock. Where the passage occurs purporting to come from the Epistles of St Peter it would be hard to say. The tune, as it stands, is in the Major mode, and is so harmonised. But if the last note were G instead of E♭—as, indeed, it is in the two previous repetitions of the same phrase—the melody would then be in the Phrygian mode. The termination in E♭ is probably a modern corruption.

Something very much like this prayer is found throughout Europe. Here is the Quercy version, sung also in Poitou, Gascony, and Brittany—

"Father of habit, our Lord salutes you.
He is at the head, He is at the feet;
He is now, He is hereafter.
On the bed, when I lie,
Five angels are me by,
Two to head and two to feet,
The Mother of God in the midst, whilst I sleep.
I need not fear fire and flame and sudden death," etc.

Daymard, "Chansons Populaires," Cahors, 1889. It is probably the "White Paternoster" referred to in "The Miller's Tale," by Chaucer—

"Lord Jhesu Crist, and Seynte Benedight,
Bless this hous from every wikkede wight,
Fro nyghtesmare werye the witte (white) Pater-noster."

White, in his "Way to the True Church," 1624, insists on "the prodigious ignorance" which he found among his parishioners when he entered on his ministrations. He gives what he calls "The White Paternoster":—

"White Paternoster, Saint Peter's brother,
What hast i' th' one hand? White book leaves.
What hast i' th' t'other hand? Heaven yate keyes.
Open heaven yates, and streike hell yates:
And let every crysome child creep to its own mother,
White Paternoster, Amen."

This, however, is not the same. But in the Magical Treatise, "Enchiridion Papæ Leonis," Rome, 1660, it runs—

"Petit Pate nôtre blanche que Dieu fit, que Dieu dit, que Dieu mit en Paradis. Au soir me allant coucher je trouve trois anges à mon lit couchés, un aux pieds, deux au chevet, la bonne Vierge Marie au milieu, qui me dit que je me arrette, que rien ne doute."

This was to be recited thrice at eve, thrice in the morning, and it would secure Paradise.

The White Paternoster was proscribed by the Church as superstitious: "Le Tableau de la vida del parfet Crestia," by P. Amilha, 1703, p. 234. See Victor Hugo, "Les Miserables," iv. p. 117.

A form used on the Cornish moors, and repeated by a boy at Alternon, runs—

'Ding dong, the parson's bell,
Very well my mother.
I shall be buried in the old churchyard,
By the side of my dear brother.
My coffin shall be black,
Two little angels at my back,
Two to watch, and two to pray,
And two to carry my soul away.
When I am dead and in my grave,
And all my bones are rotten,
Jesus Christ will come again
When I am quite forgotten."

The boy was taught this by his aunt.

In the "Townley Mysteries," p. 91, the shepherds watching their flocks by night repeat a form of this prayer. See also Ady's "Candle in the Dark," London, 1650, p. 58; also a paper in the *Archæologia*, xxvii. p. 253, by the Rev. Lancelot Sharpe; and Halliwell's "Nursery Rhymes," No. ccxl.

Songs in the first edition omitted from this are—

Fathom the Bowl.
The Squire and the Fair Maid.
My Lady's Coach
An Evening so Clear.
The Warson Hunt.
The Rout is Out.

Why should we be dullards sad?
Nancy.
Farewell to Kingsbridge.
Something Lacking.
The Wrestling Match.
Broadbury Gibbet.
The Orchestra.
"Fair girl, mind this when you marry."
Cupid, the Ploughboy.
"Come, my Lads, let us be jolly."
A Single and a Married Life.
The Saucy Ploughboy.
The Everlasting Circle.
Hunting the Hare.
Dead Maid's Land.
Shower and Sunshine.

The first edition is still kept in stock, so that such persons as desire these ballads, and such others as are retained in this, but treated differently, as duets and quartettes, can obtain them from the publishers.

PRINTED BY
C. G. RODER,
LIMITED,
Willesden Junction
LONDON, N. W.